

BENEDICT'S
WANDERINGS

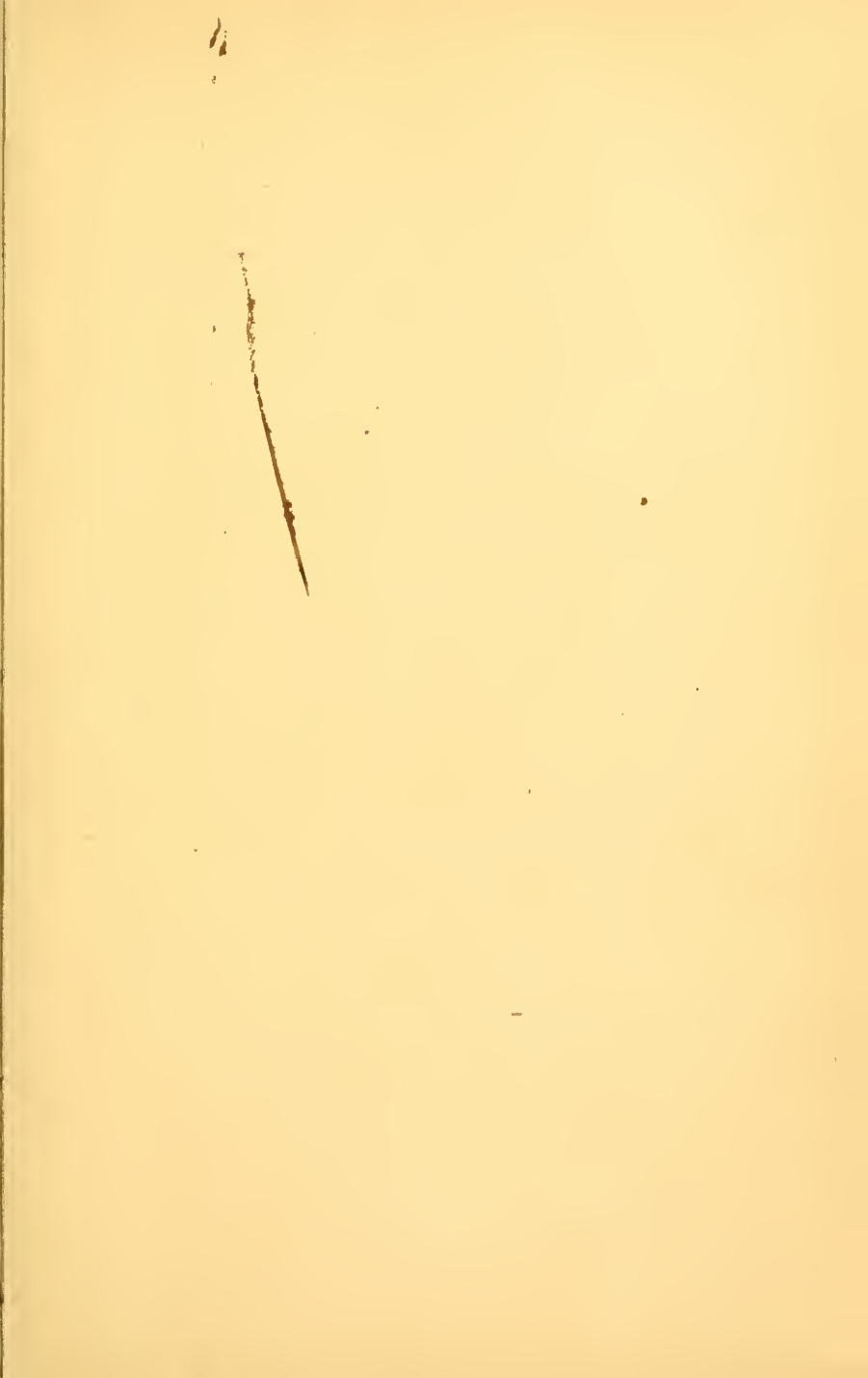
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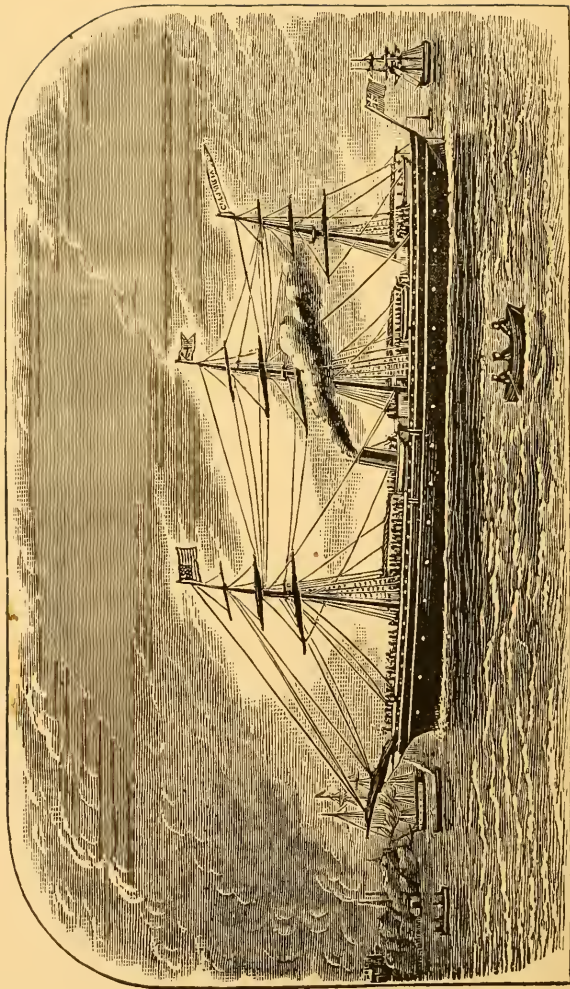
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











THE STEAMSHIP COLUMBIA IN NEW YORK BAY.

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BENEDICT'S WANDERINGS,

—IN—

Ireland, Scotland, Italy and Sicily.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY EDWARD W. DAWSON,

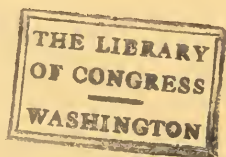
AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLE OF THE THREE MYSTERIES," A TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN, &C., &C.

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TO
HORACE S. CUMMINGS, Esq.,

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.,

WITH WHOM I CROSSED THE ATLANTIC AND ROAMED
THROUGH MANY LANDS,

—*THE BACHELOR*

OF MY

WANDERINGS,—

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND

BENEDICT.



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PART I.

The Voyage.



CHAPTER I.

THE START.

WE, that is, Bachelor and Benedict, (I, the writer, being Benedict,) moved by an irresistible desire to know something personally concerning distant countries and their inhabitants, determined to gratify, in a measure at least, our laudable curiosity. With this end in view, and not particular whither we went, but with a preference for the British Isles and the coast countries of the Mediterranean, we took our departure from the celebrated university town of New Haven, at 9:45 A.M., Friday, September 23d, 187-. It was nearly four hours later when we reached New York, yet with the impatience peculiar to the American character, we at once proceeded to make arrangements for the voyage. The steamship Columbia was to sail on the following day, and we decided to secure passage in her, Londonderry and Glasgow, to which she was destined, suiting our inclination.

The next thing, as we conceived, was the conversion of our checks, drafts and greenbacks into English and French gold. Novices in this kind of business, with slight knowledge of the mysteries of money as daily developed in the narrow street under the shadow of old Trinity, we experienced no little difficulty. It was here and there, hither and thither, up and down, and across, questions and answers and directions, haste and hurry, jostle and dodge, rumble and rattle and racket, and all ending in the discovery that, at three of the clock in the afternoon, financial business in the little Lombard of America is at an end. At a later hour we returned to our hotel, tired out with fruitless exertion, but in no wise discouraged. Although our object had not been effected, we had at least found out, at the very last moment, however, just when and where and how the thing must be accomplished.

The following morning, not at a very early hour I must admit, we awoke refreshed by the favors of Morpheus, not Bacchus—*mark well* the distinction!—and after breakfast repaired to the house of Messrs. D. W. L. & Co., where we committed ourselves to the care of a friend, who was in more respects than name a Darling. Through the magic of his presence, or the potency of his will, or a profound knowledge of the mysteries of that great monied mart, our paper was quickly converted into solid yellow gold, such as

gladdens the eyes of the publicans and sinners of the old world.

"Are you now provided with everything?" inquired our friend Darling, with seemly solicitude.

"Well, we hardly know," was the reply.

"You should be amply prepared for every possible emergency," he suggested.

Bachelor and I exchanged glances, and each indulged in a smile, at the expense of the other as he supposed.



CHAPTER II.

OUR OUTFITS.

FOR my own part I was satisfied, but I had some misgivings as to the provision of my traveling companion. I had been supplied with an outfit from home, and of clothing alone there was sufficient, it seemed to me, to afford the heathen of Africa a red flannel shirt and dress suit throughout. Whereas the *trosseau* of my companion, besides what he had on, consisted of little more than an extra paper collar and a tooth brush ; and he expected to be absent from home a year ! “ Slim wardrobe,” did some one remark ? Nay ; wise provision for a year’s travel, considering that all things were essentially cheaper on the other side of the Atlantic, and that Bachelor’s pocket contained, beside his glittering gold, paper goods for hundreds of pounds in London.

But, you know, (at least, if you are married, you know,) that Benedict cannot emulate the wise example of Bachelor. Wife insists that he shall have

trunks, and hat-boxes, and umbrellas, and wraps, and a medicine chest ; insists, too, that his trunks shall contain clothing (amount above specified), and that the chest shall be well stored with simples, such as epsom salts, paregoric, camphor, sugar-coated pills, lint, plasters, and other things of like character too numerous to mention,—and no brandy.

I thought of all these things and was self-satisfied, perhaps with a little reservation as to the article last mentioned. But having unlimited faith in our friend Darling—who, in times past, had gone down in ships to the sea, and ought to know, and did know, just what we should need—I took from my pocket-book a narrow slip of paper, containing, in wife's pinched penmanship, all the articles of my outfit, and handed it to him for his inspection.

Darling took the paper and examined it carefully, item by item, muttering to himself, ever and anon, as his eye went down the list, “Of course ! of course !” He might as well have said, for he meant the same thing, and I understood it, “Alas, poor Benedict !”

It was plain without words, that he was better pleased with the outfit of my companion, though he bestowed upon me, as he returned the list, a look of commiseration, as much as to say, “It is *his* duty—he is Benedict.”

“*Multum in parvo*”—by which he meant much in a

little compass—"is the motto of the true traveler," said our friend Darling. "But there are certain things," he added, with an indescribable expression, "which can not be safely omitted by any man, unless his stomach be copper-lined and his body iron-bound."

"We are in your hands, to be dealt with as you think best," said Bachelor, resignedly.

I was silent, though a little distrustful ; but ready to submit, as becomes a minority.

With a pencil Darling scrawled on a scrap of paper several words which—to me, standing directly, in front of him, and seen upside down—looked like Egyptian hieroglyphics, and handed the paper to Bachelor.

"All right," said my companion.

It is a fundamental principle of my creed, in traveling as well as in politics, that the majority should rule ; so, I submitted quietly without knowing whether I approved or disapproved. But a little later, when I saw these mysterious hieroglyphics converted into boxes and bundles, and into shapes resembling bottles of various sizes and patterns, I ventured to remonstrate—mildly as was befitting a minority.

"All these things are indispensable," said Darling, "and most of all the shape ; there are some things that must roll when the ship rolls, or they will lose their contents. Apropos, the stomach."

Assured, besides, that the contents of these bottle-shaped packages, mingled with a little lemon juice and sugar, are a perfect panacea for all the ills to which human flesh is heir at sea, I refrained from further remonstrance and allowed every thing of a hieroglyphic character to be stowed handy for use in our state-room.

Our friend Darling—our Darling friend—said he would see us safely aboard and fairly started on our voyage, for which we were truly grateful, as well in heart as speech. He could do no more, and if every other would do as much—contribute his mite—how immeasurably would it enhance the happiness of mankind !



CHAPTER III.

THE LEAVE-TAKINGS.

THERE was nothing unusual in the departure of the vessel on this occasion. It occurred when the sun was at its meridian height—"high twelve"—a golden sun in an unclouded sky, giving promise of fair weather for a little time, if not for the voyage.

Darling was engaged at the moment, recounting one of his salt-water experiences for our benefit. As a story-teller he was unusually felicitous, and he gave himself up to the narration of the anecdote, as if there was nothing else to be thought of in the world. Yet he was not unmindful of his situation; and even had he been, the vigorous ringing of the steamer's great bell would have brought the fact strikingly to his remembrance. The ringing was accompanied by the stentorian voice of a burly tar, who suggested to all persons not desirous of making the voyage, the propriety of immediately leaving the ship.

The leave-takings were as various in their character

as the people who were about to separate, for a time or forever. Some of the passengers were in cheerful spirits, and some were in tears, and some were indifferent, though of the last there was not a great number. Here and there was one alone, or a couple by themselves, who had no friend present to bid them good-bye—God be with you !

The last stroke of the bell having sounded, the voice of the tar became silent, and the sailors arranged themselves at the plank and hawsers, to wait the word of command. A rush to the shore ensuing, many were jostled in their hurry, and one or two narrowly escaped a headlong plunge into the water. Darling lingered to the last, and bade us an affectionate farewell, with good wishes for a prosperous passage and a safe return to our friends and homes.

As he went down from the vessel, I repeated the old adage, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

"Yes," added Bachelor, "and a better than he there is not in the wide, wide world."

"I wish he could bear us company," I remarked.

"I have wished it a hundred times," he replied.

The gang-plank was drawn aboard, the hawsers loosened, the steam let on, and the great ship, slowly and silently, but majestically, moved away toward the mighty main. The friends of those on board lingered at the wharf, reluctant to leave so long as the vessel

remained in sight. Some, while yet in speaking distance, repeated their well-wishes, and others their most important messages ; and when their voices failed, waved their hats and handkerchiefs as long as they could be seen from the vessel.

Near the edge of the pier, a little apart, that he might be distinctly seen and easily distinguished, our faithful friend cheered us on our "winding way," with signs as sweet to the sight as were his words on board to the ear at separation. Indeed, he was a Darling ! God bless him !



CHAPTER IV.

THE SEA-SICKNESS.

DOWN the harbor, into the bay, through the Narrows, past Sandy Hook, and out upon the broad Atlantic, the gallant old ship "walked the waters like a thing of life." Meanwhile, there was manifest among the passengers an exuberance of spirits such as I have seldom witnessed. But when they began to feel the swell of the sea, they gradually lost their interest in objects on the fast receding shore, and before the land had entirely faded from our vision, became absorbed in the welfare of their stomachs. Of those who an hour before were wholly unmindful of such a receptacle, many were now painfully conscious of its existence ; and of those who had adopted every known precaution, a major portion hung languidly over the sides of the ship, giving up to the unsatisfied sea the little they had taken in to break the fast of the previous night.

It was a scene of general discomfort, and even those who still held their own against the rolling sea,

though they escaped the suffering, shared in the solicitude. I was of the latter, and for once in my life rejoiced that I was of the minority, even though so small it could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Of course I was thankful that I had not a squeamish stomach, and still more thankful that I had escaped the sickness of the sea.

To tell the whole truth—which is my habit ; I never like to keep any thing back—I was not only thankful, but actually proud of the power I possessed over the safety-valves of my stomach. All my friends at home had predicted that I, whoever else might escape, would become sick the moment the ship touched the billows.

6 I have not said, as I should have done at the outset, that I was an invalid traveling for the benefit of my impaired health. My physician thought a sea voyage would do more toward my restoration than his most potent potions, and I was not loth to make the change, even at the risk of sea-sickness.

It was thought—by my friends, not my physician—that I, in my convalescent condition, would be specially susceptible. But how little we know of some things ! how incapable of truthful conjecture ! It was to that very circumstance I was indebted for my triumph. And now I am prepared to conscientiously recommend all persons going to sea, to resort the day

before to ipecac or lobelia, and have done with sea-sickness before they venture on the ocean.

At this particular juncture, the person to me of first importance, and in whose welfare I felt the liveliest interest, was my state-room companion—Bachelor. We had known each other for a long while—I know not how long, years and years—and we liked each other as much perhaps as men ever do, David and Jonathan excepted.

Here a word by way of digression and commentary. Is not the assertion that the love of these two young Israelites exceeded the love of women, an elliptical phrase, which should be completed by the words,—*for each other?*

Bachelor was a gay good fellow ; in youthful circles of his own sex, he was sometimes jolly ; all unmarried men are apt to be—an argument in favor of celibacy. Not my argument, however, for being a Benedict, it is my duty, whatever may be my inclination or experience, to zealously maintain the morality of matrimony, and—being neither Turk nor Mormon, but a Christian—the monotony of monogomy.

Yet there are times—in the interests of truth I am compelled to say it—when a Bachelor is better than a Benedict ; at sea, for instance, when one is without a companion. And here let me insert a bit of advice for my relatives, the Benedicts, founded upon expe-

rience, that dear school in which Franklin says fools are educated. If any one of them shall ever follow my example and go abroad without his wife, let him select—whatever else he may do or not do—a Bachelor for his companion at sea.

It is something, at any time, to have a compatriot who is a gay good fellow, capable of becoming jolly on occasion ; at sea, it is of the utmost importance. If he have other good qualities, so much the better ; mine had, and I liked him for them as well as for his exhaustless humor and merriment.

My Bachelor was decidedly clever in conversation, and what is even a rarer phenomenon, a good listener. Withal, he was a philosopher, not profound perhaps, but peculiarly practical. These things I must say in his behalf, even though he deserted me, on more than one occasion, for a flaunting bit of calico.

It is not, however, because I object to his preference that I allude to the fact ; at his age, I should probably have done the same thing ; perhaps I should, as it was, if I had been a Bachelor. I refer to the fact here, as I shall be obliged to mention it hereafter, when I come to recount some of his adventures and my own *miss*-adventures.

While I performed a few kind offices for my suffering fellow-passengers, Bachelor quietly withdrew unnoticed. I missed him presently, and feared that

he too had fallen a victim to nausea. But after a search in other parts of the vessel, I found him in a cosy seat behind the wheel-house,—O had that seat a tongue, what a tale it might unfold !—surreptitiously smoking a pressed Cubanio.

“Sick, Bach ?” I enquired, before observing the smoke.

“No,” he replied, blowing his cloud away to windward, “but I’m as hungry as a wolf.”

At that moment a tinkling sound reached our ears from the distance—ting-a-ling ! ting-a-ling ! ting-a-ling !

“Good !” he exclaimed, springing to his feet and casting overboard the half-consumed cigar. Then slipping his arm through mine, he repeated, as we walked away, a line from the Bells of Poe :

“What a world of merriment their melody foretells.”



CHAPTER V.

THE SHIP'S OFFICERS.

T first, on going aboard the ship, I felt as though I had entered a preliminary gathering at a council of war or grand review. Officers, in showy uniforms, were to be seen in every part of the vessel, moving about, not with the "pomp and circumstance of war" it is true, but obviously conscious of their authority and importance. For a time I did not venture to address any of them by a title less than Captain, lest I should underrate his rank and give offence. But I very soon made myself "master of the situation," by careful observation and a few timely inquiries, and after that was not troubled by any embarrassment.

I went to lunch with Bachelor. I have the undisputed authority of my *alma mater* for the assertion, that I was always prompt at meal time, and never deficient in appetite. On this occasion, being among strangers, I did what was in my power to sus-

tain my early reputation. Indeed, I have reason to believe that the officers, four of whom were at the table, were unanimous in the opinion that I followed strictly that excellent precept of Paul—"Eat whatever is set before you, asking no questions for conscience' sake." The purser, of whom I shall say more hereafter, regarded me with admiration; and Donald Dinnie—the champion athlete of Scotland, a passenger who occupied a seat opposite me—looked on with amazement and apprehension.

Be it remembered, however—I say this in my own vindication, lest there be those who do not fully appreciate that a good appetite is among the greatest blessings in this life—I was in that peculiar state of convalescence, when the chief desire is to restore, in the shortest possible time, the woeful waste of protracted sickness.

The lunch was agreeable, not merely because it afforded an opportunity to appease my convalescent hunger, but especially as it enabled me to scrutinize more closely some of the ship's officers.

The captain sat at the head of one table, and at the opposite end the first or executive officer. At the head of the other table was the doctor, or, more strictly speaking, the surgeon of the ship, and at the foot of this table was the purser.

Passing by my first impressions, I found the cap-

tain, on better acquaintance, a most excellent gentleman, courteous and considerate in his deportment, mild but firm in the exercise of his authority. Withal, he was a man of piety, a strict observer of the moral law, and a stickler for social propriety. At the table he invoked a blessing on the good things "spread out before us," with commendable earnestness, though I must confess, at the expense sometimes of my patience. On board the ship he tolerated no profanity, and in this he had my unqualified approbation ; for,

"Of all the noxious, complicated crimes,
That both infest and stigmatize the times,
There's none that can with impious oaths compare,
Where vice and folly have an equal share."

One of his friends, with whom I became acquainted afterwards, remarked to me facetiously, "His name is Small, but that is the only thing about him that is not colossal ; his heart, like the Irishman's, is as big as a teakettle."

The liveliest man at the table was the doctor. His presence was sunshine, even in the chamber of sickness. He was the life of the vessel, and of the voyage. It was said—in whispers, of course—that he was betrothed to the captain's daughter, Miss Debbie Small, of whom I shall have something to say before we reach Ireland. Whether or not engaged, he was most unquestionably enamored.

The man of finance, an important officer on a passenger ship, was a noticeable character. Having nothing to do after the departure of the vessel, he devoted himself to the worship, alternately, of Epicurus and Morpheus. From berth to board and from board to berth, his movement, like the flight of the bee, was on the shortest line between the two important points. But if by any happy chance he could be diverted from his course on the way to berth,—on the way to board it was impossible,—he invariably became the life of the social circle. Having the tongue of Hermes and the toes of Terpsichore, his worship was ever acceptable at the shrine of female divinity.

When I saw him first, I mistook him for the captain, judging by his rotundity. To make certain, I asked the second officer.

“The purser,” he replied, laconically. Then added, with a twinkle in his eye, “Don’t sit near him at the table, he is the fearfulest feeder in the universe.”

It occurred to me that the executive officer was exceedingly well-fitted for his position. He was short, and strong, and stern, and—I had almost said—savage. There were those on board who would have said it, and without hesitation. The only occasion during the voyage, at least the only one that came to my knowledge, upon which he manifested

anything like a cruel disposition, was in the exercise of discipline, as an example and punishment.

It happened a few days later, "in the course of human events" on board the ship, and will be noticed in its proper place. The incident by which it was provoked—a burnt offering to the Deity of Mischief, by a reckless young blue-jacket—richly merited some sort of punishment. But the chastisement inflicted, owing to its severity, produced a sympathy for the perpetrator of the deed, and a corresponding prejudice against the officer by whom it was imposed.



CHAPTER VII.

OTHER VOYAGERS.

THE sea-sickness had affected so many of the passengers, that only a few of them were able to be present at the lunch table. These, as it happened, however, were among the persons with whom I afterwards became acquainted, and some of whom I now regard as of my best friends over the wide water. Of course it was not while we sat at the table that I discovered their good qualities, though even then I had formed a favorable estimation of their characters. Whether or not we profess to believe in physiognomy, we are all more or less influenced in the opinion we form of an individual, by the external signs of the countenance.

All the ladies of the saloon occupied seats at the table over which the captain presided. At his right hand sat his wife and daughter, who had been on a voyage to America, and at his left two English ladies, one the wife of the governor of New Zealand, and the

other her social and traveling companion. Next to Miss Small sat the Count and Countess di Lavarello, of the Italian nobility, and opposite them John Marshall and wife, of the English middle classes. Beside these, there were but two other persons at the table, a clerical gentleman, the Rev. Dr. Theopholis Gabler (accent on the Gá), who sat a little further down, leaving room for his wife and daughter when they had recovered from their sea-sickness ; and nearly opposite him an elderly Irish lady, Mrs. Barrington, who resided in Belfast, and belonged to one of the numerous Presbyterian churches of that prosperous commercial city.

Acting upon the advice of the second officer, not to sit near the purser, I waited until that individual had seated himself at the foot of the table ; then following my inclination, for I had already discovered that the surgeon was the cheeriest man among the officers, I established myself in his immediate vicinity. Directly opposite to me sat Donald Dinnie, who, for the same reasons, had exercised a like precaution. He, too, had received a hint from the second officer, who, as I found out afterwards, was a "cannie Scotchman," and a fast friend of his famous countryman.

It was unfortunate for both of us, as it came to pass afterwards ; for Dinnie,—excepting myself, out of respect for present company,—was the greatest de-

vourer of "the good things of this life," (after the purser, of course,) that ever occupied a seat at the table of the Columbia. Following the first two meals, (lunch and binner,) in both of which I came off victorious,—I have already said that Dinnie looked on at the former with amazement and apprehension,—there was a tri-daily strife between us, of a most extraordinary character.

Physically we were almost the antipodes of each other ; he had barely escaped being a giant, while I was a man of medium size, reduced by sickness to a skeleton, and when compared with him little more than a pigmy. But my herculean competitor, though he looked down at my baggy breeches with something like contempt, very soon discovered that a man who has bones to clothe with flesh and an appetite to assist him, is not to be despised at the table, at least for lack of capacity.

At our table, below Dinnie on one side and Bachelor (who sat next to me) on the other, were four or five gentlemen of ordinary presence, who proved upon acquaintance to be but ordinary personages. There was yet another, who occupied a seat near the foot of the table, a mere youth in appearance, very pale and attenuated, with a clear cut visage of the Grecian type, and bright black eyes that flashed with intelligence. I think my attention was more particularly

drawn to him on account of his proximity to the purser ; I could not but pity any one who was obliged to sit throughout the voyage, at the elbow of that great gormandizer.

By the time dinner was ready, many of the other passengers had partially recovered from their sickness, and the number of persons at table was greatly augmented, every one not too sick having come forth to replenish. Of the increase at our table there was not one deserving of particular mention ; they were all prudent people, and with one or two exceptions, Scotchmen. At the other table, however, there were four or five upon whom I must here bestow a passing notice, though I shall have occasion hereafter to mention two or three of them under other and very different circumstances.

By the side of Dr. Gabler, a tall, spare gentleman, sat Mrs. Gabler, a tall, spare lady, and Miss Gabler, a tall, spare girl, whose name was Arabella. I was sorry that at least one of them was not short, plump and musculous ; the mother, for instance,—“ fat, fair and forty ;” it would have been such a relief to the monotony. And then, (but this I say by way of parenthesis, that it may not reach the ears of my wife ; in matters of this kind I am consciencious, like all true Benedicts), it would have enabled me to catch an occasional glimpse of the roseate countenance of as

pretty a little widow as ever passed from black to purple, from sorrow to smiles, from sadness to side-long scintillations.

Next to the woman in weeds, by the side of a "fine ould Irish gintleman," sat the niece of another "fine ould Irish gintleman," who resided in Londonderry—a fair-haired girl, or as he called her, a "Colleen bawn,"—a blonde of the Irish type, and in both face and form a beauty. She was a young lady of very prepossessing appearance, and a most charming person upon acquaintance. Her education, excellent in other respects, included music, vocal and instrumental, and a fair knowledge of three or four modern languages, of which she spoke French with the greatest fluency. Having lost her parents in America, she was returning to Ireland, in the care of the old gentleman at her side, to reside with her uncle and become his adopted daughter.

The "fine ould Irish gintleman" at the table—of the other I shall have something to say when we reach Ireland—was a man of sixty summers, of a rather portly person, a genial countenance, a jovial disposition, and a wonderful capacity of imbibition. Our acquaintance came about in rather a novel manner, but through the same means soon ripened into friendship. I was making my daily morning observations of the sun, through the obscuration of a Bourbon

bottle, when he came suddenly upon me, and—paused. There never was a finer morning to observe the great center of our solar system, and I asked Mr. O'Neil, for that was his name, if he would like to look through the instrument. Not having enjoyed a telescopic view of the sun since he came to sea, he was delighted with the opportunity ; and this I will say in his praise, that I never met an astronomer who could look longer and steadier at the great luminary without winking.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE D. D.'S.

IT is not because of any special admiration for D— D—, the Scotchman, or D. D., the clergyman, that I have honored them with the first appearance before the reader, even to the exclusion of the ladies, some of whom I admired for their beauty, esteemed for their wit and worth, and still remember for their kindness and condescension. The Scotchman occupied a seat immediately in front of mine, and being covered with a great variety of medals, bestowed by numerous associations for his excellence in physical achievements, first arrested my attention. Indeed, while the lunch lasted, I was obliged to keep him in my eye,—figuratively, of course,—in order that he might not gobble up every good thing within his enormous reach.

Perhaps I may be excused on another ground. Dinnie was the great man of the voyage—great in more respects than appetite. He was great in size and stature, being six feet and six in his stockings,

and in weight three hundred and twenty-five pounds ; great in public notoriety, having achieved a thousand triumphs and received a thousand testimonials ; and great—in his own estimation. When tricked out in his showy toggery, and covered with his many medals, bearing curious devices, he regarded himself as entitled to universal precedance. He prided himself upon his gallantries, looked upon every woman as his natural prey, and whenever opportunity offered, made love, after his own fashion, to anything clad in a petticoat. He strutted about the saloon and deck of the ship, with an air of confidence that implied—

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.”

Yet there was one on board who felt that it was his duty to dispute some of the rights he endeavored to arrogate to himself, and some of the privileges which he ventured to exercise—the Rev. Dr. Gabler. This gentleman was outspoken and severe in the censures he pronounced, whenever occasion required, upon Dinnie and his doings. He was a New England clergyman, who had been trained after the “most straitest sect” of the Pharisee (the Puritan), and looked upon a man who went about the world contending for public prizes, as little better than an ambulatory agent of the Devil.

On the other hand, Dinnie was down on the divine, whom he spoke of ironically as "The holy man," "The man of God," and "The Lord's annointed," and sometimes, when satirically disposed, as "The white neck-cloth !" He always addressed him with mock deference, using the form "Your Reverence," and pronounced his name, in his broad Scotch accent, "Dr. The-awfulest Gobbler !"

The enmity of these men came about in this wise. There was among the passengers of the second cabin, a girl of Inverness, Mary McGill, who was on her way back, as she said, to the home of her childhood. She was perhaps two or three and twenty years of age, though she was four or five years younger in appearance. Her complexion was fair, with mottled tints of pink and white ; her eyes, of a hazel hue, were large and lustrous, and singularly attractive ; and her hair, in long luxuriant light-brown curls, hung down in rich profusion upon her snowy neck and shoulders. The passengers called her "the ship's beauty."

The vessel was hardly clear of her moorings, when the quick eye of Dinnie descried the damsel. "A bonnie lassie !" he exclaimed. In the next minute he was by her side, asking to be allowed the honor as a countryman, to point out to her the beauties of the bay. The name and fame of the renowned athlete were not unknown to her, though it was the first

time she had looked upon his comely countenance and portly person. With an inquiring glance at a middle-aged woman, who was also a native of Inverness, and an early friend of her mother, she accepted his proffered services.

As the ship moved down the bay, the different objects of interest were pointed out by Dinnie—first the adjacent cities, Brooklyn, New Brighton, Jersey and Hudson ; then the islands, Governor's and Bedloe's, and Ellis', where the pirates were executed ; afterwards Fort Hamilton with her immense guns, and the ruins of Fort La Fayette, in which political prisoners were confined during the Rebellion ; and the Narrows, Sandy Hook, and the light-house—and Mary and her mother's friend listened with attention. But soon after they had passed the point last mentioned, the friend was taken sick and went below, leaving Mary with the giant, who forthwith began to fill her ears with all sorts of fulsome flatteries.

It was at that moment the Rev. Dr. Gabler passed near where they were standing. Something said by Dinnie reached his ear, and he listened to the words that followed. Then turning suddenly he addressed the young woman—"Mary McGill?"

On hearing her name pronounced by a stranger, the girl started, and the faint crimson which the words of Dinnie had brought to her cheeks, was greatly height-

ened by the consciousness that they had been overheard.

Said the clergyman, with emphasis on the first clause, "The woman in whose care you are traveling, is very sick below, and requires your immediate attention."

The young woman thanked him, and hurried away, glad of the opportunity to conceal her blushes, if not to escape the fearful fascinations of her crafty countryman.

Dinnie had marked the emphasis, and comprehended its significance. He was greatly enraged, and characterized the interference of the clergyman as a piece of "damned impertinence."

In turn, the divine denounced him on the spot, as a man full of guile and iniquity, unfit for the society of decent people, and deserving of ignominious punishment.

From this time forward, throughout the voyage, these men kept up a constant warfare. Each endeavored to thwart whatever the other sought to accomplish; though I think the Scot, if the Yankee had left him to his own devices, would gladly have given up the contest. Indeed, he could well afford to, for in all their conversations, which during the first three or four days were quite frequent, he could not escape the conclusion that, whatever might be the value of

muscle in other respects, it was of little use in a war of words, where one of the disputants was a man of education, trained in the subtleties of satire and sarcasm.

There were times when the conversation of these two contributed to the amusement of the passengers, and even helped to shorten the tedium of the voyage ; but there were others when amusement gave place to apprehension—when Dinnie lost his temper and threatened to throw the clergyman overboard.

But the revered gentleman, however he may have regarded these threats, was not in the least deterred from what he conceived to be his duty. He denounced what he called “the deviltries of Dinnie” in most unmeasured terms, and threatened to expose him in the prints as soon as they reached Scotland. Whether he ever carried his threat into execution I am unable to say, as after we parted at Londonderry I saw him no more in my wanderings.



CHAPTER VIII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WHILE we sat at the dinner table, I made a few mental notes, to be used afterwards as occasion required. I have seen "many men of many minds," under many circumstances, and am a judge of human nature perhaps above the average. Forming my plans from the little I saw of these people at the table, I set about making their acquaintance as soon as the meal was finished. With a few letters of introduction, addressed to notable persons on the other side of the ocean, I went directly to Captain Small, who glanced at their contents, and afterwards looked at photographs of my wife and children. As I had hoped, these secured me an introduction to his wife and daughter, and opened the way to an acquaintance with all the saloon passengers.

At the time, and indeed ever since, I have regarded it as a bit of rare good fortune, that I crossed the Atlantic with Mrs. Small, on her return from America. In our country, a hearty welcome had been

extended to her by the acquaintances of her husband, and during her visit to some of our principal cities, every needed attention had been graciously bestowed, and every possible want cheerfully anticipated. She was returning to her home in Glasgow, thoroughly satisfied with her travels in the United States, and with a much better opinion of my countrymen than she had ever before entertained.

It was to this fact that I was indebted for much of the enjoyment I experienced on the voyage. Mrs. Small was naturally of a benignant disposition, but the kindness and attention she had so recently received, inclined her, for the time being at least, to the exercise of a little partiality toward Americans. I availed myself of the first opportunity to introduce Bachelor as my friend and companion, and we not only received a good share of her favor during our "life on the ocean wave," but afterwards when we visited Glasgow.

It is proper to say, however, that a portion of our enjoyment was due to the daughter, a young lady of about eighteen summers, a perfect blonde, and of course beautiful. She was tall and graceful, two things that Bachelor admires in a lady, or did at that particular time. In conversation she was pleasing and attractive, and though not a blue-stocking, intelligent on all ordinary topics. It was at the piano,

however, where she appeared to the best advantage ; and if some

“ Music hath charms to soothe a savage,
To rend a rock and split a cabage,”

hers had the power of enchantment over all within the sound of her touch and trill, and over the hitherto callous heart of poor Bachelor.

It was in the evening, after supper, that our acquaintance commenced. The young lady was sitting at the piano, when we entered the saloon and were introduced. I observed that Bachelor was particularly struck by her appearance ; but as that was quite a common occurrence with him, I attached no importance to it at the moment. Afterwards, however, when she had sung and played for us, I changed my opinion ; by that time it was plain to the most casual observer, that the favorable first impression had deepened into undisguised admiration.

Of course I then had my misgivings. When an acquaintance so short, assumes an aspect so serious, it is noticeable, to say the least, in the case of a light, loquacious bachelor. A little curious to see how far the fellow would venture,—not with the girl, but his own heart,—I engaged the mother in conversation about her travels in America. She was a good talker, and enjoyed the opportunity ; and for half an hour or more, entertained me with a pleasant account

of her observations, impressions and reflections. Meanwhile, though listening with attention, I managed to catch an occasional glimpse of the couple at the piano. The singing had subsided into silence, and the playing, soft as the ripple of a rivulet, was just sufficient to conceal the color of their colloquy under a murmur of music. And each time as I looked, the distance between them had perceptibly diminished, until finally, and just as the narrative was completed—but I forbear.

It was an unfortunate moment to close a conversation, and to prevent a pause, I begged the narrator to continue. But having said all she intended to on that occasion, or, as I suspected afterwards, having observed the little by-play at the piano, she declined. The spell was broken! the illusion dissipated!

Presto, change! There was a burst of music, the invisible fingers of the young lady running up and down the scale like a flash of lightning; and at the end of the piano, endeavoring to read the notes of *Norma*, with the page unwittingly upside down, stood the apparently unconscious Bachelor.

Having thanked the ladies for their delightful entertainment, I ran up to the deck to enjoy a turn in the open air before turning in for the night. My companion followed, but slowly, and with a heavy step; and he was reticent—a bad sign.

"Bach," said I, after waiting a reasonable time, "what's the matter?"

"She's a devilish fine girl!" he exclaimed.

"I thought her discreet, rather than devilish," I returned, playfully.

"Fie! don't be critical."

Meanwhile we walked up and down the quarter deck arm in arm. After the last remark there was a brief silence. It lasted for some minutes, and then he resumed.

"Ben," said he, "I want your advice about a matter of importance. I was about to ask it to-night, but you are tired. To-morrow will suffice."

Indeed, I was very tired. The efforts of the day had proved too much for me in my convalescent condition. Having assured him of my readiness to serve him in the respect desired, I bade him good night and went to my room, leaving him to enjoy the soft sea breezes and the stars, and follow at his leisure. Throwing myself on the bed, I began to think of the the past and speculate of the future, at first with some degree of order, but soon fell into reverie, and then passed away unconsciously into the shadowy region of dreams.



CHAPTER IX.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

IT was a deep sleep into which I had fallen. Not a strange sound on the vessel penetrated my ear, not an unusual motion disturbed my rest. I knew not when my room-mate came to his bed, or when he arose in the morning. Even the breakfast bell (the only time in my life that I remember) failed to arouse me. How much longer I might have slept, or whether I should have awakened ever, had not Bachelor come to my relief, I can not conjecture. When I returned to consciousness, he was shaking me by the shoulders and screaming in my ears—"Ben, are you going to sleep all day?"

After breakfast I went up to the quarter deck to note our progress. Round about me was a weary waste of water and a distant horizon, and nothing else in view, though I strained my eyes in every direction. To avoid a dreary sensation which began to creep over me, I went in search of Bachelor, whom

I was to find somewhere near the wheel-house. But I had not proceeded half a dozen paces, when Dr. Gabler greeted me with a "Good morning," and extended his hand. By some means, I know not how, he had ascertained my name, as he had that of nearly every other saloon passenger and many of the second cabin. Though a stranger to me, I clasped his hand and returned his salutation.

"It is the Lord's day—a most beautiful day," began the reverend gentleman. "At home, on such a day as this, we should all go to church, and praise His great name, and thank Him for His great goodness. Is there any reason why we should not worship Him on board a ship in the midst of the ocean?"

Innocently I replied, "Indeed, sir, I do not know. I am not acquainted with the rules of the vessel. You had better inquire of the captain,"

"I am a minister of the Lord," he continued. "The injunction, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,' laid upon me at my ordination, I dare not disobey. I wish to preach to these people; is there any objection?"

"I have already informed you," said I, "that I am ignorant of the customs of the ship. Any of the officers can give you the information desired."

"The officers of this vessel are gentlemen—the captain a Christian gentleman," he continued.

"They are willing that I should preach. I have seen your friend Bachelor, and he approves. The other passengers approve, except that blasphemous Scotchman," pointing to Donald Dinnie. "And now, sir, have *you* any objection?"

Here was a poser. At home I was not a very regular attendant upon church services; indeed, when I could with any reasonable excuse, I usually remained away. The very last Sunday I was at home, I had shirked this duty, and imposed it upon my little daughter, only six years of age. "Leila," said I, "Pa-pa is a little indisposed" (to attend church) "this morning, and wishes you to go in his place. Will you?" "Yes, Pa-pa, as you wish it," said the little thing, without hesitation. My conscience smote me, yet I rejoiced that my daughter, in this respect at least, was not like her wayward father. When she was ready to start, I called her and said, "Leila, remember what the preacher says, so you can tell me when you get home, and remember particularly what most interests you." Having in this wise compromised with my conscience, I stretched myself upon a sofa, read a scene or two in *The Tempest*, and then dropped to sleep. When I awoke, my little daughter was standing before me. "Well, my dear," said I, "what did the preacher say?" She replied frankly, and without diffidence: "He said the Lord's

prayer." "Very well," I replied, though I could scarcely suppress a smile. "What did he say that particularly interested you?" She hung her head on one side, put her finger to her lip, and answered a little distrustfully, "He said there wouldn't be any meeting this afternoon."

Somehow I thought of this little incident, when the clergyman asked if *I* had any objection to divine service on board the ship. After all, the daughter was not unlike the father in this very particular, and at once I resolved to set her a better example.

"What objection can I have?" said I. "At home I attend church,"—I did, as they used to say in college, semi-occasionally,— "and why not on the ocean? I assure you, sir, it will afford me pleasure to hear you expound a passage of the Scriptures."

The reverend gentleman regarded me with a most peculiar expression. He ought to have been delighted, and yet he appeared to be disappointed. Withal, he was confused, and his face flushed to the very roots of his hair. But presently he recovered his self-possession, and thanked me cordially for my acquiescence.

"The services," he added, as we were about to separate, "will be held on the main deck, at ten o'clock."

Having made this announcement, he walked for-

ward to superintend the adjustment of seats for the ladies, while a group of gentlemen who had witnessed our interview, indulged in a titter regardless of my presence. Uncertain whether I was the subject of their mirth, I turned about unconcernedly and regarded them with attention. Immediately one of their number advanced, and with a smile said, "Is not your friend something of a wag?"

At once I suspected that Bachelor had been brewing a mischief of some sort, and that it pertained to the clergyman and myself. What it was, however, I could not conjecture.

"For an hour past," said the gentleman, "the parson has been among the passengers, endeavoring to ascertain how many would join him in divine service. Your friend assented with alacrity, but took the reverend gentleman aside, and informed him confidentially that you were a most ferocious infidel, and that unless he could remove your doubts beforehand, or induce you to remain in your state-room the while, that the services would be disturbed by open, defiant contradictions."

Now I discerned the pitfall that had been prepared for me, and into which I should surely have tumbled headlong, had it not been for the incident of my little daughter—God bless her! Having assured the group of gentlemen that I was anything in the world

but an infidel, I related the anecdote which had saved me from a clash with the clergyman, greatly to their amusement.

Meanwhile, I glanced up and down the deck in search of Bachelor ; but he had concealed himself from view, perhaps in some out-of-the-way place where he was still watching for the denouement. So, for the time being, I dismissed the matter from my mind, with the mental reservation, using an expression common among practical jokers—"I owe you one !"



CHAPTER X.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

S it was only nine o'clock, an hour before the time appointed for opening the services, I walked on toward the wheel-house, in search of Bachelor. But again my progress was interrupted, this time by the pale young man whom I had observed at the table the day before, near the purser. He advanced and extended his hand and called me by name just as the clergyman had, and my first impression was that he was another of the black-cloth gentry. At the same time, there was something familiar in his appearance, though I could not recollect that I had ever seen him before ; certainly I had never met him, or I should have remembered.

“Allow me to introduce myself,” he said. “My name is Smith—John Smith. As it is an odd name and difficult to remember, perhaps I had better write it on a card?”

A facetious fellow, thought I. Well, I like that.

Give me a man of humor for a companion. It is better to laugh than to cry, and he who contributes to the mirth of mankind, is a public benefactor.

"John Smith !" I replied. "A very odd name, indeed ; but, pardon me, not at all euphonious. And yet,

'What's in a name ! that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.'

"If you don't like my name," he said, quickly "I'll change it. My father's was Smith, and my mother's was Smith, and at home I could not change it without a special act of the legislature. But now,

I am on the high seas,
I can do as I please.

Let me see. Musgrave ! Harry Musgrave ! Is that euphonious ?"

"Quite so," I replied.

"My name, sir, is Musgrave—Harry Musgrave !"

"Mr. Musgrave," said I, grasping his extended hand, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance."

"With yours," said he, shaking my hand heartily, "I am delighted. I like a man of expedients. It was capital the way you managed that old *Gabblers*."

"Gā-bler," said I, correcting him.

"Yes, yes," said he, with a smile. "That is his pronunciation. But all who know him call him

Gäb-ler. And in the fitness of things his name should have another *b*."

"I might infer from your remark," said I, interrogatively, "that you have some knowledge of this man and his character?"

"Yes, I have," he replied. "Years ago my father was one of his parishioners, and all through my childhood I enjoyed the transcendent privilege of sitting under the droppings of his sanctuary. He is a very remarkable man, and yet a single verse of

'Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' his priest-skelping turns,' will convey a correct idea of his character. Among the clergy of Hartford where he 'preaches the Gospel to every creature' who goes to hear him, he is reckoned

'A burnin' and a shinin' light
To a' that place.'"

That my new acquaintance was what the distinguished phonographer, Josh Billings, would call a "phunny phello," was unmistakably evident in the first sentence he uttered; but I now began to fear that he was inclined to make light of sacred things, and of that I disapproved. To satisfy myself on this point, I inquired if he thought the reverend doctor would be flattered with his eulogy?

"I do, indeed," he replied; but added, in the same breath, "though possibly he might prefer a different phraseology."

"Precisely," said I. "A panegyric may be couched in such terms as to resemble ridicule."

He smiled and was about to reply, comically no doubt, for there was a merry twinkle in his eye, but at that moment he observed the subject of our conversation advancing toward us.

"Please do me the favor," he said, hurriedly, "to call me John Smith in his presence."

"Does he not know you?" I inquired.

"O, no," he replied. "I have grown quite out of his knowledge. It is well, too, for if he knew me, he would worry me to death."

To do that, I thought, would require little exertion. His white face and wasted form had already the semblance of death. It seemed to me, who had just traveled a long way in that direction, that he was walking on the very verge of the grave.

Divining my thoughts, he said, with a sorrowful accent, "You are right. I am another of those mistaken mortals who have laid down their precious lives a sacrifice upon the altar of unhallowed ambition." And then he broke forth into rhapsody—

"Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science' self destroy'd her favorite son!
Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,
She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd the fruit.
'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help'd to plant the wound that laid thee low:

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart :
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.'"

"Many a time and oft" had I admired that most beautiful passage of the "English Bards," but never before had I heard it so eloquently and pathetically uttered.

After a pause long enough for the tones of his voice to die away, he resumed. "Do not think me so vain as to compare myself to 'Unhappy White !' And yet these words, but slightly modified, might become at once my history and my epitaph."

A little curious to know in what way and for what object he had so labored, I ventured to ask at what institution he had been educated.

"I see," said he ; "you do not remember me. Well, I do not wonder. I was a robust, ruddy, rollicking boy when I entered your university."

As I had never known a student of Yale grow pale and puny under the ordinary study of that institution, I was very greatly surprised at the fact implied in his declaration.

"O !" said he, "you must not suppose that I was in that old fociliferous department and confined my-

self to its colonial curriculum. I was in Sheffield, where men have to labor for what they get, and get something worth the effort. But at the same time, to gain advancement, I also studied a profession ; and these two together—well, you see the result. My motto then was—*Do or die !*”

“I fear,” said I, “a most unfortunate motto for you, judging by appearances.”

“Yes,” said he, “unfortunate for any body. But I have now a better, which I follow strictly under the advice of my physician.—

‘As we journey through life,
Let us live by the way ;
The cares of to-morrow,
Let us bury to-day.’”



CHAPTER XI.

THE CONGREGATION.

A FEW minutes before ten, Captain Small conducted the clergyman to the main deck, and seated him in an arm chair, which was to be the pulpit for the occasion. He seated himself in another chair, and took out his chronometer to note the time. Immediately the audience began to assemble, the first being his wife and daughter. These were followed by the wife and daughter of the clergyman, and these again by the two English ladies. Now I noticed for the first time, that one of these ladies, the governor's wife, was totally blind, and that she was led about the vessel by her companion. I afterwards learned that the cause of her affliction was cataract, and that her sight had gone from her gradually through a period of many months. It was not until she found herself in impenetrable darkness, that she consented to part from her husband, who could not leave his post without permission from his government. She was

now on her way to London, having already crossed the Pacific ocean and the continent of America, to place herself under the treatment of some skillful oculist.

The Count and Countess di Lavarello, being devout Catholics, remained in their state-room during the services. Indeed the countess, save at the dinner table the day before, had scarcely been seen after the ship reached the ocean. She was sick whenever the vessel was in motion, no length of time at sea enabling her to overcome the nausea. As the count spent the greater part of his time by the side of his afflicted wife, I saw but little of him until we reached Scotland, and it was not until then that I made their delightful acquaintance.

Presently John Marshall, followed by his wife, walked forward, and mingled with the congregation. He was an Episcopalian, but entirely free from the paltry prejudices which characterize so many members of the established church of England. He had resided eighteen years in America, and within that period had witnessed the worship of many other protestant denominations. He had ceased to be a bigot, and become a man of toleration.

After the Marshalls came the winsome widow, whom I had been unable hitherto to see distinctly, owing to the high heads of the feminine Gablers.

She was clad in purple to indicate that her sorrow was softening, and she wore the customary cap—that modest means a woman has of announcing to the world that she is again in the matrimonial market. The bloom on her cheeks was like the sunny side of a peach, and her lips like two ripe cherries. I had a predilection for widows ; they are

“ Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired ;” and they never die of a broken heart, even if they fail to win the one they want. Yet, being a Benedict, I should not have dared do more in this instance, than stand apart and look my appreciation, much as I adored the beauty of the bereaved one, had not circumstances over which I had no control, thrown me into her society. But I shall not anticipate.

Of course I did not expect to see O’Neil, the “ fine ould Irish gintleman,” and Miss Nora M’Kenna, the “ colleen bawn” in his charge, among the congregation ; for they, like the Count and Countess di Lavarello, were consecrated Catholics. But the young lady, rather than be singular on such an occasion, begged the old gentleman to go upon deck and sit in the outskirts of the assembly ; and after much persuasion he yielded, on condition that she would first allow him to go for five minutes to his state-room, and agree not to speak to him until the services were concluded. Nora consented, but was a lit-

the apprehensive lest he should return with half a pint of whiskey under his waistcoat. Much to her surprise, however, he came back as sober as he went, and giving her his arm, escorted her to a rearmost seat in the audience. He sat down by her side, but throughout the services, looked off upon the sea, with the most stolid indifference. Afterwards I found out that, while in his state-room, he had stuffed his ears with raw cotton, that he might not hear, as he termed it, "any of the ould heretic's blasphemy."

Now the other passengers of the saloon went forward, one after the other, until all were present save Donald Dinnie, who stood near the mizzen mast, with a scowl upon his countenance, looking like a savage in his heathen habiliments. But when the passengers of the second cabin began to assemble, and he observed the woman and maid of Inverness, he walked forward boldly and pushed himself into their presence; and throughout the services that ensued, availed himself of every opportunity to annoy the preacher, or to whisper and wheedle "the ship's beauty." In his conduct on this occasion, there was something so offensive to the captain, that I feared lest there might be an outburst, resulting in his unceremonious expulsion from the congregation. Fortunately, however, the reverend doctor had the good sense to ignore his presence, save once near the close

of his discourse, when in a moment of exasperation, he burst forth in the language of Paul :

“ O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord ?”



CHAPTER XII.

DIVINE SERVICE.

WHEN all the passengers, including those of the steerage, had assembled on the deck, together with such of the officers, sailors and ordinary hands as could be spared from their duties, Dr. Gabler saw before him a congregation more diverse in their creeds and beliefs, in their doubts and disbeliefs, than any he had ever addressed. At first he was uncertain how to preach the Gospel to such a promiscuous assembly ; but after a little reflection, concluded that it was his duty to commend the good and condemn the bad, to the end that the first might be encouraged and the other discouraged. Having settled this point in his mind, he took up the Bible, turned over a few leaves, and then read aloud the account of Paul's voyage to Rome. This done, he stood up and said, "Let us pray."

Thereupon some of the congregation rose to their feet, others knelt down, and others bowed their heads, each after the ceremony to which he was accustomed.

The orisons of the doctor were fervent, and fit to the occasion. He began with thanks for the fair weather we had enjoyed since we ventured our lives upon the "vasty deep;" then prayed that the rest of our voyage might be equally pleasant and prosperous; but if storms should arise, and the ship should be foundered, implored the God of Heaven that, like the one in which Paul was wrecked, it might be near the shore, "that they which could swim might cast themselves into the sea and get to land; and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship; so that it might come to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

At the conclusion of his prayer, the reverend doctor took up a smaller book and said, "Let us praise the Lord by singing the—"

He stopped suddenly, colored a little, looked at his wife crossly, and then said, "By some mistake, I am not provided with a book of hymns. Is there any such thing in the congregation?"

There was silence, then a little sensation among the believers, and after that a few perceptible smiles on the lips of the unbelievers.

"As there appears to be no such book," said the doctor, "will some brother lead the singing, selecting words with which we are all familiar?"

There was a brief pause, and then Musgrave arose,

seemingly paler and feebler than at any time before, but in a voice as clear and almost as loud as a clarion, sang to the tune of old Dundee the following words :

“ With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.”

The first two lines produced a most favorable impression upon the devout listeners ; but the last two, notwithstanding the superiority of the singing, rather shocked their sense of propriety. Without noticing the effect, however, Musgrave continued :

“ Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode.
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
And eels, and perch, and cod.”

At this point the doctor interfered. “As these words are not familiar to the congregation,” he remarked, “I think we had better omit the singing.”

Musgrave bowed assent, and resumed his seat as unconcerned as if what he had done was entitled to the highest praise. Now there was a greater sensation among the professors, and broader smiles upon the faces of the dissenters ; and the doubts of the doctor, as to the tenor of his discourse, were thoroughly dissipated. Said he : “ The words of my text are the twenty-fourth verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles—‘And some believed the

things which were spoken, and some believed not.' "

The doctor divided his subject into two parts, in one of which he eulogized the righteous, and in the other portrayed the proscription and punishment of the wicked. His pictures of Paradise were drawn from the poetry of Milton, while Pollock furnished him with a panarama of hell and the damned. It was a most wonderful discourse !

The sermon finished, another prayer followed, in which the divine fervently supplicated for the blessings of Almighty God upon the reprobates of the congregation—meaning Dinnie and Musgrave. A true Christian invocation, for these men merited reproof for their irreverent behavior, rather than the full forgiveness extended to them by the minister in his great magnanimity.

The people were about to disperse to their respective places, when the clergyman pressed another matter upon their attention. "My dear hearers," said he, "when I left home, I charged myself with a special mission. In the suburbs of the city where I reside, there is a little Christian church, which began a few months since as a Sunday School, but now gives promise of great future usefulness. As yet, however, the good people there are without a house in which to worship, and I have undertaken, of my own volition, to raise a fund sufficient for that purpose, before

I return to America. It occurred to me at the close of our exercises, that the present might be a favorable opportunity to commence. Will some person, well-disposed toward this enterprise, pass through the congregation, and gather the contributions? My dear friends, in asking you to give to this good work, I do not expect lavishment, but merely from each who can afford it, *a dollar or two.*"

Musgrave immediately arose, and with his hat in hand, presented himself before Captain Small, and with a most imperturbable countenance, said—

"If you want a good name,
And a well-cushioned pew,
You must freely come down
With *a dollar or two.*

"For the Gospel is preached,
For *a dollar or two*;
And salvation is reached,
For *a dollar or two.*"

The captain was a little startled by the words of the young man, but took out his purse and dropped a coin in the hat. Four or five others followed his example, and then Musgrave came to Dinnie.⁴

"Aff wi' ye," said the Scotchman. "I shall gie ye naething. I dinna care for the priest; let him pay his own expenses."

"The priest is provided for," said Musgrave. "It is the poor people of a parish who crave your pity."

“Deil-ma-care,” cried Dinnie. “I hae naething to gie. Now, goe awa’.”

“Most unfortunate of men,” exclaimed Musgrave, in a solemn voice.

“The great sin of the times,
And the worst of all crimes,
Is to find yourself short
Of a dollar or two.”

As Musgrave passed through the congregation, coins in plenty dropped into the hat, and accumulated until the crown was covered. At first the doctor was a little doubtful if it was proper to receive donations induced by the wit of a wag rather than the importance of the enterprise, but at the sight of the glittering gold he managed to overcome his scruples. He thanked the people for their bountiful gift, and thanked Musgrave for his assistance, but at the same time chided him for his levity. To which Musgrave replied, “Ah, doctor, there is many a truth spoken in jest.”



CHAPTER XIII.

AMUSEMENTS.

THERE were no religious services in the afternoon or evening. Indeed, although we spent two other Sundays at sea, Dr. Gabler never proposed another sermon. Musgrave said he had accomplished his purpose and was satisfied—had preached at sea, and collected a considerable fund toward the building of a church edifice for the worship of a congregation under the pastoral care of a young licenciate, who was in time to marry the accomplished Arrabella.

In the evening, however, the passengers of the second cabin assembled again on the main deck, and held a sacred concert or praise meeting. It was somewhat promiscuous and unrestrained in its character, and I was invited to participate. As the singing was such as I had been accustomed to at home, I joined in it heartily, and much to my surprise was complimented. This was the more gratifying to me, as among those with whom I had spent most of my

life, I had never enjoyed the reputation of being a superior singer ; from which I infer that my musical talent must be specially adapted to the sea.

The praise meeting, a great success in its way, terminated at about eight o'clock. On repairing to the grand saloon, I found Mrs. Small and daughter, assisted by several ladies and gentlemen, engaged in a *soiree musicale*, or rival concert, but of like character. My reputation had already preceeded me, and I was again invited to take part in the performance. As under the circumstances I could not refuse, I did my best, and rejoice to say, that the credit I had gained on deck, was fully endorsed in the saloon.

It was late when we dispersed for the night—a night such as I never experienced. Though tired, I could not sleep, at least not soundly ; every effort to do so was frustrated by the dragging of chains, and shrieks long and loud, and of a most unearthly character. In my over-wrought imagination and dreams, I saw all the horrors of the damned, as depicted by Dr. Gabler in his sermon. In the morning I ascertained that, in consequence of a dense fog, it had been necessary to keep the fog-whistle in operation all night, and take other active means to secure the ship against accident.

The principal incident of the day was the speaking of the Cunard steamer Scotia, with signal flags, the

language of which I did not understand. The vessels were not near enough to converse through trumpets, or to recognize individuals even through a telescope.

During the day two passengers, who had not paid a fare, were found on board—two pretty land birds, blown out to sea by the storm. They came to the vessel for shelter, and after a time overcoming their natural timidity, allowed themselves to be captured. They soon became great favorites with the ladies.

The evening of this day being unpleasant was spent in the saloon, where the passengers whiled away the hours to bedtime, with conversation and conundrums. The latter were suggested by the blind lady, and participated in by a number of the passengers. The best of them are scarcely worth the preservation, yet may be repeated as serving to show how people at sea amuse themselves.

The blind lady led off with the query: "Why is it no joke when a hen lays an egg?" I know not whether it was original with her; it was the first time I had heard it. She thought the surgeon ought to guess it, but he acknowledged his inability. What he could not do in this instance, the rest did not attempt. At length the lady was obliged to answer her own interrogatory: "Because she is *in earnest* (in her nest)."

Several indifferent quibbles followed, and then

Musgrave, with a gravity peculiar to himself, inquired : " Who of all the people on board is the greatest talker ?" No one doubted but that he had reference to the ship's surgeon, whose tongue was never still for a minute at a time between waking and sleeping ; but the fun, if any, was not discernible. " Is it the doctor ?" queried one. " Yes," replied Musgrave, " not the M. D., however, but the D. D." Now the conceit was clear enough—" The great *Gab-ler*."

Not to be outdone in a conundrum of this character, the blind lady asked permission to propound another, which she addressed to the captain's daughter : " What is that word of one syllable, which, by the addition of another syllable, becomes less ?" As it was addressed to her, Miss Small gave it up with reluctance ; the rest of us without hesitation. Said the blind lady, rather gleefully,—she was a cheerful person notwithstanding her affliction,—“ If you add a syllable to Small, it becomes *Smaller*."

Though not ambitious to figure in this species of witticism, when it came to be my turn, willing to add my mite to the evening's entertainment, I proposed : " If I am not sea-sick, and my room-mate, Bachelor, occupying the berth over mine, begins to manifest unmistakable signs of inward commotion, what shall I do with him ?" For a time it was a poser, but

finally a light like inspiration broke in upon the brilliant brain of the purser, who, in a rich bass voice, replied : "Send him to grief, (*Grieve*)"—that being the surgeon's name.

The surgeon, a little provoked that the purser should have guessed it so readily, resolved to have revenge. "What officer of this ship," said he, "is like Judas Iscariot?" "In what respect?" inquired one. "In any respect." No one could answer. "The purser," said the surgeon. "I don't see it?" said the blind lady. "He *carries the bag*."

When it came his turn, Bachelor reflected for a moment, and then said, very gravely : "Why is an elephant like an oyster?" Even the purser was obliged to admit his inability to discern any resemblance. "Because," said Bachelor, "he can't climb a tree."

"Oh, Bach!" said I, *sote voce*. "That's too bad; it's *old*, you know."

"You just keep quiet," said he. "These Scotchmen don't know it; and it's just as good to them as a fresh one."

I do not know what the Scotchmen thought; they said nothing; but during the rest of the voyage no one ever ventured another conundrum.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE FANCY BALL.

THE next day, like the past evening, was disagreeable ; there were clouds, and a hazy atmosphere, and occasionally chill winds. The ladies, who prefer fair weather at sea, scarcely showed themselves on the decks. The gentlemen moped, and did all they could to make each other miserable. The officers were moody, and not disposed to converse. Not finding any body on deck inclined to be agreeable, I went back to my stateroom. There it was no better, my companion being deep in "The Reveries of a Bachelor." Finally, I went to the great saloon.

Here I found my good friends—in one sense old, in another new—John Marshall and wife, and joined them. After a few common place remarks, our conversation turned upon their history, of which I remember a few particulars. They had resided eighteen years in America, during which time Mr. Marshall had

been successful in business. They were now returning to England, free from debt, with twenty thousand dollars in their possession, to spend the remnant of their lives with two nieces—their nearest relatives—who, at their death, were to inherit their property.

The Marshalls occupied a state-room next to mine, and after this interview, much of our time was spent in each other's society. He was a man of good education and of considerable culture, and quite well acquainted—a rare thing for an Englishman—with the construction and policy of our government. Mrs. Marshall, a most worthy woman, affectionate in her disposition, and of motherly tenderness as I have good reasons to remember, was equally well informed, and enjoyed even a better memory. To these excellent people I was indebted for very much of the pleasure which I enjoyed during our voyage.

By Wednesday morning the dullness had become intolerable, and even the ladies were glad to creep out upon the deck and enjoy what my friend O'Neil called "the ilegant water view." This day we were off Newfoundland for several hours, and had a good opportunity to observe distantly its bleak and barren coast ; but instead of affording pleasure, it gave us all what Mrs. Gabler called the blues, a pious contraction of blue devils. I wondered to what straits those

early voyagers must have been reduced, to have welcomed the sight of such a land. But it will not do to question their judgment in this respect, for it is the fashion now to trace ancestry back to them as an honorable starting point ; indeed, I should do the same if I could find a Benedict among the notables of the May Flower.

While off the coast of Newfoundland, fighting the blue-devils,—I beg Mrs. Gabler's pardon—a musical entertainment of stupendous proportions was projected for the following evening ; to consist of an orchestra, solos, duetts, concerts, and terminate with a grand fancy ball. Through the chairman of the committee of arrangements I received a special invitation, and was assigned a prominent part in the performance. I wished to decline, but was assured that, without my aid, the whole thing would be a failure. Indeed, I am not quite certain that it was otherwise with my assistance.

Some parts of the performance were unquestionably good, the solos in particular. There were some excellent voices, and some of them were highly cultivated, the best being those of Miss Small, Miss M'Kenna and Musgrave. The best uneducated singer was the chief engineer. He was indeed a most extraordinary vocalist, with a compass of voice and a clearness of tone I have never heard surpassed. In

personal appearance he was almost as remarkable as in natural musical talent ; a Scotchman, tall, raw-boned, and angular, with jet black hair worn short, and a full flowing beard of the same color, so luxuriant as to leave visible, under his military cap, only his nose and eyes. O ! thought I, what a splendid pioneer he would make for a company of Connecticut militia !

The orchestra, consisting of a cracked violin and a wind-broken accordeon, though of little benefit to the singing, answered a very good purpose when we came "to trip the light fantastic toe." In the first set I danced with Mrs. Small, and in the next with Mrs. Marshall ; Bachelor, in both, with the winsome widow ; the surgeon with Miss Small ; Musgrave with Miss M'Kenna, and Dinnie with Miss MacGill. Then Bachelor introduced me to the widow, with whom I danced the rest of the evening ; while he himself vacillated between the captain's daughter and "the ship's beauty," much to the discomfort of both Dinnie and the surgeon.



CHAPTER XV.

THE CAT-ASTROPHE.

THE morning of Friday was bright and beautiful, and many of the passengers had come upon deck to enjoy the sunshine. They were dispersed in pairs and trios, and even little groups, engaged in desultory conversation. Here and there was an individual, a sort of solitary, standing apart, with folded arms, scanning the sea and sky, or searching the horizon for some object of attractive interest. But there was the sunshine of satisfaction in every countenance.

Suddenly there was heard a caterwauling of the most hideous character. It proceeded from one of the gangways leading to the forward cabin, and was immediately followed by a Maltese cat, of unusual size and beauty, "all in a flame of fire." Some of the female passengers were startled by the sound, others shocked at the sight, and all were filled with apprehension lest the ship should be set on fire.

On reaching the deck, Grimalkin made directly for

a coterie of ladies standing near the wheel-house. Such a screeching and scampering never before occurred on board the old *Columbia*. Indeed, there was sufficient cause for consternation ; it was possible to set the women on fire, even if the ship escaped. Yet in spite of the danger, there was something exceedingly ludicrous in the scene. I shall not describe the appearance of the ladies ; that I must leave to conjecture ; but the following are some of their exclamations, simultaneously uttered : “ Oh ! Oh ! ’Scat ! ’Scat ! Take it away ! Kill it ! We shall all be burned ! O Lord, have mercy upon us ! ”

Disappointed in these women, the poor suffering animal ran away forward, toward a group of girls, who were scarcely less frightened, and made full as much fluttering and fuss. Meeting with no better reception from the inmates of the second cabin, puss returned to the after deck, and dashed again at the circle of ladies near the wheelhouse, putting them to ignominious flight.

Then up and down and across the deck, though scorched to the skin and still in a flame, poor Malta ran at the top of his speed, wailing the while in a most piteous and painful manner. In truth, it was a sight sickening to behold !

Presently a couple of sailors, each with a marline-spike, or some other of the ship’s instruments, went

in pursuit, and the poor inflamed creature, after being coursed about the deck for a few seconds, to avoid their deathful blows leaped overboard and was drowned.

Up to this moment I had not noticed the executive officer. He was standing near the mizzen mast, observant of all that had transpired on the deck.

"Was it turpentine?" he inquired of the sailors.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied one of them.

"Who did it?" he demanded.

The question was asked in an ordinary tone, though I could see by his heightened color and the fearful flash of his eye, that he was greatly incensed.

There was no reply. The sailors stood still, with their eyes dropped on the deck. They knew, but would not answer. The old salt, as the weather-beaten tar is often called, will undergo punishment at times, rather than inform against a comrade.

"Go below!" cried the officer.

The words were uttered, or rather bellowed forth, in a tone so savage, that the sailors on the instant, and as it were for their lives, ran away quickly to the forward gangway and disappeared. Descending by the nearest stairs, the officer also disappeared.

I inquired of the second officer, near whom I was standing at the time, what would be the fate of these men for refusing to answer.

“I dinna ken,” he replied.

Not satisfied with this answer, I put another question: “What do you conjecture?”

“Weel,” said he, in the broadest language I ever heard, “it may be ye’ll see nae mair o’ themsel to the en’ o’ the voyage.”

He was a Scotchman, as may be inferred from his pronunciation, though it was only when he wished to avoid the inquiries of passengers that he resorted to the Scotch idiom. At such times, as few, not themselves Scotchmen, understood his-replies, he was seldom troubled a second time.

He was not popular with the passengers; they thought him morose, and perhaps he was taciturn. But there was not on board the ship an officer more careful in the discharge of his duties, or more wary of his words when they in any way pertained to his fellow officers. These latter traits, always estimable, in an officer at sea almost indispensable, had secured him the respect and confidence of his superiors, and with these he was satisfied.

Though I had no difficulty in catching his meaning, I did not care to press him with questions, seeing that he was inclined to be reticent. I passed over to the third officer, a young man in most respects of an opposite character—vain and conceited, with few thoughts and a vocabulary of words,

"It will be bad for those men?" I remarked, interrogatively.

"Yes," he replied. "They will certainly be punished in some way."

"The officer was very angry?" I continued.

"Did you think so? To me he seemed as mild as a May morning. Why, sir, I have seen him when he was more to be feared than a thunderbolt—when even the captain could not restrain his wrath or stay his powerful arm."

"I pity the poor sailor who has to serve under such a master," I remarked. "I even pity the two sent below, though what they meant for sport was both cruel and wicked."

"It was not they who set the cat on fire," he replied. "Their offense was a refusal to expose the real culprit. But they might as well, for he has been discovered."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Who is he?"

"Tom Tackle, a young fellow who shipped at New York for the voyage."

I remembered him. A bright young fellow, who seemed to be out of his place, and was certainly under an assumed name. He was too well informed for a common sailor, though he carefully endeavored to conceal his intelligence. I had taken a sort of

fancy to him, and hoped in time to find out something of his history.

“What will be done with him?”

“Hard to say. Bread and water and the dungeon at least. Possibly the cat-o’-nine-tails.”

It was three days later before the sailors who refused to inform, appeared again upon the deck; the stripling who fired the cat, though anxiously looked for, was not seen again during the voyage.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM.

IN the night the wind changed, and black clouds obscured the starry canopy ; the elements were conspiring together to give us battle. On board preparations were made to repel the assault ; but none too soon, for at day-break the storm-king swept down upon us in all his fearful fury.

“ The rain fell in torrents,
The thunder rolled deep ; ”

the flashes of lightning were almost incessant ; the wind rapidly increased to a gale ; “ the waves ran mountain high,” and the vessel, unable to stem the storm, was driven hundreds of miles from her regular course, within two hundred miles of “ Greenland’s Icy Mountains.” For five days and nights the storm raged with unabated violence, and six days were required to recover the lost distance.

Until the storm reached its height, a few of the passengers had escaped nausea, Dinnie, Bachelor and

myself among the number ; but when the vessel began to heave and plunge, all save Bachelor were forced to succumb. The Scotchman resisted manfully, and, at last, gave in, or, rather, *gave out*, and his groans could be heard above the thunder. I, too, did my best to keep the valves of the stomach closed, and suffered all the more in consequence. In the end, perhaps there was not a sicker sinner on board the old ship than poor Benedict. I fully realized the feeling another had suffered and described ; for the first half hour I feared that I should die, and for the next half hour I feared that I should not. But in my case the half hours were multiplied into days and nights, and at one time I should gladly have gone ashore on the barren coast of Greenland.

With the subsidence of the storm, however, I recovered my health and appetite. Most of the others continued to suffer while the effects remained, and some of them during the rest of the voyage. Musgrave was of the latter, and for ten days was not seen again on deck. Dinnie, though he managed to take his meals, did not keep some of them long ; and the loss of his “kail and potatoes” occasioned a simultaneous loss of good temper.

One of the first to recover from the effects of the storm, was Miss Small, who was never sick except in a gale. She came upon the deck to breathe a little

fresh air, and immediately Bachelor, who had moped for two or three days, pounced upon her as a hawk on a dove. It was the first fair opportunity he had enjoyed since the unfortunate interruption at the piano. But while he was talking to her, she was taken sick again suddenly and was obliged to return to the saloon. Bachelor cursed the sea, but I insisted, greatly to his annoyance, that the sea was not to blame ; that it was what he was saying that produced the nausea.

It occurred to me at this moment, that I might have my revenge on Bachelor for the joke he had attempted to play off upon the preacher and myself. That day I lingered at the dinner table in conversation with the surgeon, and when Bachelor left, made him the subject of remark. "A capital fellow!" I said. "A man without a fault, save one; he is a most incorrigible coquette. Had I a sister here, I should never allow her to be alone in his society."

I had my revenge, indeed; but not precisely what I desired. I hoped to see him chafe with impatience at the constant presence of the mother or some other person, whenever he and Miss Small were together. But instead of that, he saw no more of the young lady; her sea-sickness, strange to say, continued to the end of the voyage. I pitied her, for I knew she was *Grieved*.

Bachelor was moody again for a day or two ; but on the third day Miss MacGill appeared on deck, and the sight of her dancing curls instantly restored him to cheerfulness. He joined her at once, and as her companion was still suffering from the sickness occasioned by the storm, there was no one present "to molest or make them afraid." The *tete-a-tete* of that afternoon was but the precursor of many others ; indeed, for a whole week they were more than half the time together. Their intimacy had already attracted the attention of the other passengers, and occasioned no little speculation.

At length, news of this courtship, or flirtation, came to the knowledge of Dinnie, as he lay in his berth on the broad of his back, suffering from a recent attack of nausea. Ill as he was, upon hearing the facts he got up and came upon deck surcharged with anger, hoping to find the offenders together. It happened on that day, that "the ship's beauty" lingered below after dinner to execute some trifling kindness for her companion. But seeing Bachelor near the gang-way leading to the second cabin, waiting for the maid of Inverness, as he supposed, he made for him.

"Caddie !" cried he fiercely, using the Scotch idiom in his anger, "daur ye mak love to my bonnie lassie ?"

Had Bachelor anticipated such an attack, he would have been prepared. As it was, before he had time to reply, Dinnie seized him by the nape of the neck, or collar of the coat, and with a dreadful oath, "what I winna name," lifted him over the ship's side, and held him suspended at arm's length, while he informed him that for "tittlin clishmaclaver" to his "bonnie dearie," he intended to commit his body to the deep. Bachelor thought he was about to play the

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history." •

Others of us were of the same opinion, for if appearances go for anything, the devil was at that moment in the heart of this Goliath of the Highlands.

Scenes of this sort are never of long duration, though, as in this instance, they seem so to those who witness the danger and sympathize with the sufferer. Some of the passengers remonstrated against such infamous conduct, others (the ladies) pleaded for the life of the poor Bachelor, but it was only in obedience to the peremptory command of the captain, or in fear of his positive threat of immediate arrest and imprisonment, that he desisted.

Before he could utter a word in his defence, however, the captain said, in a very decided manner,

“ You will go ashore at the first landing place, or into custody at Londonderry.”

Without deigning a word in reply, Dinnie turned on his heel and walked away, with a glance over his shoulder of scorn and defiance.



CHAPTER XVII.

LAND, HO !

EVEN the bright and beautiful weather that followed the storm, failed to restore the quietude and confidence of a great number of the passengers. Mrs. Small tried to get her daughter on deck, but every time the latter made the least exertion, her sickness returned. Musgrave stayed in the saloon, and spent most of his time with Miss M'Kenna, who, upon a more intimate acquaintance, was found to be a girl of remarkable intelligence. Dinnie was slow in his recovery, but managed to keep a constant watch upon Bachelor and "the ship's beauty ;" but the latter was not seen again on deck, until we came in sight of land. O'Neil and Marshall I had made acquainted, and they became great friends, though they abused each other roundly whenever the conversation turned upon politics.

Had Miss MacGill continued to come on deck, Bachelor would have persisted in his attentions, despite the disapproval of the renowned Dinnie ; and

he would have maintained his pretensions with the help of an unerring Derringer. But when he became satisfied that she had chosen the better part of valor (prudence), he turned away and tried his blandishments upon Miss Nora. Whether the Irish beauty doubted his sincerity, or preferred the big brilliant eyes of Musgrave, certain it is he made no progress in that quarter.

Meantime, almost as a necessity, it had devolved upon me to play the agreeable to the winsome widow. She was a most charming little body, attractive in person and conversation, young and beautiful. She had been married but a few weeks to a lawyer of Brooklyn, who died suddenly—three years gone—, leaving her a vast fortune in houses, the rents of which supported her luxuriantly. She was of Scotch parentage, and was now on a visit to the home of her forefathers. Again and again, as we sat together in the evening, on the deck or in the saloon, have I recalled in thought those oft-quoted lines of a famous and favorite bard of Erin :

“ ’Tis sweet to think, that, where’er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we’re far from the lips we love,
We’ve but to make love to the lips we are near.”

But I resisted their witching influence, and that I might avoid the temptation, I endeavored to interest her in my friend Bachelor.

One day I said to her : "The more I see of you, the better I like you. I am quite certain you could secure the happiness of any good man."

She did not move, or even raise her eyes, but I could discern the faintest possible blush steal over her pretty cheeks.

"Now, there is my friend Bachelor, 'a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy,' —"

"O ! don't" she interrupted, a little impatiently. "He is all that and more, no doubt. But what is it to me ? He is a married man !"

"He a married man !" I repeated, in a tone of astonishment. "Well, now I am truly surprised, for hitherto I had given the ladies credit for some degree of penetration. But I will test you farther—Am I a married man ?"

"No," she replied.

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! Well, I shall first convince you that I am, and then finish what I was saying. Let me begin with the likeness of my wife and children."

Taking these from an inner pocket next my heart, I handed them to her.

"I have seen them," she said, after a careless glance at each of them.

"Seen them !" I exclaimed, surprised.

"The pictures, I mean," she replied.

"Where ? when ?" I inquired.

"The night of the fancy ball. They are *his*," making a gesture in the direction of Bachelor.

The ingenious villian ! He had played us a trick, and it was now as plain to me as a picture. That he might enjoy a better opportunity to flirt with Miss Small and "the ship's beauty," for the pleasure of annoying the surgeon and the athlete, he had invented this story ; and to give it plausibility, had borrowed the photographs of my wife and children for secret exhibition.

I explained to her the whole case as it really stood, and she listened with close attention ; but I was uncertain when done, whether she believed his story or my explanation. Without another word, she bade me good night, and went directly to her state-room.

Early the next morning, the hearts of all on board were gladdened with the cry, from the man on the lookout, "Land, ho!"

"Whither away ?" inquired the captain, taking up his telescope. We had been driven out of our regular course, and were now approaching from a different point of the compass.

After a careful survey of the horizon in the direction indicated, the captain lowered his glass, with the remark, "Malin Head. We shall make the port by noon."

I had heard so much said about the beauty of Ire-

land as seen from the sea—resembling a great glittering emerald in the midst of a chased chrystal setting—that I was really disappointed when I beheld the rocky coast of the north country, more bleak and desolate, it seemed to me, than even Newfoundland, at sight of which I had shuddered. But I consoled myself with the reflection, that the resemblance might be more perfect from some other approach, and that I might yet enjoy the illusion. Had it been ten times as bleak, however, I should have rejoiced to behold a country of which I had heard so many marvelous stories in my childhood, of which I had read so many deeds of daring and bravery in history, and of which a native poet had written in praise and prophecy :

“The nations are fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set ;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin ! O Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade !”



PART II.

Ireland.

CHAPTER I.

COASTWISE.

WHEN I left home, it was a matter of little consequence to me whither I went, where I sojourned, or how I occupied my time, so that I regained the health and spirits I had lost through my sickness. The instructions of my physician were as latitudinous as could well be desired ; after a sea voyage I was at liberty to go any where beyond the reach of frost and foul weather. Left to their own choice, invalids usually prefer France or Italy, on account of the mild climate and the many objects of interest found in every nook and corner of the country. My inclination led me to select the latter, as it bordered on the Mediterranean, the countries round about which have furnished the incidents for more history, sacred and profane, than any other body of water in the whole world. Yet it was my desire, before visiting the continent, to behold some of the grandeur and beauty of the British isles,

particularly Ireland and Scotland, whence came my ancestors. Indeed, it was part of the plan upon which Bachelor and I had settled, that we should ramble about these two countries until the dew turned to frost—that being the limit of my liberty under the mandate of my medical monitor.

The sight of Malin Head, after the storm through which I had passed and the manner I had suffered, made me doubly anxious to stand again on *terra-firma*; and I resolved in my own mind to leave the old ship at Londonderry. But when I came to acquaint Bachelor with my purpose, I found that he had also fixed upon a place of stoppage, his being Glasgow. I endeavored to persuade him to accompany me, as otherwise he would have to return to Ireland, or go home without having beheld the beauties of that remarkable country, which, as an inducement to the ear, I styled, in poetical phrase, “the gem of the sea.” But he was inflexible, giving as a reason that, while in the “Green Isle” there were plenty of Benedicts, there were very few Bachelors, and that he preferred to be in a country where he could meet more of his own relations.

“Bach,” said I, “you are in love. Now, which is it, the captain’s daughter or the ship’s beauty?”

“In love! I hardly know, Ben,” he replied,

thoughtfully. "I hope not, and yet I feel as did the poor fellow in the Beggar's Opera—

'How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away.'

"Well," said I, consolingly, "I am very sorry, for Miss Debbie Small (so it was said on the ship) is engaged to the surgeon, and Mary MacGill (I regret to say it) is a coquette."

"As to the engagement," he replied, with unusual gravity, "I do not believe a word of it; and you are very greatly mistaken in your estimation of the character of Miss MacGill."

"Serious, eh? Well, since you are so, I shall maintain my position. A week hence you will confirm the rumor, and adopt my estimation of character. Indeed, the latter is susceptible of present proof. Miss MacGill is most bewitchingly beautiful, and her smiles are like the sunshine of summer; but they are bestowed without discrimination—now on Bachelor, anon on Dinnie, at another time on that sorrel-haired Scotchman they call Stewart, and had I afforded her an opportunity she would have lavished them even upon poor Benedict."

I was about to admonish him not to waste his time in making love where it would not be appreciated, but to turn his thoughts and attentions upon one as fair and young as either, the winsome widow.

when that beautiful creature came on deck, and greeted us with a genial good morning. It was the first time I had seen her since the evening when she virtually accused me of attempting to pass myself as a married man, and I was pleased to observe that she was in a cheerful and happy mood ; though I could not but wonder if she still thought me in a state of "single blessedness."

"The colleen bawn," said she, using the favorite expression of the gallant O'Neil, "has just informed me that you"—her remark was addressed to me—"intend to leave the ship at Londonderry, and become the guest, for a time, of her uncle."

"I propose to enter Ireland at that point," I replied, "but the brief time I remain will be spent in wandering about the country, seeing whatever is to be seen in so short a period. As to the rest, O'Neil has invited me to go with him to the house of his friend, and afterwards to visit himself at his home in Downpatrick."

"And your friend?" said the widow, alluding to Bachelor.

"He goes on to Glasgow, where I hope to join him within a week," I replied.

"In that case, gentlemen," said she, now addressing both of us, "I may have the pleasure of meeting you again, as I shall there wait the arrival of my

brother, who resides in the town of Dalkeith, a few miles from Edinburgh. When you visit that city, sometimes called, by reason of its superior educational advantages, 'the modern Athens,' you will find Dalkeith a pleasant place to sojourn for a few days, while you take a look at some of the most noted objects in the south of Scotland—Hawthornden, the classical habitation of the poet Drummond, the friend of Shakspeare and Jonson; the cottage near Lasswade, where Sir Walter Scott spent some of the happiest years of his life; Melville Castle, Dalkeith Palace, Newbattle Abbey, Dalhousie Castle, Houghton House, and the castles of Borthwick and Crichton; the vale and chapel of Roslin, and the mouldering ruin of Roslin Castle, the origin of which is involved in obscurity—all of which are in the immediate vicinity. My brother is a man of unusual hospitality, who will be only too glad to welcome any friends of his sister; and being a man of remarkable curiosity, he will be delighted with the novelty of meeting *two* American gentlemen with *a wife* and two children."

There was a twinkle of pleasure in her eye as she uttered the last sentence, with emphasis on the words *italicized*; but before either Bachelor or I could utter a word in answer, she extended her pretty little dimpled hand and bade me good-bye, with her best wishes for a pleasant ramble in Hibernia.

As she walked away to join Mrs. Gabler and daughter, to whom Mrs. Barrington was pointing out Downhill Castle, near the mouth of Lough Foyle, Bachelor turned to me and inquired, with an innocent expression of countenance, "What did she mean, Ben?"

Looking at him intently for a moment, while the hot blood mounted to his temples, I replied, "Indeed, I have not the least idea."

Doubtful of my candor, he watched me for a moment, and then exclaimed, as if moved by a sudden thought, "O, Ben! as you will be gone but a week, suppose you let me take the photographs of Mrs. Ben and the babies until we meet again at Greenock or Glasgow?"

"Not on any account," said I quickly, as if startled by the proposition. "They are my guardian angels. Should I be drowned in Lough Neagh or precipitated over some precipice in the Giant's Causeway, they must be found next my heart and be laid with me in the grave." And then I added, curiously, "What do you want with them?"

"O, nothing! only, I thought, that, perhaps"—he began, a little confused; but recovering himself, continued—"if you should find Erin specially attractive, and be tempted to prolong your stay, the fear of a wider separation from them might induce greater punctuality."

“It would, undoubtedly,” I replied. “But you need have no apprehension; I shall keep my engagement.”

Availing myself of a chance opportunity, shortly before we reached the port of Londonderry, I whispered to the winsome widow: “After I have left the ship, be sure and ask my friend Bachelor—and if he declines insist upon it—to let you look again at the photographs of *his wife and children*.”



CHAPTER II.

IN PORT.

AS we approached the entrance to Lough Foyle a beautiful estuary about eighteen miles in length, the most prominent object in view was Downhill Castle, the residence of Sir Harvey Bruce. It stands on the right shore of the lake, on an elevated site, from which may be obtained one of the grandest views in the country, embracing a considerable portion of the county Donegal, and extending far out to ocean. It is an immense edifice, and presents a most imposing appearance, viewed from any point, particularly from the entrance to the estuary. It is especially noted for the number of its windows, of which it is said to contain no less than three hundred and sixty-four—more than any other castle in Ireland.

“Altogether,” said Mrs. Barrington, who had described the edifice to Mrs. Gabler and others gathered about her, “it is one of the most beautiful and majestic structures in the whole country.”

"It is a gaudy, glittering, glass house," said O'Neil, contemptuously, when she had finished her description. "The boys of Derry could batter it down with stones. It is nothing compared with the old castles. Look, for instance, at that ruin on the other side of the Foyle."

He pointed to the remains of the walls and turrets of an old stone edifice known as Green Castle, a modern name, suggested by the appearance of the crumbling pile, which is covered with green ivy. That it was a fortress constructed for defence against a powerful foe, is evident from the strength of the remains ; but of its origin nothing whatever is known—its history is lost in antiquity.

"I have none of that vain and useless veneration, which you in common with so many others, cast around the works of long-buried hands," said Mrs. Barrington. "That old castle may have been built for the protection of pa——," she was about to say "papacy", but out of respect to O'Neil, changed it to—"paganism."

O'Neil, discerning her delicacy, made no reply, though a sharp one was at the end of his tongue. Instead, he directed my attention to the ruins of an old fort farther down the shore, and nearer the entrance to the lake. It had been a stone structure,

seemingly of great strength, but was then in a very dilapidated condition.

“Whether an outwork of the old castle,” said he, “is not known ; some think it so, and some regard it as a modern structure. It is probably the latter, and may have been constructed as a defence to the Foyle ; the position it occupies would seem to favor that inference.”

This old fortification is known at the present day as Gilligan Fort, a name derived, it is said, from the present or some former owner. The castle is the property of two sisters, the Misses Chaster, but is only valuable as an antiquated ruin.

It was nearly noon when the ship arrived at Moville, sometimes called the port of Londonderry, from which it is distant about eighteen miles. It is a small market town and parish, containing nearly six hundred inhabitants. Seen from the vessel it had the appearance of a collection of thatched huts, of an inferior quality. It is a place of little importance, though during the summer steam vessels of small size ply to Londonderry.

At this point three or four passengers left the ship, and among the rest Donald Dinnie. But whether the latter went ashore of “his own free will and accord,” or in fear lest the threat of the captain would be put into execution, no one knew unless it

was Sandy Stewart, to whose care he entrusted his baggage. But Stewart was silent as the grave on the subject, and the curious were left to their own conjectures.

On reaching the shore Dinnie turned about suddenly, and surveyed the ship for a moment, with a savage scowl upon his countenance. Presently he raised his finger in a menacing manner, shook it defiantly at some one on board, then turned again and stalked away, with his many medals glittering in the sun, like an Indian chief who has hurled a declaration of war in the face of his foe.

It was not very manifest whether the menace was meant for Captain Small, who was quietly observing the discharge of the mails for Londonderry and the transfer of passengers to the little steamer alongside, or for Bachelor, who was standing by the side of "the ship's beauty," engaged with her in conversation. I think it was designed for the latter, who could not forego the opportunity to triumph over his discomfited rival.

Evidently Dr. Gabler regarded the departure of the giant with satisfaction, while Musgrave, a little apart but within hearing, repeated the lines from Macbeth by way of soliloquy:

"A poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Dr. Gabler was the centre of a little group, of which his wife and daughter, Mrs. Small and daughter, and Mrs. Barrington were the principal personages. They were watching the debarkation of Dinnie, and commenting upon his character. But upon hearing these words of Shakespeare repeated, there was sudden silence.

All present turned their eyes upon the young man, who now advanced, and extending his hand to the doctor, said : " As we are about to part, allow me to bid you good-bye, and wish you a pleasant and prosperous tour, a safe return with improved health and spirits, and money enough to build a handsome church for Pemberton. Ladies, farewell ! "

Having uttered these words as it were in a breath, he turned about suddenly, walked quickly away, and passed over the side of the ship to the deck of the little steamer.

Quick as they were spoken, however, he had managed to cast a furtive glance at Miss Gabler as he pronounced the name of Pemberton. The fair face of the young lady turned suddenly to crimson ; it was the name of her betrothed.

The allusion, though delicately made, could not be mistaken. The young man was possessed of information, thought by the reverend doctor to be a secret of his and his friends. In what way had it come

to his knowledge? He might have puzzled his brain over this question, had he not observed, at that moment, the heightened color of his daughter.

“Bella,” said he, “who is that young man?”

“Until this moment,” replied the blushing Arabella, “I had not a suspicion. He was called John Smith, and I supposed that was his name; but now I think it is Harry Musgrave.”

“Impossible!” exclaimed the divine. “The rosy, rollicking Harry, such a skeleton! such a shadow! And yet, I remember——.” But without finishing the remark, he walked over to the side of the ship next the little steamer, and called to the young man: “Harry, I am sorry you did not make yourself known to me.”

“Pardon me, doctor,” said Musgrave, looking up smilingly from the deck of the little steamer. “But inasmuch as you regret it, I shall do so the next time we meet.”

“The same frolicsome fellow!” soliloquized the divine, going back in memory to the childhood of the young man. “But how pale, how very pale and emaciated! Poor fellow! I fear he is soon to enter the valley of the shadow of death.” Then to Musgrave—“Good-bye, Harry! May the Lord, in his infinite mercy, protect you in this life, and prepare you for the life that is to come, eternal in the Heavens!”

CHAPTER III.

ADIEUS.

NOW the time had come when I must bid adieu to all my ship acquaintances—all, at least, who were on the deck. Had I been a vain man the scene that followed must have been most gratifying. All the passengers flocked about me, as though I had been a personage of distinction, and it was accounted an honor to take me by the hand at parting. The truth is, very many people,—most Americans, indeed,—when they go abroad, wrap themselves up in their selfishness, and utterly ignore all others' rights and privileges. The secret of my popularity was, that I had made myself reasonably agreeable, at no very great expenditure of personal politeness—a word here, a joke there, and occasionally, where it could be duly appreciated, a look at the sun in the morning through my Bourbon telescope.

The captain was cordial ; indeed, for a Scotchman, he was demonstrative. He invited me to visit him at his house in Glasgow, and said his wife would never

forgive me if I declined. Mrs. Small not only seconded the invitation, but paid me so many flattering compliments, that I actually blushed—the first and only time in my life that I yielded to such a weakness. She concluded with—“Of all the Americans I have met, none have made themselves so agreeable to me as you and your companion.” Her allusion to Bachelor caused a rush of blood to the faces of Miss Debbie and the surgeon—hers of pleasure, his of anger. I congratulated the young lady on her recovery, but her manner was constrained; I think she suspected me of being the indirect cause of the prolongation of her sea-sickness. Not so the surgeon, who glowed with fervor, assuring me that, as long as he lived, he would remember me with joy in his heart.

The Rev. Dr. Gabler, in bidding me good-bye, expressed the hope that we might meet again in our travels, and after our return to America. Then taking me aside, he said in an undertone: “You have observed the young man known among the passengers as John Smith?” “Yes,” I replied. “Well,” said he, “that is an assumed name, but for what purpose I can not imagine.” I did not enlighten him. “No matter,” he continued. “His real name is Harry Musgrave. His father was an old parishioner of mine, and a zealous member of the church; him-

self was the brightest scholar in the Sunday school. I have heard that, through incessant overwork, he has damaged his health seriously, if not, as I fear, fatally. And now, sir, I have a favor to ask, as the fast friend of his father, and in the name of humanity, that so long as you and he may travel the same route, you will extend over him your care and protection?" I readily and cheerfully gave the promise.

As a people, in all the world there are none better than the English; but as individuals, they are too much like their American progeny, selfish, taciturn, and discontented. Of course I have reference to first acquaintance, for after the ice is once thawed, the Englishman is a most agreeable companion. Such was the case with John Marshall, and I may also include Mrs. Marshall. They invited me to visit them at their future home in old Leeds—the Marshall homestead; indeed, they exacted of me a promise that, if I set foot in England, I should spend at least a week under their roof; and I trust there is a time in the future, when I shall have it in my power to accept their invitation and partake of their hospitality.

The Countess di Lavarello, after a short survey of the surrounding prospect, had returned to the saloon, the sight of the water having occasioned a relapse into her sea-sickness. But the Count, who remained

on deck to witness the departure of the passengers for Londonderry, came forward and bade me "Adieu!" adding in his broken English, that he should sojourn with his brother in Edinburgh until my arrival, as he desired the pleasure of my company on the voyage to Italy. I was the more gratified with this assurance, as we had not exchanged a dozen sentences during the voyage beyond the customary salutations.

In parting with Bachelor, I had a mind to upbraid him for his desertion; but he expressed his regrets with so much emotion that I was completely disarmed. I was obliged to content myself with a renewal of the warning I had given him, against the lavishment of his love upon women by whom it would not be appreciated. At the same time, I hinted as delicately as I could, that I thought Dalkeith a better place to spend the week I should be in Ireland than either Glasgow or Inverness. Laying his hand above his heart, and "sighing like furnace," he replied, tragically, "I go where duty calls."

Mary MacGill had walked aside while I conversed with Bachelor, but now she came back, and laying her pretty white hand in mine, said in an undertone: "When you know me better, you will entertain for me a more exalted opinion." I was disconcerted, but assured her, as well as I could, that I thought her beautiful, as beautiful as a houri. "But I am not a

hour," she replied. "And," I added, "as good as you are beautiful." "Prettily said," said she, "and if it came from the heart, instead of the lips, I should be delighted." I was about to protest my sincerity, when she continued, "You think me—" then paused, as if to weigh again the words she was going to utter; and I completed the sentence, archly,—"an unsafe person to leave my friend with." "Yes," said she, "that will suffice. But you do your friend a very great injustice; he is not a novice." "Certainly not," said I; "but there are wiles against which even a wider experience—" "O!" she exclaimed, with mock deference, "you give me credit for powers I do not possess." Then she continued, in a tone of earnestness, "Would you do me a favor?" "With the greatest pleasure," I replied. "Then leave this vessel with the belief, that 'I am that I am,' a sincere woman."

I began to think that she was, and that a part of her sincerity was to capture the poor Bachelor. That he could resist such beauty, backed by so much wit and wisdom, short of a miracle, seemed to me impossible. Yet there was one chance which I sought to secure in his favor. The woman of Inverness, in whose care Mary had been placed for the voyage, a prudent person and the friend of her mother, might prevent any entanglement of the affec-

tions, if duly notified. I went up to her and said, after what I thought a suitable introduction, that young people, if left too much to themselves, were apt to form undue attachments. She turned upon me sharply, "Gin ye hae ony fear o' the lad, tak him wi' ye ; I hae nane o' Mary."



CHAPTER IV.

INCIDENTS.

IN passing from the ship to the little steamer, the foot of Mrs. Barrington slipped, and had it not been for my timely assistance, she must have received a very severe fall. She thanked me on the spot, in a most cordial manner, and said it was gratifying to her heart to know that she was not indebted for her perservation to an infidel. And it was gratifying to mine, this allusion to the trick of Bachelor, as it went to show that the truth in the case had been discovered.

In my experience, I have fully realized that kind services seldom go unrewarded. It was my good fortune, in this instance, to lay the foundation for voluntary acts of good will, which I had no reason to expect. These were preceded by an invitation from Mrs. Barrington, extended on our way to Londonderry, to make my home at her house while I remained in Belfast. "For," said she, "now that you

are in Ireland, you will not depart without having visited the city that is first in financial prosperity, and the source and center of nearly every important moral and religious reformation."

I had scarcely reached the deck of the little steamer,—after having rendered Mrs. Barrington the service mentioned,—when Tom Tackle, the young sailor who, in a moment of thoughtlessness, had set the cat on fire, was led forth from his place of confinement, to be sent ashore at Moville. During the voyage he had been confined, and now he was discharged without consideration.

He was a most pitiable object! I had observed him the day we set sail, and afterwards on several occasions; he was then neat and clean in his person and apparel; now he was black and dirty as the firemen. Then he was hale and ruddy, and now he was pale and wasted to a skeleton, looking as though he had not tasted food since the day of his disgrace. As he dropped into the boat, I heard him exclaim, sadly, "Adrift without a dollar!"

Never before had words fallen with so much force upon my ear. Here was a countryman of my own, a mere youth, a stranger in a strange land, without the means wherewith to keep himself from starvation. He was not near enough for me to address him in an ordinary conversational tone, and the little steamer

was about to leave the ship ; yet I could not forsake him, without an effort to alleviate his suffering condition.

In my pocket I had an apple, brought from the lunch table, and into it I pressed a brace of sovereigns, and then called to him : “ Tom ! Tom Tackle ! ”

The poor fellow raised his head, and looked at me through his tears, wonderstruck at the sound of a kind voice.

“ Here is a penny for luck,” said I, holding the apple in view. “ Can you catch ? ”

He raised his hands, and when I pitched the apple, caught it with the dexterity of a professional ball-player. Crushing it between his knees, he extracted the sovereigns, for which he thanked me, and then devoured the fruit, like a man at the verge of starvation.



CHAPTER V.

UP THE FOYLE.

ALMOST from the very entrance of Lough Foyle, the shore was thickly studded with snug little cottages, some of which, fronting the water, presented a very pretty appearance. Here and there was a house of more pretensions, though none of much magnitude, or of very costly construction. The grounds of the cottages were generally clean and cultivated, in many places down to the edge of the water. Beyond the coast, up the sloping hill-sides, could be seen the numerous narrow fields and the thatched homes of the husbandmen. Farther away, in nearly every direction, hamlets and villages dotted and diversified the landscape. Altogether, with the trees and shrubs arrayed in their gorgeous autumnal costume of gold and crimson hues, it was one of the pleasantest prospects I beheld in the north of Ireland.

The prettiest of these cottages was particularly

brought to my notice by O'Neil. It was the home of one who, in early life, had come to the United States, and through naturalization become an American citizen. In the course of time he acquired a large fortune, then returned and purchased the place of his birth. This he adorned in nearly every way of which it was capable, beginning with the cottage which he enlarged and otherwise improved. In the midst of a lawn, which extended to the shore, sloping gently and gradually, there was a bubbling fountain, of sparkling water, which, after supplying an aquarium, meandered among flowering shrubs down to the lake. There were winding walks, shaded with evergreen trees, leading in various directions, one of which went down to the shore and along the edge of the water, gravelled with glittering stones that dazzled the eye in the sunshine. There were also other objects of interest and beauty, which could only be appreciated upon a closer observation.

At the mouth of the river, five miles below the city, I observed that the cottages were more numerous, and many of them of better appearance. They continued to increase in number as we ascended the river, until at length it became difficult to distinguish the country from the city. The latter is situated on an oval-shaped hill, about a hundred and twenty feet above high water, the buildings rising

tier above tier in a manner exceedingly picturesque. Some of the public buildings and ecclesiastical structures are distinguishable as we ascend the river, but at so great a distance cannot be seen with benefit or satisfaction.

Over the river there is a wooden bridge, a thousand and sixty-eight feet in length, which connects the city with a large suburb on the opposite bank, called the Waterside. It was erected in the year 1789, by Daniel Coxe, of Boston, Massachusetts. This stupendous structure, to all strangers an object of interest, was to me a matter of pride as well, regarded as the work of a fellow countryman. As the grandeur of its appearance could be observed to best advantage in ascending the river, I did not allow it to escape the notice of the passengers.

“O, yes,” said O’Neil, “it is magnificent. And are ye knowing to the fact that it was put there by an American?”

“Assuredly,” I replied; “and I may as well confess it, it was that fact which led me to speak of its grandeur.”

“I thought so,” said he. “Yet I do not object; it is right. But I call your attention to it, that you may not think me singular in my egotism, when I come to boast of my own royal ancestors.”

Of the passengers on the little steamer; some

were returning home to visit their parents, and provide for their greater comfort ; others, who had accumulated a competence, to spend the remnant of their days in the homes of their childhood ; and a few (lazy fellows, no doubt,) in supreme disgust of everything American, having failed to find the bushes on which the golden dollars grow like hazelnuts. On the shore, their friends were waiting to receive them, in great numbers, with smiling faces, words of good cheer, and hearty embraces. The scene that followed, was characterized by such manifestations of joy as I had never before witnessed.

O'Neil directed my attention to a man of gentlemanly appearance, who stood a little beyond the throng, waiting an opportunity to enter the vessel. He was a tall man, straight and slender, with iron-gray hair, and face somewhat wrinkled with the winds of sixty winters—O'Neil's was soft and smooth with the sunshine of sixty summers. They had been students together, gay boys alike, but in after years while the latter quaffed from "the golden bowl" of health and happiness, the other had "drained the cup of sorrow."

Phelin O'Keeffe—such was the name of the "fine, ould Irish gentleman" of Londonderry—leaning upon his staff, "still as a statue," had an austere aspect and an imperious bearing ; observing which, I pitied

the gentle Nora. He was surveying the people on the deck of the vessel, and scanning every countenance. Presently he descried O'Neil, and the harsh features (a good thing for Nora, I thought,) relaxed into a broad smile, and the statue "lived and moved." It seemed but a twinkling before his strong arms clasped the lovely girl to his breast, and hers encircled his neck, while their lips met and their tears mingled.

It was an affecting scene, though not unpleasant to behold ; but O'Neil, passing his arm through mine, turned away toward the Waterside. "Let us leave them to themselves," he said. "Where they meet now, they parted years ago. She was then a little girl, standing between her father and mother ; and he was a younger man, with raven locks, surrounded by his wife and three brave boys ; but these are all the scythe of time has spared. There is a great sorrow upon them, but now it will soften with their tears."

After a few minutes, Mr. O'Keeffe, with his niece (thenceforth to be his daughter) on his arm, came over to where we were standing, and greeted his friend in a most cordial manner. A little lively chat ensued, lasting a minute or so, and in the meanwhile Miss Nora and I followed their example. Then O'Neil introduced me to O'Keeffe, remarking that I

was the best American that he had ever met, and one who understood a new and beautiful system of astronomy. My reception was of the heartiest character, and never in my life was I made more welcome in any man's habitation.

Before leaving the vessel, Mrs. Barrington bade us all adieu. To O'Neil she said : " Wide as our views differ in some respects, the world is wide enough for us to dwell in in peace ; let us hope that Heaven is not more circumscribed." " Amen !" said O'Neil.

All this while no one had paid any attention to Musgrave, who lingered near the gang-way, doubtful what course to pursue, mentally repeating those melancholy lines of Erin's sweetest bard—

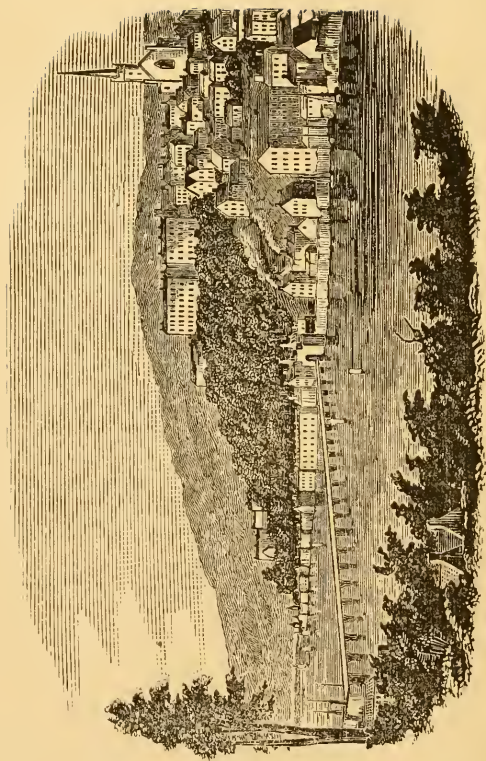
" I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

Remembering the promise I had made to Dr. Gabler, I asked O'Neil to introduce *my* friend to *his* friend. Said O'Neil, looking at the young man askance: " He'll not live six months, but in half that time he'll win the heart of the 'colleen bawn,' and crush it in his death." " Have no fear," I replied. " We shall be in Ireland but a week, and in another week shall be forgotten." I was sorry the

moment these words were uttered, for they hurt O'Neil.

In presenting Musgrave, he styled him "the friend of my friend Benedict," but paid a pretty compliment to his intellectual brilliancy ; and was rewarded for his civility, by as sweet a smile as ever wreathed the rosy lips of the "colleen bawn !"





LONDONDERRY.

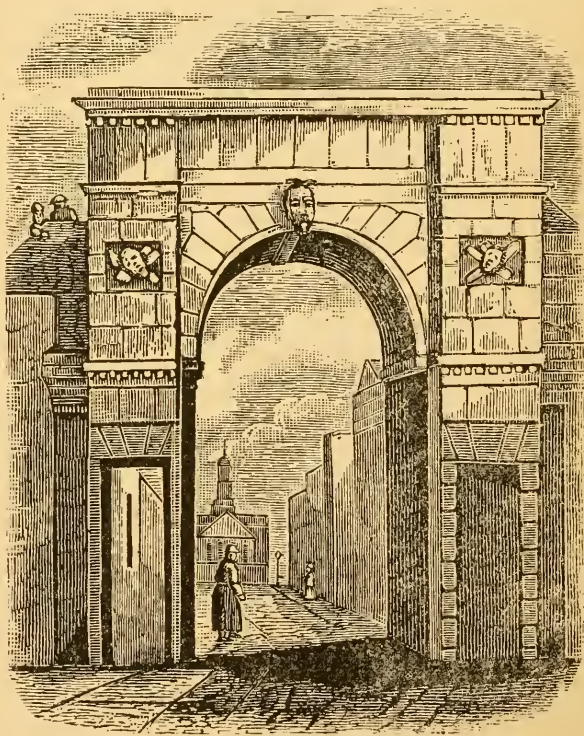
CHAPTER VI.

THE WALLED CITY.

AT the present day, the only walled city in Ireland is Londonderry, or more properly Derry, the older part of the city, which is surrounded by a wall about 'a mile in circuit. Drogheda was formerly enclosed with walls, some remains of which still exist, though in a crumbling condition. There was a time when "The sweet city o' Cork," as it is called by the native citizens, was also a walled city ; and it was thus described in the year 1600, by Camden : "Enclosed within a circuit of walls in the form of an egg, with the river flowing around it, and running between, not passing through but by bridges, lying out in length, as it were, in one direct broad street, and the same having a bridge over it !" About ninety years afterwards, the place was besieged by the Earl of Marlborough (afterwards Duke,) and partially destroyed, and from that time forward the fortifications gradually decayed, until at length they were replaced by useful buildings. But the

wall around ancient Derry has remained intact, and now forms an agreeable and fashionable promenade.

In this wall are four great gates, at equal distances



GATE OF LONDONDERRY.

apart, which open into the four principal streets of the city, each leading to a square in the center, called the Diamond. To reach the residence of O'Keeffe, in the suburb on the opposite side of the

city, we passed through two of these gates, two of these streets, and the square, and were afforded a fine opportunity for observing the attractions of the city. As we advanced, O'Keeffe pointed out the principal objects of interest, as the corporation hall, court house, jail, custom house, lunatic asylum, and Foyle College, of the public buildings ; a Doric column, surmounted by a statue, erected in memory of Rev. George Walker, the intrepid governor of the city during the memorable seige in 1689 ; the Cathedral of the see of Derry, first erected in 1633, by Sir John Vaughan, and the Bishop's Palace.

It was nearly a furlong beyond the wall to the residence of O'Keeffe, which stood on an elevated spot, and commanded a fine view of the city and surrounding country. It was an old stone structure, of considerable size, with spacious apartments, formerly the residence of a leading man in one of the London companies, or as they were sometimes called, the "Irish Society." This association consisted of twelve companies of the city of London, to whom James I. granted the entire county of Derry, confiscated to the Crown after the rebellion of Con O'Neil, the last chief of Castlereah. By these companies the county was colonized with English, and the name changed by the prefix of London to Derry, which it still re-

tains, though I observed that my friend O'Neil always said Derry.

After a lunch, which was quickly served and quickly despatched, Miss Nora, Musgrave and myself took a stroll through the city, along the promenade and in the mall of the Diamond. It was at an hour when the people usually walk for health and amusement, and we enjoyed a favorable opportunity to behold the beauty and fashion of the city, as also a closer and more satisfactory view of the public and ecclesiastical edifices.

In the year 1736, Lord Orrery, in a letter to Dean Swift, drew the following woeful picture of Cork: "The butchers are as greasy, the Quakers as formal, the Presbyterians as holy and as full of the Lord as ever; all things are *in statu quo*: even the hogs and pigs grunt in the same cadence as of yore, unfurnished with variety, and drooping under the natural dullness of the place; materials for a letter are as hard to be found as money, sense, honesty, or truth;" and a modern writer, an Irishman at that, speaks of this picture as "a description which would now-a-days be applicable to no town in Ireland but Derry."

It did not occur to me at the time I was there, or since, that this description is in the least applicable to Londonderry. The four principal streets are wide,

well built, and elegant in appearance ; the other streets, though narrower, and some of them very steep, are paved and lighted with gas. There is an air of thrift about the place, which supports three or four newspapers, several branch banks, mills for spinning flax, flour mills, distilleries, breweries, roperies, foundries, tanneries, a ship-yard, and regular communication, by steamers, with Liverpool, Glasgow, Grenock, and Campbelton.

After sauntering for half an hour in the mall and promenade, we took a closer survey of the fluted column erected in honor of Governor Walker, who successfully defended the city during a seige of one hundred and five days by the forces of King James II.; and then we visited the Bishop's Palace and the Cathedral, which, in size and style and splendor, are the principal edifices. The latter is a Gothic structure, from the top of which we obtained an excellent view of the city and its surroundings. In this building is a handsome monument, erected to the memory of Bishop Knox ; and in it also are preserved the colors taken at the seige of Derry, the most memorable incident in the history of the city. It was with no ordinary interest that we looked upon these banners, under which brave men fought and fell nearly two centuries ago, in a cause which (is it not reasonable to presume ?) they at least thought to be just and holy.

The seige came about in this manner. The Earl of Mount Alexander, a Protestant nobleman, received information through an anonymous letter, that on a certain day all the Protestants in Ireland were to be murdered by the Catholics. He gave the alarm, which spread to Derry, and completely bewildered the citizens, except some dozen apprentices, who attacked and overpowered the guard, seized the keys, and secured the Ferry Gate, just as it was reached by the troops of Lord Antrim. During the seige, the citizens were reduced to the extremity of eating dogs and rats, and it is estimated that over two thousand perished by famine. The besiegers placed a boom across the river to prevent supplies reaching the city, but one of the supply frigates, under the command of Admiral Kirk, with all sails spread, dashed against the barrier and broke it in twain, and thereby the city was saved.

“Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;”

reminding us that it was the hour appointed by O’Keeffe for the service of that day’s dinner. We hastened back, and being in time for grace, avoided disgrace. The dinner was plain and modest, but excellent ; and it was highly spiced with lively conversation, to which Father McQuinlan, the parish priest, largely contributed. During the meal an excursion

was planned for the next day, to Lough Erne, near Enniskillen. After the cloth was removed, (Miss Nora having withdrawn to the parlor,) O'Keeffe placed in the center of the table, a bottle of "poteen"—a mild beverage very popular in that country, and commendable for its purity. A number of toasts complimentary to host and guests having been drank, Musgrave proposed the following as an infallible criterion for ascertaining a true Irishman :

“ By Mac and O
You'll always know
True Irishmen, they say ;
For, if they lack,
Both O and Mac,
No Irishmen are they.”

As every one present (he and I excepted) was an O or a Mac, it was received with uprorious approbation. Being in rhyme, it reminded O'Neil of a song he had heard the “colleen bawn” sing during the voyage ; and we all adjourned to the parlor that he might hear it repeated. Song after song ensued until bedtime, Nora singing the oftenest and the best, in strains so sweet that they still linger in my memory.



CHAPTER VII.

THE EXCURSION.

THE little time I had to spend in Ireland, rendered it necessary that I should confine my wanderings to the province of Ulster, and chiefly to the line of railway extending from Londonderry to Belfast. But within that comparatively circumscribed compass, may be seen many of the most interesting objects in the kingdom, including the ruins of ancient churches and castles, and that celebrated basaltic formation, one of the greatest natural curiosities of the old world, known as the Giant's Causeway.

The object of our excursion to Lough Erne, was to behold the picturesque scenery of the lakes, and the ruins of Devenish Island, including the round tower, said to be the most beautiful in Ireland. Our party was the same as the dinner party of the night before, including Father McQuinlan,

“A little round, fat, oily man of God,”

who enjoyed the reputation of being the most learned antiquarian north of Dublin. Provided with a basket of eatables and a bottle of poteen, we left Derry in an early train, having a carriage to ourselves ; and while O'Keeffe and O'Neil went over the reminiscences of their college days, Father McQuinlan and I talked of the country through which we were passing, and Musgrave and Nora made love in the corner.

About fourteen miles from Derry, we reached Strabane, a municipal borough and market town of county Tyrone, situated on the Mourne, near its confluence with the Finn and Foyle, and immediately opposite Lifford, the capital of County Donegal. I was sorry that it was not in my power to make a diversion at this point as far as Lough Derg, a beautiful lake about nine miles in circumference, containing the famous islet of St. Patrick's Purgatory, which is said to be visited annually by eighteen thousand devotees. But for the fear of giving offence, I should have questioned the "oily man of God" in reference to the spiritual benefits to be derived from this pilgrimage.

I also regretted that I could not spend a day in Tyrone, of which the O'Neils, (the principal branch of the family,) were chiefs down to the memorable rebellion of Hugh O'Neil, in the year 1597, known as the "Tyrone Rebellion," which constitutes an inter-

esting page in Irish history. At Omagh, the capital of the county, there are the remains of an old castle, from which the town derives its name. It was probably a fortified residence of the usual class erected by the first Scotch settlers in the country, under the regulations for the "Plantation of Ulster," which required "every undertaker of two thousand acres within two years after the date of his letters patent, to build himself a castle, with a strong court or bawn about it." The principal edifice of Omagh is the county court-house, an elegant structure in the Grecian style of architecture, which, as it stands on a steep acclivity, presents an imposing appearance. The town is small, the number of inhabitants being about three thousand; but it has been twice destroyed by fire, first in 1689, and again in 1743.

We left the train at Enniskillen, the capital of Farmanagh, another of the six counties included in the famous scheme of James I., for the "Plantation of Ulster," which included five counties of that province beside Londonderry. This county abounds in lakes, and was called, in the Irish tongue, Feor-maghcanagh, "the Country of the Lakes." In the reign of Elizabeth, it was held by two powerful septs—the MacManuses and the MacGuire—between whom it was divided. Being then in a very unsettled state,—as may be inferred from the following anecd-

dote of a chieftain of the latter clan,—it was made shire ground, with a view to its proper civilization. When the lord-deputy gave him notice that he was about to send a sheriff into his territory, MacGuire answered, that “her majesty’s officer would be received ; but, at the same time, he desired to know his eric—the fine to be imposed upon his murderer, in order that, if he happened to be slain by his followers, the amount might be levied on the offender’s chattels.”

The plan of our excursion embraced a drive along the southern shore of the Erne, both the upper and lower lakes, and a sail to Devenish Island, in the order here mentioned. Having engaged a couple of jaunting cars, our party took a stroll through the town while the vehicles were being got in readiness. Enniskillen is well built, mostly on an island in Lough Erne, and contains a county court-house, jail, and town-hall, and nearly six thousand inhabitants. It was founded in 1641, by Sir William Cole, to whose family it still mostly belongs, and now gives the title of earl. The inhabitants warmly supported the Protestant cause in 1689, successfully defended the town against the forces of King James, and the year afterwards distinguished themselves at the battle of the Boyne.

The place where this celebrated battle was fought,

between the forces of James II. and his son-in-law, William, prince of Orange, (afterwards William III.) on the banks of the Boyne, between two and three miles from Drogheda, is now marked by a lofty obelisk. It will be remembered that this engagement, though the contending forces were equal, there being thirty thousand on a side, resulted in the utter overthrow of King James, who fled to France. Kohl says that, in this memorable battle, he displayed but little courage, abandoned the field even before the battle was decided, and made a ride of unexampled rapidity through Ireland. He sought to throw the blame of the whole defeat on the Irish, and exclaimed to Lady Tyrconnel, a woman of ready wit, whom he met at the castle of Dublin: "Your countrymen, the Irish, can run very fast, it must be owned." The lady replied, with a well merited rebuke: "In this, as in every other respect, your majesty surpasses them, for you have won the race."

The gallant regiment known as the "Enniskillen Dragoons," was formed from the survivors in this great engagement. They were then denominated the "Enniskilliners," and in the city hall are still preserved the banners borne by them in the battle. But in looking upon these ancient relics, I felt that the spirit of intolerance, which led the contestants on that eventful occasion to slaughter each other with-

“out discrimination, still exists, in some degree, among nearly all denominations of Christians. Even our own little party, so congenial in all other respects, was not entirely free from its baneful influence ; Father McQuinlan turned his back upon the colors, and Musgrave and myself were constrained to regard them in silence. At that moment I bethought me of the parting words of Mrs. Barrington to O’Neil, and was even more deeply impressed with their significance than when I heard them uttered—“ Wide as our views differ in some respects, the world is wide enough for us to dwell in in peace ; let us hope that Heaven is not more circumscribed.”



CHAPTER VIII.

LOUGH ERNE.

AS only three of our party could ride in each car, we had some little difficulty in dividing ourselves,—not into pieces, but into trios,—so as to afford entire satisfaction. The O' gentlemen wished to be together again, that they might continue their reminiscences; the “oily man of God” and myself, that we might revel again in the regions of remote antiquity; and the lovers, that they might more effectually lose themselves in the misty mazes of labyrinthine love. It was impossible to complete the arrangement without separating one of these couples, and here lay the difficulty. Out of respect to age, the O's ought not to be deprived of each other's company; it seemed a little cruel to separate the lovers, who were just beginning to realize,

- “There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;”

yet the partiality of the priest, among all devout Catholics, is never to be overlooked. It will be ob-

served that I had not taken myself into the consideration ; and yet it was impossible to part Father McQuinlan and myself without depriving him of the pleasant privilege, so rarely enjoyed, of airing his antiquarian knowledge. So, it was finally arranged,—the best that could be done,—that the O's should ride together one way, and the lovers the other, and that I, being the only one who would listen to what O'Keeffe called, not irreverently, “the clack of the praist,” should be left to the “tinder mercies of his riverence.”

In making this arrangement, I felt myself very much in the condition of the Irishman, who chanced to be present at a dinner where the party consisted of a father and mother, two sons and two daughters, and the dinner of two birds. Pat took it upon himself to carve, and dissevering the heads, he gave one to each of the parents, remarking that the heads properly belonged to the heads of the family. To the girls he gave the wings, because, as he said, they were always flying about ; and the legs to the boys, who were constantly walking hither and thither, being farmers. “As for myself,” said Pat, “that being all that's left, I must contint myself wid de bodies.”

Out of respect to the priest, the car in which we were seated took the lead, the other following at a short distance. In the first drive, Musgrave was of

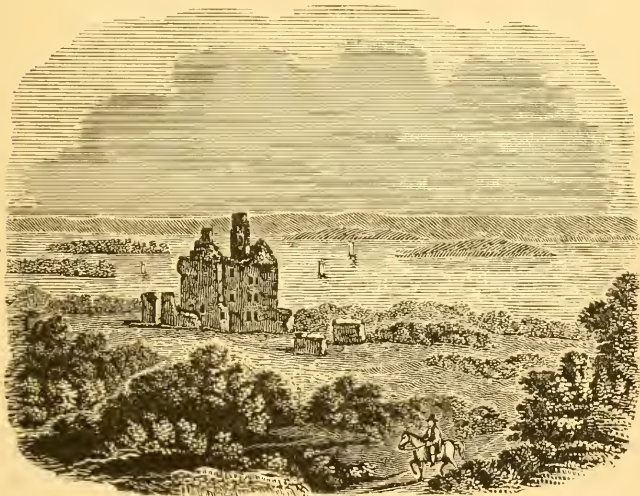
our party, but he took no part, and possibly not much interest, in the conversation.

Our course was toward the ocean, along the southern shore of the lower Erne, on the road to Ballyshannon. The lake was on our right, and on our left a range of lofty hills, which commence near the town and extend as far as the pretty little village of Balleck. These hills were richly cultivated, and from the appearance of the crops, some of which were gathered into shocks, abundantly productive.

Between the road and the water, there is a fertile valley, thick with trees and underwood, and beyond it stretches the long and narrow lake with its multitude of islands. Of these islands it is said, as it is of the Thimble Islands on the coast of Connecticut, that they are as many in number as the days of the year. Like the group just mentioned, they embrace a great variety of sizes, from the speck that seems so small that a man's hat might cover it, to the extent of several acres. But the largest of the cluster in Long Island Sound, are small in comparison with some of those in Lough Erne, which, from the road, have the appearance of well-improved and valuable farms. And they differ in another respect: while the Thimble group are all barren, and some of them bare gray rocks, those of the Erne are all green, some of them very productive, and some of them the feed-

ing places of vast flocks of sheep that have grown fat upon the luxuriant herbage.

Along the whole of the route, the opposite shore was in full view ; the lake having no greater width than nine miles, and this at only one place, in the



TULLY CASTLE.

vicinity of Tully Castle, which was the extent of our drive in that direction. This ancient castle stood upon a promontory that juts out into the lake ; the site of which may have been selected as well with a view to the beauty of the prospect, as to the strength of the situation.

“ It is another of the fortified residences erected by the first Scotch settlers in the country,” said

Father McQuinlan. "As you perceive from the ruins, it contained a keep turrated at the angles, and was surrounded by a bawn, or outer wall, enclosing a court yard. According to Pynnar, it was owned and occupied in 1681, by Sir John Hume, and called Carrynoe ; and in the bawn dwelt twenty-four families."

Here we descended from the cars and climbed up the ruins to an elevated position, that we might obtain a better view of the prospect, which the reverend father described as "extensive and inconceivably beautiful." The lovers, by some invisible attraction, found their way into each other's society, and were the last to enter upon the enjoyment of the landscape.

"Those are the ruins of the Castle of Monea," said Father McQuinlan, pointing to the remains of another fortress, a few miles to the north-east. "It was another of the fortified residences of the first Scotch settlers, and resembles this in its general characteristics."

Had I been alone, I should have extended my excursion as far as Ballyshannon, the principal town of Donegal, and the head quarters of the county militia, where may be seen the ruins of the ancient castle of the Earls of Tyrconnell.

"As it is not the salmon-season," said Father McQuinlan, "you may pass it by for the present.

But you will do well to remember, should you visit Ireland again, that the salmon-leap of Ballyshannon is the grandest in the kingdom. The fall is nearly twenty feet, and it extends entirely across the river, at that point a hundred and fifty yards wide."

"It seems hardly credible," said I, "that the fish are able to leap up this fall, and make their way to the lake."

"Yet they do," he replied, "and up four others of less magnitude, one of which, near the village of Balleck, is the most graceful of cataracts. At the usual season of their voyaging, they may be counted by thousands, overcoming these natural barriers to their passage."

Returning, we traveled at a greater speed, and after stopping at the town for a few minutes to rest the horses, proceeded along the shore of the upper lake, where the grace and grandeur of nature is most wonderfully displayed. It seems too much to say, and yet it is scarcely possible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the whole locality. Father McQuinlan was unreserved in his encomiums :

"Though other parts of the county are exceedingly picturesque, there is none that equals in grace and loveliness the upper Lough Erne. The Lakes of Killarney, celebrated ages ago for their romantic beauty and soft bewitching scenery, and sometimes styled

the tenth wonder of Ireland, affords not a more beautiful landscape than that which we have enjoyed from the ruins of Tully Castle. Taking Lough Erne in its length and breadth, there is not in Great Britain, or in Germany, or even in Switzerland, more picturesque prospects, or a more perfect panorama."



CHAPTER IX.

THE ROUND TOWER.

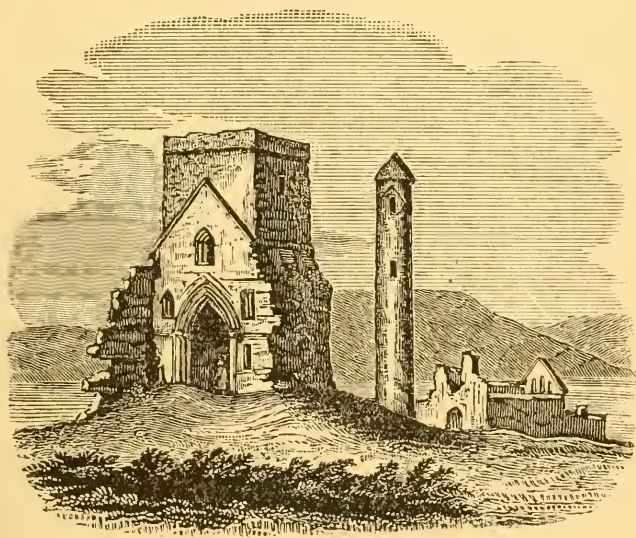
ALTOGETHER, the drive was one of the pleasantest I ever enjoyed. It was scarcely less gratifying to my companions, O'Neil and the lovers. Father McQuinlan and Mr. O'Keeffe had been over the same ground before, the former on several occasions. To them it was no longer a novelty ; but no one ever tires of the Erne and its various beauties. The antiquary found special enjoyment in pointing out the ruins of time, and the objects of highest attraction, from the best points of observation. As to the "fine ould Irish gintleman" of Londonderry, he would gladly have done the like, to the best of his ability ; but the young people were so interested in each other, that it required an effort to attract their notice. At first he thought little of it, and from time to time, as they advanced, directed their attention to objects of interest and beauty. Presently, however, he became wearied or dissatisfied, and wrapping himself up in his dignity, lapsed into silence.

The young people were too much engaged to notice the change, and virtually ignored his presence. But this enabled him the better to observe what he might not have otherwise discovered, that between these two there was a growing attachment. It was with surprise and apprehension that he made the discovery. He had looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to the time when he should find in his niece what he had never yet enjoyed, a daughter. He had hoped to have her with him for a year or two, until they had become closely attached as parent and child. After that he had in view for her, a settlement in life, as the wife of the son of one of his most intimate and highly esteemed friends—Terence O'Reilly, a rising young barrister of Londonderry.

Now that he perceived the danger, he resolved to adopt immediate and effectual measures to avert it ; for, he argued with himself, the longer I permit this unrestrained familiarity, the more difficult it will be to counteract its influence. At the same time, he was too crafty to act with precipitation, lest he might occasion alarm and thereby defeat his own plans. Accordingly, the young people were allowed to occupy seats together in the boat, and to straggle behind the rest of the party as we went up from the water to behold the ruins of Devenish.

This island is about two miles below Enniskillen,

and is said to contain between seventy and eighty Irish acres. In itself it is neither picturesque nor attractive in its appearance. Viewed from the water, it presents, in some points, an oval outline in the gently swelling and sloping ground, and this is the only beauty it possesses. Owing to the great value of the land, which is exceedingly fertile, or possibly in consequence of neglect, it is destitute of trees and shrubs of nearly every description.



THE RUINS OF DEVENISH ISLAND.

On this island are the ruins of three churches, one of which, known as the Priory, stands near the round tower. As churches are generally found to accom-

pany these towers, one or the other is supposed to be an appendage. But whether the tower is an accompaniment of the church or the church of the tower, is a question not yet decided.

“The Round Tower,” remarked Father McQuinlan, “is a prodigious puzzle to antiquarians. It belongs exclusively to our country, in which no less than sixty-five have been discovered and described. These vary in height from thirty-five to a hundred and twenty feet, the loftiest being those at Drominskin, Fertagh, Kilmacdaugh, Kildare, Kells, and Devinish. Some stand on circular and some on square bases, but all taper from the base to a conical cap or roof, which crowns the summit. Writers have assigned them to the obscene rites of Paganism ; other writers, to the mystic worship of Druidism ; and others still, maintain that they were temples of the fire-worshippers, or standings of the pillar-worshippers. Again, some contend that they were belfries of the early Christians ; others, that they were military strongholds of the Danish invaders ; and others still, that they were defensive retreats for the native clergy, from the sudden inroads of the ruthless Norman. But all these clever conjectures, some of which are the result of recondite researches, have led to no satisfactory conclusion. It is the generally received opinion that the tower is an appendage to the church ; but

that could not have been the fact in the ruin before us, as the Priory is comparatively a modern structure. It was built in the year of our Lord 1449, as this date appears with other circumstances cut in relief on a stone, which is built into the wall of the priory-tower ; while the round tower is a construction of a time so remote, that its origin is lost in antiquity.³

The tower of Devenish is said to be ninety feet in height, and at the base forty-eight feet in circumference. The outline of this tower is beautiful ; indeed, it is generally regarded as the most beautiful of these extraordinary constructions in Ireland. It is built of a light brown sand-stone, which is found in the immediate neighborhood. This stone is excellently adapted for building purposes, as it may be fashioned to any pattern, and is hardened by exposure to the atmosphere. Mortar was used to cement the stones, but the quantity was so small that it can only be discovered by a close inspection.

The stones of which the tower was built, were accurately cut to correspond with the curve of its construction. The summit is built of stones cut in like manner, and laid on in series, successively diminishing till it is crowned by a *cap-stone* shaped to a cone. The cornice is divided into four parts, which are marked by four carved heads, looking toward the

cardinal points. The carvings are neatly wrought, and each differs from the others in essential particulars.

About seven feet from the ground there is an opening, evidently intended for a door-way ; it is about four feet high, and has on the inner jamb, on the left-hand side, an iron hinge strongly fastened in the stone ; while, a short distance above, on the same side, is a fractured spot, indicating the place where the corresponding hinge had been. There are several openings in the tower, probably windows ; four of them are close under the cornice, and their places are marked by the carved heads ; the others are below them, at different distances.

“ In one particular these towers are alike,” said Father McQuinlan, “ they are all round in their construction. But they differ in some other respects, two or three of which I have already mentioned. Usually the doors are from thirteen to twenty feet from the ground, the one in this tower being the lowest within my knowledge. In size and shape the entrances correspond ; they are all so low and narrow that none can enter, except one at a time by stooping.”

Unlike many of the towers that have been discovered and described, that on the island of Devenish was complete, though I observed that the cap-stone

had been loosened. Some seeds of the elder, borne to the summit by the wind, had there taken root and flourished ; and the roots having penetrated the crevices, had forced the stone from its position. To this fact I directed the attention of Father McQuinlan.

“It is some years since the discovery,” he replied, “and with each year the danger has increased. If something is not done to preserve this interesting structure, it will not be a great while before it will be added to our numerous ruins. That of which Ireland has the most reason to complain is, that Irishmen are so wanting, in this and other respects, to themselves and their country.”



CHAPTER X.

STRATEGY.

THE boatmen having brought the basket of provisions, Nora, with the help of Musgrave, spread our lunch upon a broad stone at the base of the round tower. Meanwhile O'Keeffe regarded them with jealousy and apprehension, and pondered in his mind the best mode of securing their speedy separation. He would have taken Father McQuinlan into his confidence at the moment, and craved the benefit of his wisdom and experience, but the holy man was deep in the denunciation of his countrymen, for their inexcusable neglect of the ruins of antiquity. "Only a few years back," he remarked, "the ruins of the Priory were much more extensive. But the boys of the town, so I am informed, have shown much activity in throwing down the walls and clearing away the fallen masses. It may be that, in their judgment, these encumbered the ground; but they should have been properly instructed in this respect, by their pa-

rents, who are chiefly to blame for their vandalism. Time has been to them a mere child in the work of devastation."

Lunch being ready, O'Keeffe invited us to come forward and replenish. By a little maneuvering, he placed Nora between Father McQuinlan and myself, while he endeavored to interest O'Neil and Musgrave in conversation. It was a shallow device, and only half succeeded; the young folks exchanged glances and occasionally remarks, notwithstanding the separation.

When the meal was over, and the fragments replaced in the basket, the lovers went together to view a curious old relic among the weeds—a long, narrow stone coffin, ages without a tenant. Tradition ascribes to this relic the virtues of a prophetic talisman, whereby one may learn his present and future state. It is said that, guided by the legend, they who dare, may read their future weal or woe by lying down in it, as it fits or otherwise; and according to the postures in which they lie and turn in it, so read they of their doom.

While O'Neil and I, with the bottle of poteen between us, was discussing an interesting question in astronomy, O'Keeffe took Father McQuinlan aside, and made known his fears in regard to his niece, now his daughter. The priest listened with attention,

and then advised that the matter should be left to his management.

Our party having gathered about the stone coffin, Father McQuinlan suggested that it was a good opportunity to try our fortunes, if we had faith in the virtues attributed to it by the old peasant-chroniclers. The proposition was intended for Musgrave, who inquired particularly as to the posture and position, and their significance, and then entered the coffin. One of the boatmen, an old man, who had been carrying pilgrims to the ruins of Devenish for many years, and was familiar with the legend, averred that it was the very best fortune within his recollection.

I can not say that Father McQuinlan had any thing special in view, but if he had it was frustrated. Nor do I know certainly that it was at his suggestion that O'Keeffe inquired, on our way back in the railway cars, if I intended to visit Cavan.

"Not," I replied, "unless it lies within my route, and contains some object of particular interest."

"It is on the road to Dublin," he replied. "The town is small, and not well built, though there are a few good edifices, among which are the court-house, barracks and infirmary. But it is the burial place and where moulder the bones of Maolmordha O'Reilly, chief of a brave and patriotic sept, surnamed 'Myles the Slasher.' You have read of Myles O'Reilly?"

Myles O'Reilly ! " Private Myles O'Reilly !" How familiar to my ears ! During the Southern Rebellion and since, no name was better known in America. The *nom de guerre* of the lamented Halpine, whose pen entitled him, as the sword entitled the renowned Maolmordha, to the significant surname of " Myles the Slasher."

" I have read," said I, " that he was a celebrated partizan and an able captain during the civil wars of 1643 in Ireland ; and that his heroic defence of the bridge of Finea against the attack of the Scots, then bearing down on the main army with very superior force, may be justly compared with the celebrated achievement of Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ."

" Such is the historical record of this great man," said O'Keeffe ; " but the exact character of his daring deed ought to be known and remembered. Having placed himself in the center of the pass, he calmly awaited the approaching host, with the exclamation of Fitzjames in a similar position—

' Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'

Standing erect within the gorge, he with his single hand slew in succession four and twenty assailants ; but the twenty-fifth,

' A wary, cool, old sworder, took
The blows upon his cutlass, and then
His now put in.'

Raising himself in his stirrups, he lunged at the neck of O'Reilly, who, missing parry, dipped his head and caught within his teeth his adversary's sword, and there held it as in a vice ; and then raising his own powerful arm, lopped off that of his antagonist which held the sword."

It cost me an effort to hear with gravity the relation of this last feat of the renowned Maolmordha, but a doubt of its achievement had never entered the mind of his credulous countryman.

"But he was not proof against the cowardly stratagem to which the enemy resorted," continued O'Keeffe. "Finding him an isolated man, unapproachable on level ground, they embarked a company of halberdiers in a boat, and passing under the bridge compelled him with their pikes to quit his post. His flanks uncovered, he ultimately fell, the bridge was crossed, and the battle lost to the Irish. The next day his body was found among the dead, and taken by his friends to Cavan, where it was interred with his ancestors in the monastery originally founded by them in that town. On his tomb was a Latin inscription, of which the last two lines were legible at the period of the demolition of that splendid monument in the beginning of the nineteenth century, thus rendered by one of his descendants :

‘Reader, think not that Myles rests here alone,
His prostrate country lies beneath this stone.’”

“What is there at Cavan to reward the pilgrim, the tomb of O’Reilly having been destroyed?” I enquired.

“What, sure enough.” replied O’Keefe. “But though they have thrown down his monument, they have not destroyed his progeny; and you shall have the pleasure of seeing at dinner this evening, one of his descendants, Terrence O’Reilly, a young barrister of Derry, tall and handsome, graceful and gallant, the paragon of Ulster.”

Having uttered these words, he looked askance at Nora, to note their effect. A faint flush overspread her countenance at the mention of this name; evidently it was not the first time it had been heard. The effect was noticed by Musgrave, and caused him some uneasiness.

At dinner that evening were several gentlemen of Londonderry, and among them Terrence O’Reilly. I must do him the justice to say, that the description of him by O’Keefe, was not in the least exaggerated. Nor was he indifferent to the attractions, personal and intellectual, of the “colleen bawn.” Father McQuinlan exerted himself to have her appear to advantage. The wit and humor of that evening, to which Musgrave and O’Reilly contributed their full share

in the spirit of rivalry, I have never heard excelled.

As on the morrow O'Neil was to take his departure for home, and Musgrave and myself to bear him company as far as Belfast, we made what they call in that country, "a night of it." But not having a very distinct recollection of what followed, I shall leave it to the reader's imagination.



CHAPTER XI.

MAN PROPOSES.

THE next morning was bright and beautiful, and the “colleen bawn” was like the morning, only brighter and more beautiful. At least so thought Musgrave as he looked forth from his window and beheld her alone on the terrace, her fair hair, tinged with the golden glow of the sun, hanging about her neck and shoulders in clusters of curls. It was only the second morning of her life in Londonderry, yet she had already selected as a place of promenade, a shaded walk on the terrace, commanding an extensive view of the city and country. At that moment she was absorbed in the contemplation of the picturesque prospect.

The light foot-fall of Musgrave on the graveled walk recalled her to consciousness, and her face flushed a little in his presence. Was she rejoiced to have him meet her there alone, or had he surprised her in the midst of tender thoughts for Terrence O'Reilly? Lovers are hopeful, and he appropriated

the former conclusion without the labor of ratiocination. Knowing that it would be his only opportunity, he began to pour forth his love in a torrent of honied phraseology such as she had never imagined in her wildest anticipations.

For a while she listened, delighted, entranced ; then, conscious that her silence was giving encouragement, she checked him with a gentle interruption. It was, she said, so sudden, so unexpected, upon so short an acquaintance ; and she knew so little of her uncle, or of his ways and wishes, or of his plans and prospects for her——Musgrave could endure no more ; he burst forth again with his bewitching eloquence, and showered so many flattering encomiums upon her pretty head, that the poor girl was completely bewildered.

Suddenly, from a cross-walk, concealed by a clump of bushes, appeared Mr. O'Keeffe. Whether he had heard their conversation, they were unable to conjecture. He greeted them with unusual cordiality, and then pointed out the objects in view of principal interest. Musgrave felt that he had been deprived of his opportunity, for the old gentleman continued to designate the beauties of the landscape until breakfast was announced.

After breakfast came the partings. Mr. O'Keeffe was profuse of his compliments. He invited O'Neil

to come and make him a long visit, and hoped that I, on my return from Belfast, would gratify him with a day or two of what he was pleased to term my “excellent society.” He was about to bid Musgrave a simple adieu, when a supplicating look from Nora brought a tear to his eye,—of affection it may have been, or it may have been of regret,—but it secured a similar invitation.

But the young man felt that it was forced, and his sensitive nature revolted at what he regarded as a slight from the “fine ould Irish gentleman” of Londonderry. Yet he concealed his chagrin, and when our hospitable host proposed “one bumper at parting,” he gallantly repeated from Moore’s melody of of that title, with peculiar stress upon certain portions—

“As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit a while
Those few sunny spots, *like the present*,
That ’mid the dull wilderness smile !
But time, like a pitiless master,
Cries ‘Onward !’ and spurs the gay hours,
And never does Time travel faster
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come, may our life’s happy measure
Be all of *such moments* made up ;
They’re born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die ’midst the tears of the cup.”

Still smarting under the slight, for the first few miles Musgrave was silent; but as we approached

Omagh, he signified his intention of parting from us, that he might visit Clones and Monaghan.

"And for what?" said O'Neil. "There is nothing of interest at either place."

"O, yes," replied Musgrave. "Near the former town are numerous antiquities, including an abbey founded in the sixteenth century; and near the latter, the ruins of an old fort erected by Queen Elizabeth."

"At a very early period," replied O'Neil, "an abbey was founded in Monaghan, and in the ninth century it was pillaged and destroyed. It was on the very spot where that Christian edifice stood, that her majesty erected the fort as a defence against the Irish."

There was so much bitterness in the tone of O'Neil, especially in the utterance of the second sentence, that Musgrave did not venture another remark on the subject, lest he might again run counter to his prejudices.

Anciently, county Monaghan was called "McMahon's country," from the powerful sept by whom it was ruled, and by whom fierce opposition was made to its settlement by the English. An anecdote is told to illustrate the character of their opposition. The earliest of the English settlers having entered into a treaty with the native chieftain, confided to him two

forts which he had built ; but McMahon soon after deserted and destroyed them, and when questioned concerning his breach of faith, proudly answered that “he had not bound himself to keep stone walls, while his native woods were so near to give him shelter and afford him protection.” The opposition of this sept continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, during which the chieftain of the clan was captured and hung, and the territory made shire-ground and divided according to the present baronial arrangement.



CHAPTER XII.

ST. PATRICK'S CITY.

AVING persuaded Musgrave to abandon his contemplated desertion, we proceeded together to the city of Armagh,—in the Irish tongue, *Ardmaga*, “the lofty ground,”—the capital of county Armagh, (one of the counties forfeited to the crown after the reduction of the Earl of Tyrone,) and the archiepiscopal seat of “all Ireland.”

“Is it not claimed for this city,” inquired Musgrave, “that it was founded by St. Patrick in the fifth century?”

“Yes,” answered O’Neil, “and I believe with sufficient reason. It is a very ancient city, and if you desire, as we passed by Clones and Monaghan, we can stop over here until the next train, and still have time to reach Belfast before sundown.”

As Armagh was said to contain many objects of interest, I was in favor of the diversion. Leaving the cars, we entered the city by one of the principal streets, and directed our footsteps to the cathedral.

As we progressed, O'Neil pointed out the principal edifices, among which I remember the county court house, lunatic asylum, prison, infirmary and a barracks said to be capable of accommodating eight hundred men. Some of these as also some of the churches present a fine appearance, seen from the railway ; and being built of hard red marble, like most of the dwelling-houses, contain the elements of durability. Viewed from the cathedral, whence the streets diverge down the sides of a hill, the prospect is pleasant and peculiar.

By the munificence of Lord Rokeby, a late archbishop, the city of Armagh, which had become very much decayed, was restored and advanced. Among other improvements, he built a handsome palace, one of the finest edifices in the city ; and a large school house, to which he added a public library for the promotion of science, which contained at the time of my visit upwards of fourteen thousand volumes. He also erected an observatory, with fine apparatus and a liberal income for an astronomer, securing the endowments by several acts of the legislature.

The cathedral of Armagh—the original edifice—was erected by St. Patrick, according to received authority, in the year 445. It is described in a life of the founder, as an oblong structure, one hundred and forty feet in length, and divided into nave and choir,

according to the custom of all the ancient Catholic churches. This sacred edifice did not escape the sacreligious devastations of the northern invaders, by whom it was pillaged and burned, together with the other buildings of the city, in 839 and again in 850. In 890 it was partly broken down by the Danes of Dublin, under the command of Gluniarn. In 995, it was burned by an accidental conflagration, generated by lightning. After this fire it was repaired in part, and was again burnt in 1020. In 1125, the roof was repaired with tiles, by the Primate Celsus, and a more perfect restoration was effected by the Primate Gelasius in 1145. Thence this venerable remain appears to have suffered little, save from age, till the seventeenth century, when on the 2d of May, in the year 1642, it was burned by Sir Phelim O'Neill. No other church was ever known to suffer so many conflagrations.

After its destruction by O'Neill, it was deemed no longer serviceable, and the present church was erected on its site, in 1675, by the benevolent Archbishop Margetson. It is in the Gothic style, a stately structure, the grandest in the city, and from its superior situation by far the most imposing edifice. In form and size, it differs from its ancient predecessor, its shape being that of a cross, and its interior measurements one hundred and eighty-three feet and six

inches in length from east to west, and its breadth in transepts, one hundred and nineteen feet from north to south. The interior is ornamented with several splendid monuments, the most remarkable for beauty and costliness, being that of the pious, worthy, and learned Dean Drelincourt, a work of the famous sculptor Rysbrack. The other monuments most worthy of notice, are those of William Viscount Charlemont, who died in 1671, and his father, William Baron Caulfield ; Rev. Dr. Jenny, rector of the parish, who died in 1758 ; Rev. Thomas Carpendale, master of the endowed classic school of Armagh, erected in 1818 ; and a beautiful bust of Primate Robinson, by Bacon.

Unfortunately the monuments for which the old cathedral was celebrated, no longer remain. They were destroyed when the edifice was demolished, though some of them deserved a better fate at the hands of posterity. The most precious were those of the intrepid heroes of Clontarf, the venerable Brien Boiroidhe, his son Murrough, his grand son Turlough, his nephew Conan, and his friend Methlin, Prince of Waterford. In the old cathedral, their bodies, which had been conveyed thither by the clergy, lay in funeral state for twelve successive nights, during which, psalms, hymns, and prayers, according to the ritual of the church of Rome, were chanted for their souls.

CHAPTER XIII.

BRIEN THE BRAVE.

STANDING above the spot where it is said the body of Brien Boiroidmhe was deposited in the earth nearly nine centuries ago, and recalling his labors of a life-time for the promotion of civil and religious liberty, the establishment of just and equal laws, and the dissemination of learning, I could not wonder at the pride which thrills the breast of every true Irishman, at the mention of the name of that marvelous monarch. To how many are the words of the war song familiar, and how many has it inspired with the hope of their country's liberation from the galling yoke of British tyranny—

“Remember the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er ;
Though lost to Mononia, and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more !
That star of the field which so often has pour'd
Its beams on the battle, is set ;
*But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to glory yet.”*

Brien Boiroidmhe, of the house of Heremon, one of the most illustrious kings of Ireland,—it is scarcely

too much to say the most illustrious,—was born in the year 926, and commenced his reign in Munster, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. The length of his reign was forty-nine years, the first thirty-seven as king of Munster, and the last twelve as monarch of Ireland. He succeeded Malichi of Meath, or rather dethroned that monarch, who, though renowned in song and history for his valorous achievements, was unable to unite the provincial kings against the Danes who had invaded the island and usurped a portion of its territory.

Brien was a man of indomitable will and bravery, and having defeated the Danes at Glenanain, where he left six thousand slain and razed their city, he received assurances that if he would assume the national crown, the generality of the princes would rally under his standard. The progress the Danes were making in the country, demanded a unity of the people, and the princes of Connaught and Munster decreed that Malichi should be dethroned, and the sceptre transferred to Brien, a prince, King of Munster, whom they believed capable of repressing the insolence of those barbarians. Thereupon Brien marched an army to Tara, the seat of the Irish monarchs, compelled Malichi to abdicate, and was declared monarch of the whole island in the year 1002. Having received the

fealty of O'Connor, King of Connought, he marched to Ulster, where he received high honor from Malmesbury, Archbishop of that See, and was acknowledged monarch by Hugh O'Neil, King of Ulster.

Having settled the affairs of the nation by an assembly of bishops and nobles, who solemnly crowned him monarch of Ireland, he entered upon the discharge of his duties with wisdom and discretion, and enacted for the public welfare laws that were everywhere respected throughout the kingdom. It is historically stated, that the people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by his great example and excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value ; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels. The following ballad of Moore was founded upon this anecdote :

“ Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore ;
But oh ! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

“ Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lonely, through this bleak way ?
Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold ?”

“ Sir Knight ! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm—
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more.”

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle.
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin’s honor, and Erin’s pride.

Perhaps no kingdom ever flourished at a more rapid rate during any one reign than did Ireland under Brien. He restored the church property, and to the old proprietors their possessions ; he rebuilt the monasteries, reëstablished universities and public schools, and encouraged science and literature ; he placed garrisons for public safety, caused good roads and bridges to be built, and did whatever else he thought would conduce to the welfare of his people.

It has been the curse of Ireland, that her haughty chieftains were prone to quarrel with each other, sometimes for reasons of the silliest character. Even the great Brien did not escape this general misfortune. His wife was the sister of Maolmorda, prince of Leinster, who came to Brien to visit his sister and pay him the obedience due from a provincial prince to the monarch of Ireland. For this act of duty he was reproved by his sister, who, high in her fancied

dignity of blood, would not suffer her brother to bend before her husband. A coolness ensued, and dislike, ending in strife ; and the Danes, availing themselves of the dissension, sent Maolmorda secret supplies of men and arms to resist the authority of the monarch. Another version of the quarrel is, that Maolmorda, while on a visit to his sister, was insulted by Murrough, the eldest son of the monarch ; and leaving the palace in high dudgeon, he entered into an alliance with Sitrick, king of the Danes of Dublin, who, by express to Denmark, secured a large army from that country.

However the fact may be, it is certain that the prince of Leinster joined the Danes, and fought with them at Clontarf, where he was slain. Historians differ as to the number of troops engaged in that great battle, which took place on Good Friday, April 23, 1014. Nor do they agree as to the number of slain, one account being seven thousand Irish and thirteen thousand Danes, and another ten thousand Irish and fourteen thousand Danes.

Though in the eighty-eighth year of his age, Brien addressed his troops before the battle, and would have conducted them in the fight, had not his chiefs interposed, and implored him, on account of his age, to leave the command to his son, the valliant Murrough. With this request he unwillingly complied, and re-

tiring to his tent, prayed while the battle lasted. He was still at prayer when a party of runaway Danes, led by Broder, attacked him ; but seizing his sword, he cut off the head of the leader, the legs of another, and even slew a third, and then calmly resigned himself to death.

Brien, and his son Murrough, and his grandson Turlough, were buried at Swords, but their remains were afterwards removed, by order of the Bishop, in accordance with the will of the monarch, to Armagh, where they were entombed in St. Patrick's cathedral.

Brien Boiroidhe commanded in twenty-nine pitched battles against the Danes, and obtained many victories, the last of which, Clontarf, extinguished their power in Ireland.



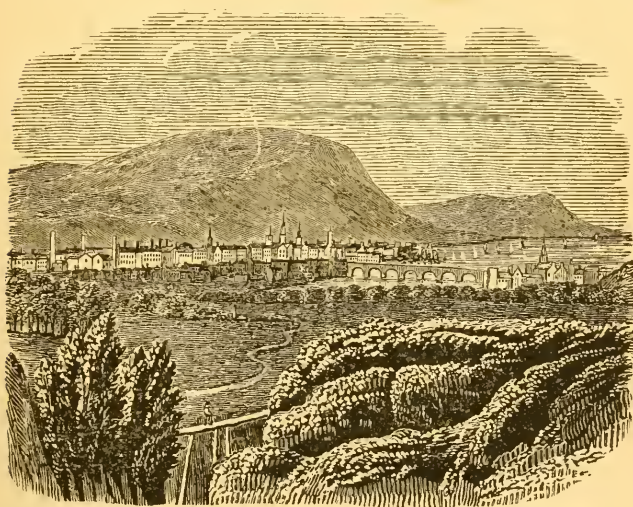
CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW CITY.

BELFAST, though an ancient town, is comparatively a new city. When or by whom it was founded, is not known. As early as 1315, it is spoken of as among the "good towns and strongholds" destroyed by Edward Bruce. The castle of Belfast was reduced to a ruin in 1503, and again in 1512, by Lord Kildare. In the seventeenth century, it ranked as a small garrison town, "dependent on Carrickerngus," and as late as 1660, contained but a hundred and fifty houses. In 1720, all the houses were on one street, and thatched with straw, and in 1800 the population did not exceed twenty thousand. Since that period its growth, in the old world, has been unprecedented. The present population is not much if any short of one hundred and fifty thousand.

Seen at a distance, the city does not present an imposing appearance, owing to the very low position it occupies. It is situated near the mouth of the Lagan, and the greater portion of it is not more than

six feet above high water at the spring tides. But I observed that it improved as we approached, and the unfavorable impression received at first sight was gradually removed. The houses are mostly con-



CITY OF BELFAST.

structed of brick, and some of them are quite handsome, while some of the public buildings are superior structures. Among these are the custom house, post-office, blind asylum, a new and elegant edifice, and the office of the harbor commissioners, one of the most graceful and gorgeous buildings in the city, constructed of cut stone, and finished in the Italian style.

In this city are upwards of forty church edifices, the most expensive and elegant of which are St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the First Presbyterian Meeting-house, in Rosemary street, the latter excelling in embellishments. The entrance to this edifice is a portico, composed of ten Doric columns, with an elaborate balustrade, while the inside is richly ornamented in stucco, and gorgeously decorated. Beside this there are twenty other edifices belonging to that denomination, Belfast being a sort of ecclesiastical metropolis for the Presbyterians, where their synods meet, where their publications are issued, and where they possess the greatest amount of wealth and talent.

The educational institutions are among the best in the country. At the head of these is the Queen's college, a magnificent structure of brick and stone, built at an expense of more than twenty-five thousand pounds, and maintained by an allowance of seven thousand pounds a year from the consolidated fund. From the collegiate body of this institution, which consists of a president, vice-president and twenty professors, was obtained the president of New Jersey College, Princeton, the Rev. Dr. McCosh. Of the other educational establishments, the most worthy of mention are the Presbyterian College, a magnificent building, the Royal Academical Institution, the Belfast Academy, and the Lancasterian School. But

beside these, there are numerous national schools and private seminaries.

It was not until the following day I made most of these observations, though some of them were unavoidable on our way to the Imperial, the hotel at which O'Neil usually sojourned. After dinner I went to call on Mrs. Barrington, according to the promise I had made her at Londonderry. She received me with very marked cordiality, and introduced me to her son, a prosperous young merchant, to whom I am indebted for kind attention, valuable information, and an easy agreeable jaunt about the city on the following day.

"You are alone?" inquired Mrs. Barrington.

"Here? yes," I replied. "But to the city I had the company of our friends O'Neil and Musgrave."

"Bad company!" said the old lady. "That young fellow is a scape-grace; and O'Neil—well, perhaps I had better not say anything against him, lest he retaliate. We are antipodes—he a Papist, and I a Presbyterian."

While speaking, she wrote a few words on a card, which she gave to a servant, with the brief injunction, "Forthwith," and then continued the conversation.

"Did you stop at Armagh, the city of St. Patrick?" she inquired.

"Yes," I replied, "that I might view the city and country from the steps of the edifice which now stands upon the site of his celebrated cathedral, and that I might walk upon the ground trod by his feet as long ago as thirteen centuries."

"Humph !" she exclaimed. "You have seen his city and his church, and to-morrow O'Neil will show you his burial place. Well, I do not object ; he was a great and good man, and perhaps as worthy as any since the Apostles, of canonization. And did you see the Diamond ?"

"The Diamond ? no," I replied :

"It is a noted place," said Mrs. Barrington ; and then she added, with a little laugh, "but O'Neil's memory is partial. It is the spot where originated the Orange Societies."

One word concerning this famous organization, for the benefit of such as are not familiar with its origin and history. Near the close of the last century, when the French republic was preparing to make a descent upon Ireland, the Catholics of Ulster associated themselves under the title of "Defenders," deeming it a favorable time to dis sever their connection with England. The penal laws prohibiting them from keeping arms, they were driven to the necessity of taking them forcibly at night. The Protestants becoming alarmed, patrolled the country in small

armed bodies to prevent the robbery. Two of these parties coming in contact at the Diamond, in September, 1795, a conflict ensued, in which several lives were lost. Other affrays followed, resulting in a terrible state of insubordination, out of which arose the Orange societies, so called from William, the Prince of Orange, the leader of the Irish Protestants in 1689. So effective were these institutions in Armagh, that they received the encouragement of the gentry of the neighborhood ; after which lodges were established in other parts of Ireland, in England and Scotland, and even in the colonies. It was estimated that, at one time, in the United Kingdom alone, the Orangemen numbered no less than two hundred and fifty thousand members. Finally, in the year 1836, in accordance with public sentiment, a meeting of the Grand Lodge of the order was summoned, and by a vote of ninety-two to sixty-two, the institution was formally dissolved.

After a few inquiries concerning "that bright and beautiful girl, Miss Nora M'Kenna," as Mrs. Barrington styled her, our conversation turned upon Bachelor and the young ladies of whom he was enamored. She was of my opinion, that "the captain's daughter" was engaged, and that "the ship's beauty" was a coquette. We were deep in the discussion of

these matters, when O'Neil and Musgrave were announced.

A very remarkable woman ! At the very moment she was calling one a Papist and the other a scapegrace, she was writing them an invitation to spend the evening at her house. In welcoming them, she remarked that, though they and she might differed on some subjects, there were enough upon which they could harmonize. Profiting by the hint, no illusion was made to any topic concerning which there could be an unpleasant difference of opinion. I have rarely spent a more enjoyable evening, or one in which pleasantry was so marked a characteristic of the conversation.



CHAPTER XV.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

SOON after breakfast the next morning, in accordance with a plan agreed upon the night before, Mrs. Barrington, with her son to bear us company, took Musgrave and myself in her carriage, a curious but comfortable old vehicle, and carried us to nearly every place she thought of interest in the city. First of all, we were shown the Bay of Belfast, of which the citizens of the metropolis of the north are very proud, and justly too, for it is a fine object. It is bounded on both sides by high hills, which partly encircle the city, most of which are now under cultivation, while their slopes are thickly studded with the villas and country houses of the merchants. The bay is eight miles wide at the mouth, and gradually narrows to the mouth of the river, thirteen and a half miles from the ocean. The river in front of the city is two hundred and fifty yards wide, and is crossed by three bridges, two of which are not entitled to any special notice, while the third—one of the observable

objects—is an elegant stone structure of five arches, each of fifty feet span.

Having viewed the harbor with its large shipping, second only to that of Dublin, we took a survey of the superb structure in which the harbor commissioners have their offices, and then proceeded to visit the educational institutions, and afterwards the churches, all of which I have already mentioned and sufficiently described. One of these churches, a Presbyterian edifice,—though I have forgotten which one, there are so many of that denomination,—Mrs. Barrington pointed out to me as the house in which originated the great temperance reformation in Ireland.

“It was in 1829, the same year it commenced in your own country,” she remarked. “The pastor of that church, Rev. John Edgar, D.D., a man distinguished for his superior abilities, had been appointed to write an address to the people against the desecration of the Sabbath. While engaged in its preparation, he was visited by Dr. Penny, of America, who told him of the great temperance movement in the United States. Dr. Edgar immediately prepared and published an appeal to the people in behalf of temperance societies. That was in August, and before three years had elapsed, upwards of two hundred and thirty thousand small works on Temperance had been issued from the press of Belfast.”

I was truly surprised at the vast number of publications in so brief a period, on a subject which now-a-days we regard as hackneyed ; but I could not repress a smile at the pride manifested by the old lady in making the statement.

“I see,” said she. “You deem so many works a superfluity. But you will not when I tell you that in the very year of the reformation, more than twenty-seven million five hundred thousand gallons of proof spirits were consumed in the United Kingdom, the cost of Ireland’s share being over six millions sterling, or an average of three guineas for each family.’

In another part of the city, Mrs. Barrington pointed out an old building, kept by repairs in a very good state of preservation, with the remark : “I cannot hope to vie with our friend O’Neil in the display of antiquities ; but in that old building, it is said, was printed the first Bible ever published in Ireland, in the year 1704.”

Among the other places of note we visited, was the Belfast Museum, a very beautiful building, containing a large collection of Irish antiquities, and the Botanical Garden, next to that of Dublin the finest in Ireland. Another building of attractive appearance, was the Bank of Belfast, the style of architecture being a mixture of Doric and Corinthian.

At length, having an engagement with O’Neil for

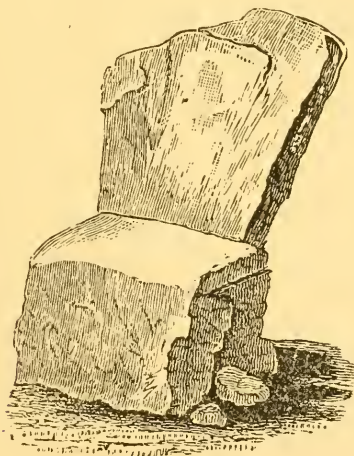
the afternoon, Musgrave and I were obliged to return without having seen all the notable places. We had our lunch at the house of Mrs. Barrington, a delicious repast, and remained in conversation with her until O'Neil called at the door to take us in a jaunting-car to the country.

The first object we visited was Cave Hill, about two miles from the city. It takes its name from three caves, visible on its perpendicular side, but of no considerable magnitude. It is chiefly attractive for the magnificent view which it affords of the surrounding country. On the summit is a dilapidated earth work, of which O'Neil said : "Here are the ruins of one of the strong-holds of Brian M'Art, a brave man, whose clan was exterminated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."

From Cave Hill we proceeded to Castlereagh, another hill about the same distance from the city. On the latter, for a very long period, stood a curious piece of antiquity, the stone chair on which the O'Neils, of Castlereagh, were inaugurated. After designating the place which it is supposed to have occupied, O'Neil gave us an account of its subsequent adventures.

"Con O'Neil," said he, "was the last chief of Castlereagh, the branch of the family from which I descended. After his ruin and the downfall of his

family, in the reign of James I., the coronation chair was thrown down by his enemies. In this condition it remained until about the year 1650. when Stewart Banks, Sovereign of Belfast, caused it to be removed to the town and built into the wall of the Butter Market, where it was used as a seat for nearly two



THE CORONATION CHAIR.

centuries. A few years ago, at the taking down of the market, it was mixed with other stones and rubbish, and was about to be broken, when Thomas Fitzmorris took possession of it, and removed it to a little garden in front of his house, in Lancaster street, Belfast. There it remained until 1858, when it was purchased from him for a young gentleman of cultivated mind and elegant tastes, R. C. Walker, of

Granby Row, Dublin, and Rathcarrick, in the county of Sligo, who had it removed to the latter place, where it is preserved with the care due to so interesting a monument."

"What was the appearance of this coronation chair?" I inquired.

"It was made of common whin-stone," replied O'Neil. "The seat was a little lower than that of an ordinary chair, and the back higher and narrower. Of course it was rudely constructed."

"There is no question respecting its antiquity?" queried Musgrave.

"There is none respecting its authenticity," replied O'Neil, proudly. "The branch of the O'Neils to whom it appertained, shot off from the parent stem in the tenth century, and is still represented by the present Earl O'Neil. The chair may have belonged to the ancient chiefs of the district; to that extent there is doubt concerning its antiquity. There was, and probably still is, another stone chair on which the O'Neils of Tyrone, the chief branch of the family, were inaugurated. It is marked in some of our maps under the name of 'the stone where they make the O'Neils.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

ST. PATRICK'S HOME.

AFTER visiting two or three other places of less note and no especial interest, we returned in time for the train to Downpatrick, the capital of county Down, near the mouth of the Quoyle, where we arrived while it was yet light enough to distinguish objects and beauties. It is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, and one of the most noted, having been the established residence of the native kings of Ulster, and the dwelling place of St. Patrick. Indeed, it was here the patron saint died and was buried, in the year 493, his remains being deposited in the abbey of Down, as were, subsequently, those of St. Bridget and St. Columb-kill. The town consists chiefly of four streets, and is divided into English, Irish and Scotch quarters, corresponding to the nativity of the inhabitants. O'Neil resided in the Irish quarter, and like his royal ancestors, was a king in his dominion. He lived in good style, and kept his carriage, if any thing more antique than Mrs. Barrington's, upon

which was the escutcheon of the O'Neil's—the Red Hand. In the parlor of his house, hung a large picture of the ensigns armorial of this distinguished family, entitled underneath—"The Bloody Hand."



Observing that my attention was attracted by this picture, O'Neil said : "It represents the incident that led to the ascendancy of the O'Neils. When Ireland was conquered by the Milesians, it was permitted to the party who descended upon Ulster, that the one who should first touch the ground should be its chief. As they approached the shore, O'Neil, one of their number, cut off his hand and threw it on the bank. It was decreed that he was entitled to the distinction, and from him sprung the royal race. It is an authentic representation of the ancient arms of the family, copied from the signet ring of the celebrated Turlogh Lynnoch, found a few years ago near Charlemont, in the county of Armagh."

As we were not expected at Donnpatrick, until the day following, dinner had been served at the usual hour, and was over before our arrival ; but to make amends, we had an early supper. The family of our host consisted of his wife, a very dignified lady, and two daughters, fifteen and seventeen, somewhat bashful, but well instructed and intelligent ; of course not

to the extent of Nora M'Kenna, whose father had spared no expense on her education.

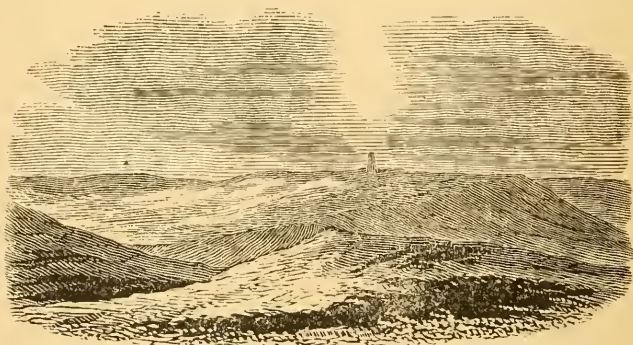
After supper the young ladies entertained us with some Irish music, both vocal and instrumental. The elder played us a native air on the bagpipe—the Irish bagpipe, a soft and melodious instrument, very unlike that which the Highland Scotch use in battle,—and the younger, using the harp as an accompaniment, sang us in the most touching manner, that famous melody of Moore :

“ The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The cord alone that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

“No one can realize how true and touching are these words,” said O'Neil, “until he beholds the ruins of the Hill of Tara, in remote antiquity the chief seat of the Irish monarchs, whence the laws for the government of Ireland were promulgated down to

the middle of the sixth century, during which period there reigned over Ireland one hundred and forty-two monarchs, the last six of whom were Christians. Nothing whatever remains of its former grandeur and glory, and the spot is now marked by a pillar of modern construction.



HILL OF TARA.

“On the Hill of Tara stood the famous coronation chair of the monarchs of Ireland, called ‘The Fatal Stone.’ This mode of inauguration is of very remote antiquity in Ireland, and is believed to have been introduced even before the arrival of the Milesians, by the Tuatha de Danan colony, who brought the stone with them into Ireland. It was supposed that in whatever country this stone was preserved, a prince of the Scythian race would govern, and in consequence it was sent to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus, first king of the Scots, who was of the blood

royal of Ireland. Thence it was used in the coronation of the Scottish kings at Scone, down to 1296, when it was conveyed to London by Edward the Confessor, and placed in Westminster Abbey, where it has been ever since appropriated to the inauguration of the monarchs of Great Britain."

At this point, Mrs. O'Neil interrupted her husband, to inform him that a suppliant was at the door. "Who is it?" said O'Neil. A young fellow, of twenty-five years perhaps, stepped upon the threshold and said: "Teddy Conron, your tinant, is dead. An' if you'd have no objection, why, I'd slip up a while to the house. He's a distant relation of my own, and blood's thicker than wather, you know. An' thin, let me see, it's two or three years, any how, since I've been to a wake."

"You can go," said O'Neil. "But stay a bit. Bridget, bring me a jug that will hold a gallon. I'll give ye something, Barney, to keep your eyes open to the peep of day."

O'Neil passed from the room, and after a few minutes returned with a jug of poteen, which he put down by Barney, saying: "It will taste just as well if my name is not mentioned."

"A thousand thanks to your honor," said Barney, plucking his fore-lock, "for it's a fine prisent, to be sure; but divil a drap of it will ever enter any man's

mouth till he spakes the praises of the giver." So saying, he took up the jug and trudged away.

O'Neil smiled, and when Barney was beyond ear shot, inquired of me—"Have you ever been at a wake?" "An Irish wake?—never," I replied. "Well," said he, "at bedtime we'll look in for a moment upon the watchers."



CHAPTER XVII.

THE IRISH WAKE.

THE intermediate time having been spent in song-singing, in which Musgrave and I participated, he at least with credit,—I sing best on the ocean,— at about ten o'clock, O'Neil and myself (Musgrave being weary preferred to retire) went up to the house in which lay the corpse of Teddy Conron. The doors and windows being open, I saw as we approached, that the room was full of men and women, nearly all in a high state of excitement. On a table in the center of the room, stood the jug O'Neil had given to Barney, steaming at the mouth, for the poteen had been converted into punch, and by the side of the jug was a dish of tobacco. Around these were glasses and pipes, from which the people present drank and smoked as much and as often as they desired. As we entered the house, I was nearly suffocated with the fumes of tobacco smoke, snuff and whiskey.

The appearance of O'Neil was the signal for a general burst of grief among the relatives of the deceased, who chanted mournfully, in Irish, some rising to their feet and swinging their arms, as if in the greatest possible distress; and I should certainly have thought them so, had I not seen them but a



THE IRISH WAKE.

moment before, drinking and smoking without either cries or tears. The substance of what they said, as it was afterwards explained to me, was as follows: "O, Teddy, Teddy, you're lying low, this evening of sorrow—lying low, are you, and does not know who it is [alluding to O'Neil] that is standing over you, weeping for a faithful follower, he respected for his

honesty. It's yourself would warmly welcome him under your roof, and feel yourself honored in his presence. Are ye not now stretched in death before him ; and if ever any thing went amiss, will he not forgive you ?" And much more to the same effect, all extemporaneously uttered.

When this outburst of grief had in a measure subsided, Peter Kelly, a near relation of the deceased came forward and addressed O'Neil :—" God knows, sir, that poor Teddy, heavens be his bed ! had the regard for your honor, and for your family, and for your father's family afore you ; for he was an oulder man than your honor, may the God of heaven presarve and bliss you ! and it's himself that would be the proud man, if he was living, to see you, sir, riding after his coffin ?"

O'Neil replied that he had friends visiting him, and that his first duty was to them as his guests ; but that if they would excuse him for the time, he would certainly attend the funeral. In an under tone, I said to him : " If it would not be deemed an intrusion, we will bear you company ?" " It would be esteemed a great honor," he replied, in like manner ; and then added, aloud : " I shall come, Peter, and bring my friends with me."

Kelly was profuse in his thanks, as well to me as to

O'Neil ; and nearly all present called for the blessings of God upon our heads.

As a last mark of respect to poor Teddy's memory, we were requested to take a glass of wine, brought from a small side-cupboard. O'Neil poured a glass and handed it to me, and then another for himself, which he lifted to the level of his eye, and said : " A kind husband, a dutiful father, a true friend, an honest, industrious man ! Such was Teddy Conron. *Requiescat in pace.*"

Another burst of grief ensued, mingled with greater blessings on the head of the panegyrist. But when it was over, O'Neil added : " And now, my friends, that you may have a creditable funeral, and manage every thing with propriety, let me request, in turn, that you will not get drunk, nor permit yourselves to enter into any disputes or quarrels, but be moderate in what you take, and let every thing be conducted decently and in order."

Having received assurances of sobriety from all present, O'Neil and I departed, leaving them to renew their smoking and drinking, and their eulogies upon the dead ; for it is never with the Irish, as Anthony said at the funeral of Cæsar,—

" The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones :"—

they forget all the failings of him they are about

to bury, and magnify his virtues in language of the utmost extravagance.

As we returned to his residence, O'Neil remarked, in explanation, possibly in extenuation, of this remarkable if not peculiar custom of the Irish:—"To the people of another country, and even to Irishmen whose rank in life places them far from the customs, prejudices, and domestic opinions of their native poor, scenes such as you this evening witnessed, are sometimes thought to be insincere, as they mingle sorrow with sociability, and weeping and wailing with wine and wassail. But the character of our poor is made up of extremes—on the one hand mirth, on the other misery; at the wake these extremes meet, and sometimes mingle in a most ludicrous manner. There is something extremely touching in the Irish cry; it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow; and yet an Irishman, sunk in the lowest depths of affliction, cannot permit his grief, even for a day, to flow uninterrupted. At the same time, it would be unjust to say that he is incapable of sentiment, or of the deepest sorrow. The truth is, he dissipates with laughter the heavy vapors which hang about the moral constitution of the people of other nations, giving them a morbid habit, which leaves them neither strength nor firmness to resist calamity, and often leads to crime or suicide."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CASTLES OF ARDGLASS.

FOR the next day, O'Neil had planned an excursion to Ardglass, a sea-coast town seven miles from Downpatrick, to view the remains of the ancient castles, which are among the most extensive ruins of the kind in the country. The party included Mrs. O'Neil and daughters, who, with Musgrave, were to occupy the carriage, while O'Neil and myself followed on horseback. Before taking the road to Ardglass, however, O'Neil showed us all the objects of interest in the town and vicinity, including the public buildings. The principal object of attraction is the cathedral, a modern structure, erected on an eminence to the west of the town. It is a stately, embattled edifice, chiefly of unhewn stone, supported by buttresses, having a square tower at the west end.

"St. Patrick," said O'Neil, "founded two religious establishments here, one of which, the cathedral, occupied the site of this edifice. It does not appear when that church was destroyed, but another, known

as St. Patrick's cathedral, was erected on the same spot, in the year 1412. This edifice was destroyed in the year 1538, by Lord de Grey, who was afterwards beheaded. The profanation of this church was one of the articles exhibited against him when he was impeached."

The following are the charge and specification against Lord de Grey, alluded to by O'Neil ; I copied them, after our return from Ardglass, from an ancient record in his possession, and have carefully preserved them in their original form :

" He rased St. Patrike his church in Downe, an old auncient citie of Ulster, and burnt the monuments of Patrike, Brigide, and Colme, who are said to be entoomed. This fact lost him sundrie harts in that countrie."—" Item, that without any warrant from the king or counsell, he prophaned the church of St. Patrike, turning it to a stable after plucking it downe, and stript the notable ring of the bells that did hang in the steeple, meaning to have them sent to England, had not God of his justice, prevented his iniquitie, by sinking the vesell and passengers wherein said bells should have been conveid."

Above the east window, in the present cathedral, are three niches, which formerly contained the remains of the mutilated effigies of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columb-kill ; and over their tomb, or tombs,

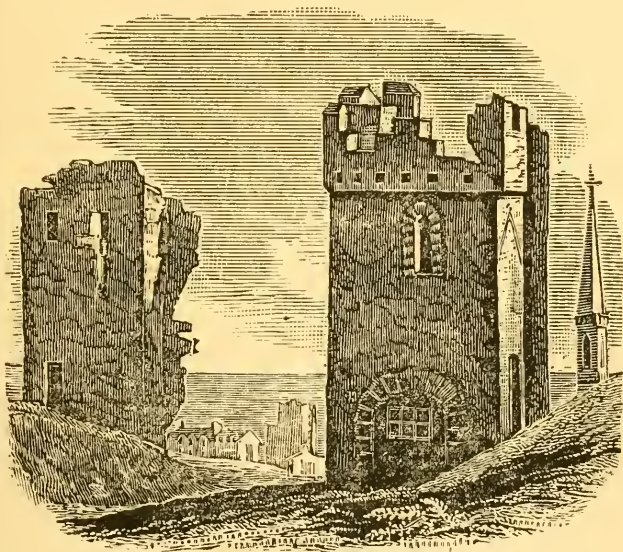
it is said, was written, in old monkish verse, a distich, thus rendered into English :

“ One tomb three saints contain, one vault below
Does Bridget, Patrick and Columba show.”

On an elevated spot, not far from the cathedral, but without the consecrated grounds, were the remains of an old tomb, which is said to mark the burial place of Magnus, King of Norway. “It is not known when the tomb was erected,” said O’Neil, “but the grave was filled in the reign of Murchard O’Brien. Magnus sent O’Brien a pair of his old shoes, with orders to wear them upon his shoulders on the birth-day of the Lord, in token of submission to his power. The King of Ireland caused the ears of the Norway commissioners to be cut off, and then returned the shoes with the intelligence. Magnus, exasperated with the insult, resolved to revenge himself by the subjugation of Ireland. He landed a large body of troops in Ulster, where he commenced hostilities ; but being surrounded by the Irish militia, he and his suite were killed.”

The ruins of Ardglass consist of the remains of several ancient castles, and a long range of castellated houses, called by the inhabitants the New Works. The period is not recorded at which any of the castles was erected, but the castellated houses, of a much later date, are said to have been built by Shane O’Neil, about the year 1570. The largest of the castles, a

fortress of considerable size and strength, but at present much dilapidated and falling into decay, is pop-



KING'S CASTLE.

ularly known as the King's Castle. Of the remaining fortresses, the most remarkable is that called Jordan's Castle, which, though inferior in size to the one just mentioned, is constructed with greater elegance than any other of these strongholds. Situated in the center of the town, it appears to have been a citadel, and is memorable for the gallant defence of its owner, Simon Jordan, who, in the Tyrone Rebellion, held out for three years, till he was relieved by the Lord Dep-

uty Mountjoy, June, 1601, who rewarded him for his service, as well by his own private bounty as by a concordatum from the Queen. Another of these fortresses is called Horn Castle, and another Cloud Castle ; but the origin of these names is unknown. There are also the ruins of other castles, of less moment, the names of which are entirely forgotten.

The castellated houses, or new works, stand boldly on a rocky shore of the bay, which washes it on the east and north sides. The range is two hundred and fifty feet in length, and in breadth twenty four, while the walls are three feet in thickness. Its design is uniform and elegant, consisting of three square towers, one in the center and one at each end, each containing three compartments ten feet square. The intermediate space is occupied by a range of fifteen arched door-ways of cut stone, and sixteen windows. As the doors and windows alternate throughout the range, there is little doubt that they were designed for shops or merchants' warerooms. There is a story over the shops, containing the same number of apartments, and having its own separate stone staircase. On the sea side there are no windows or apertures, except narrow loop-holes, which shows the secondary purpose of the building to have been a fortress, to protect the merchants from piratical assailants.

"Ardglass," said O'Neil, "though now a mean vil-

lage, ranked, anciently, as the principal town of trade, next Carrickfergus, in the province of Ulster. Its antiquity is very great, as a church was founded here by St. Patrick.

“During the various civil wars in Ireland, the castles of Ardglass frequently changed masters. About the year 1578, they were taken from the O’Neils, after a stout resistance, by Sir Nicholas Bagual, Marshal of Ireland, who placed in them a strong garrison. But they again fell into the possession of the Irish, in the memorable rebellion of 1641.

“Ardglass formerly gave the title of Earl to the family of Cromwell, and afterwards that of Viscount to the family of Barrington, to which belong our worthy friends of that name in Belfast.”

At the north-east point of the harbor, there is a singular lime-stone cavern, about sixty feet in extent. After visiting this curiosity, we returned to Downpatrick, where we arrived in time for dinner.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

FOUR days of the week to which I had limited myself in Ireland, having already transpired, with Carrickfergus and the Giant's Causeway yet to visit, I was obliged to decline the pleasure of another excursion, proposed by O'Neil for the following day, to other objects of interest in the vicinity of Downpatrick. Of these, the most noteworthy was an ancient well, which, in former times, was highly esteemed by the superstitious peasantry for its supposed medicinal qualities ; and which, even now, is resorted to by Roman Catholic pilgrims, as a place of sacred memories. There were also the ruins of an ancient cathedral, and a remarkable mound of so great antiquity that its origin and use are at the present day unknown.

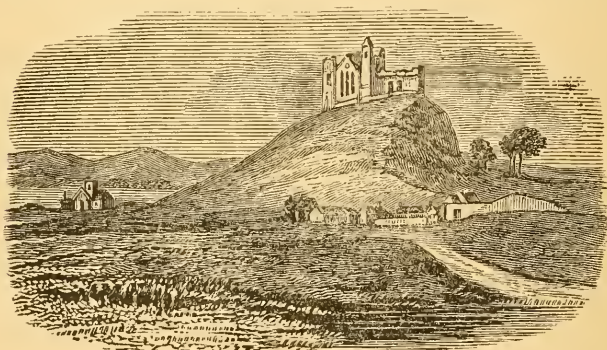
As I intended, upon leaving the causeway, to proceed to Londonderry rather than return to Belfast, I reckoned on the company of Musgrave, and I was not a little surprised and disappointed when he expressed

his determination to continue his course southward as far as the city of Cork.

“There are several places,” said he, “which I cannot leave Ireland without having seen. When I return home, I must have it in my power to say that I visited Dundalk, where Edward Bruce, the last King of Ireland, was crowned ; and Dublin, the capital of the kingdom ; and Tara, the seat of the sovereigns of Ireland ; and Cashel, where the kings of Munster resided ; and the world-renowned Blarney Castle.”

“The places you propose to visit,” said O’Neil, “are among the most interesting in the country. Dundalk, beside being the place where Lord Edward Bruce was crowned, was also the place of his residence for the two years he reigned over Ireland, and the place of his death in battle with the English under Sir John Birmingham, and the place of his burial. Dundalk is also noted for the sieges it sustained from Bruce, from the O’Neils, and from Lord Inchiquin in 1640. In Dublin you might spend a month to advantage. Of Tara there is nothing left except the hill, which, as I informed you last evening, is marked by a pillar of modern construction. It is otherwise with Cashel, a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, situated in the midst of a fertile district, at the foot of the far-famed Rock of Cashel, a limestone height, which, rising above the adjacent country, is seen at a

very great distance from every direction by which it is approached. Cashel, though the favorite residence of the kings of Munster, is famed for other facts : for centuries it has been the seat of an archbishop ; in the middle of the fifth century, a synod was held there by



HILL OF CASHEL.

St. Patrick and other ecclesiastics ; King Ængus is said to have commemorated his conversion to Christianity, by the erection of a church upon the rock ; and the cathedral was erected by Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, about 1109. Near the town are the remains of Hore Abbey, and of a Dominican priory. The ruins upon the rock consist of a round tower, a chapel of Saxon and Norman architecture, O'Brien's cathedral, a castellated palace, and the Abbey of Ængus, all within an enclosed area. This is the most interesting assemblage of ruins in Ireland."

" You have omitted to say anything of Blarney

Castle?" said Musgrave, with an accent of interrogatory.

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed O'Neil. "I suspected as much. It is the Blarney Stone you are after. Come, now, what says the poet?"

Pale as he was, the young man blushed, for he feared—his motive being suspected—that he might be turned into ridicule ; nevertheless he complied with O'Neil's request :

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses
 To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
 Of Parliament.

A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and onter
 To be let alone !
Dont hope to hinder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
 From the Blarney Stone."

"You see, young man," said O'Neil, with a smile, "I use my eyes, and ears, and understanding. I am sorry you have no flesh on your bones, no blood in your veins ; for had you, I should help you with a bit of advice."

"I intend to have both," said Musgrave. "I have

already commenced. A year hence I shall be as round and rosy as a child."

"I wish it may be so," returned O'Neil, "for the 'colleen bawn' is too dear a treasure to be wed to a skeleton. So, I shall advise you on one condition—that you do not see her again, voluntarily, until you have gained ten pounds of flesh."

"O !" exclaimed Musgrave, joyfully, "I can make you that promise conscientiously, for I have gained half that since the day I sailed."

"Well, then," said O'Neil, "it is this—be sure you kiss the right stone. Samuel Lover, in one of his songs, thus describes the location and virtues of this famous talisman :

' Oh ! say, would you find this same Blarney ?
There's a castle not far from Killarney ;
On the top of its wall,
(But take care you don't fall,)
There's a stone that contains all this blarney.

Like a magnet, its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches ;
If you kiss it, they say,
That from that blessed day
You may kiss whom you please, with your blarney.'

There is a stone kept on the floor of the first apartment you enter, which you will be told is the true stone ; and if you know better, they will insist that it has the same virtue. Believe it not. The Blarney Stone is situated—not, as Lover says, ' On the top of

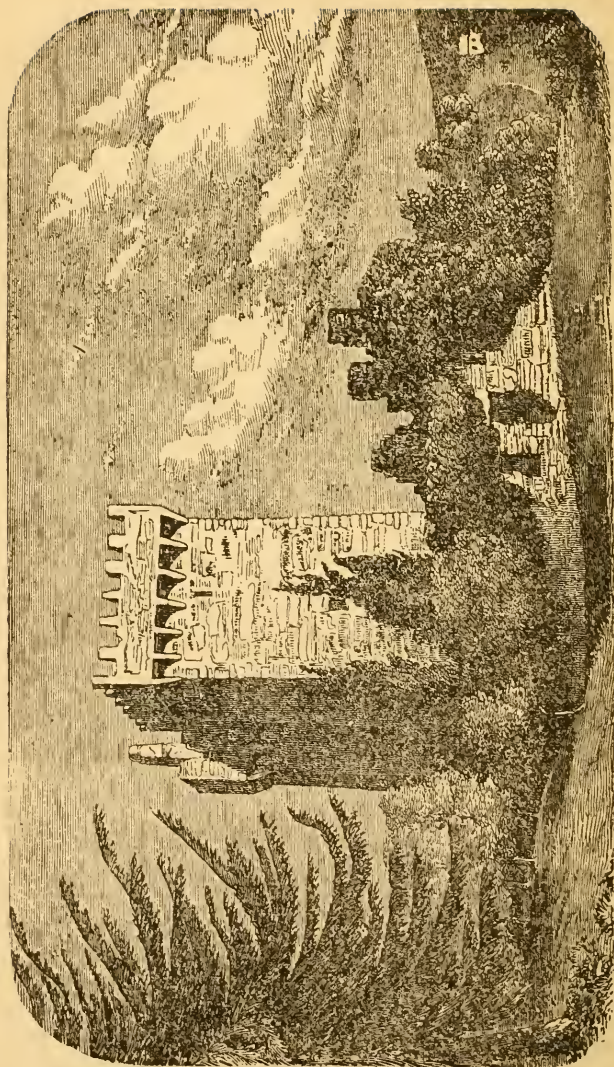
its wall'—but at the northern angle, about twenty feet below the summit. His warning is appropos, 'But take care you don't fall,' for it is difficult to reach ; it is for that reason they claim to have found another stone containing the same virtue. The true stone is where I have said, and bears this inscription ; '*Cormach MacCarthy fortis mi. fiori fecit, 1446.*' Kiss that, and no other ; and kiss it twice, for though once might suffice for the 'colleen bawn,' you will not find it so easy to wheedle O'Keeffe."

"Whence came the reputation of this stone ?" I enquired.

"No one knows," replied O'Neil. "The fact is not even preserved in tradition. All we know at this day is, that the peasantry, in former times, firmly believed in its virtue. Indeed, many still believe in it to a certain extent. As for myself, I will say this, that there is not in the whole castle, another stone which has the virtues ascribed to the one bearing the inscription."

"I presume," said I, interrogatively, "that the celebrity of the castle is due to the reputation of the Blarney Stone ?"

"Mainly, beyond a doubt," replied O'Neil. "But the castle itself is by no means an object of insignificance. It was long the residence of the younger branch of the royal race of MacCarthy, by whom it



BLARNEY CASTLE.

was erected in the fifteenth century. The dungeon is a hundred and twenty feet high, and the lower remains, though less massive, were so strong as to have rendered it impregnable before the introduction of gun-powder. Underneath are curious caves, natural or artificial, made in the rocky foundation. Adjoining the castle are the celebrated Groves of Blarney, which are still beautiful. It is said they were formerly adorned with statues, grottoes, fountains, and bridges ; but all these have disappeared."



CHAPTER XX.

THE ANTIQUARY.

THE evening of that day was spent as the previous one had been, at the house of O'Neil, with himself and family, and was one of the happiest of my life. Indeed, there was everything to make it so, save the presence of my wife and children. Mrs. O'Neil was an extraordinary conversationist, as intelligent as she was fluent and agreeable. The music of the daughters was as sweet and varied as any I ever listened to from amateurs. As to O'Neil, his wit and humor overflowed in all directions, and his hospitality was perfect in every particular. I contributed a few of my best anecdotes to the entertainment, and Musgrave sparkled like a diamond. On separating for the night, O'Neil remarked to me, in an undertone: "The Blarney Stone may give that young man power among women, but it can scarcely increase his eloquence."

At the station the next morning, after the train to the southward had borne him from our presence,

O'Neil paid Musgrave other compliments of similar character. I was pleased with the change that had taken place in the opinion he entertained of my young countryman ; at the same time sorry O'Keeffe and McQuinlan could not hear his praises—and I said something to that effect.

“The Antiquary”—it was thus O'Neil usually spoke of the reverend father—“is as quick as any man to discern a superiority, even though he may not show his appreciation. As to O'Keeffe, and even O'Reilly, they are blinded by selfishness ; as I myself was, at the first, by prejudice. Still,—”

He paused, and I supplied : “I have the assurance of the Rev. Dr. Gabler, that he is a very excellent young man, every way worthy of the ‘colleen bawn’ ; and I am fully satisfied that, with proper care, his health will, in time, and at no distant day, be completely restored.”

“In that case,” replied O'Neil, “he has my best wishes, and at the proper time, if it ever comes, shall receive my hearty congratulations.”

At parting, O'Neil expressed much regret that it was impossible for him to accompany me to the Giant's Causeway, and hoped I might meet some one, familiar with the country, who would bear me company. Then he gave me a letter addressed to Father

McQuinlan, with the request that I should deliver it in person on my return to Londonderry.

Arrived at Belfast, almost the first person I saw was Father McQuinlan, who stood near the gateway, noting the passengers as they came from the carriages. On perceiving me, he advanced quickly, and extending his hand, greeted me with much cordiality. After the customary compliments, I gave him O'Neil's letter; and upon reading it, he remarked: "Our good friend informs me that you proceed at once to the Giant's Causeway. If you can put up with my poor society, I shall be delighted to bear you company as far as Carrickfergus?"

I assured him it would afford me the highest pleasure, and expressed the hope that he might be able to accompany me all the way back to Londonderry. "If it would add to your pleasure," he said, "I should do so willingly, provided you can spare the time to make a diversion to the ruins of the abbey of Bona-marga?"

As such an excursion would only add to my pleasure, I immediately consented; but when I proposed to pay the expenses, he objected; and when I insisted, he confessed that he had come to Belfast, at the desire of O'Neil, purposely to bear me company, and that in the letter I had brought him was money to cover his expenses.

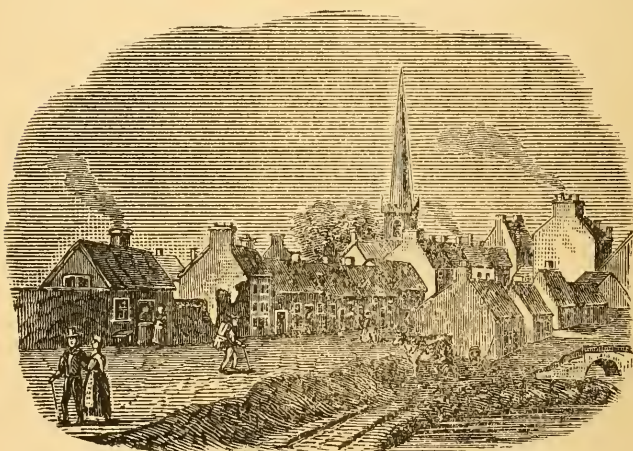
So surprised was I at the extraordinary kindness of

O'Neil, that I could find no words to express my gratitude. I fell back on the poet, and simply said—"A fine ould Irish gintleman!" "Yes," replied the reverend father, with a smile, "one of the rael ould sthock!"

When I came to understand the true state of the case, I knew precisely what to do; and at once I assumed the management of our movements. Father McQuinlan essayed a little opposition, but I put it down quietly, leaving the gift of O'Neil intact for objects of charity.

Having settled this matter, we were soon on our way to Carrickfergus, one of the most ancient and famous towns in Ireland. It is not known when or by whom it was founded, but for centuries it has held a prominent place in the annals of the country. The castle was built in 1128, by John de Courcey, who had received from Henry II., a grant of all the land he might conquer in Ulster. In 1315, it was besieged and conquered by Lord Edward Bruce, and for a time was the habitation of his brother Robert, the great king of Scotland. In 1576, there were added to the castle other fortifications, of which there are still some remains. During the wars of 1641, the town was alternately in the occupation of the Scotch, English and Irish; and its records at that period are appalling. In 1689, William of Orange landed just

under the castle walls ; and the stone upon which he is said to have "first put his foot," is still pointed out. In 1760, both the town and castle were captured by a French fleet under Commodore Thourot ; but after a short possession, troops gathering from all

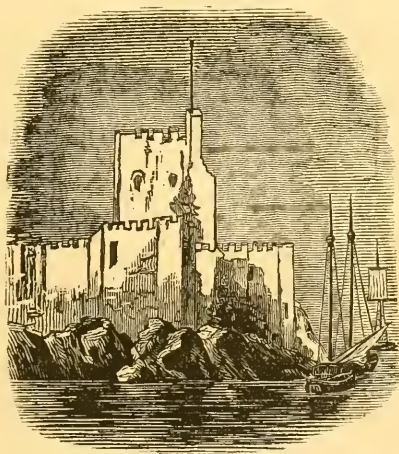


CARRICKFERGUS.

parts of the country, the conquerors were constrained to give them up and return to their vessels ; and two days afterwards they were attacked by an English Squadron, when Commodore Thourot was killed and his ships captured.

At present, though a parliamentary and municipal borough, a sea-port, market-town and parish, Carrickfergus is a place of comparatively little importance, the population not exceeding four thousand. The

town is said to have derived its name from Carraig-Feargusa, the rock of Fergus, after an Irish king, who was drowned near that place. It contains a few noticeable edifices, the best of which are churches and chapels, and charitable schools. The object of prin-



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE.

cipal interest, however, is the castle, which is considered one of the noblest fortresses of its time now existing in Ireland. It is at present maintained as an arsenal, and occupied by a company of heavy artillery.

The castle, adjoining the town on the south, stands on a rock, (the rock of Fergus,) which projects into

the sea ; so that, at common tides, three sides of the edifice are enclosed by water. At the southern extremity, the rock is about thirty feet in height—the highest point. Towards the town are two towers, between which is the only entrance to the castle, defended by a straight passage, with embrasures for fire-arms. Formerly, this passage was still farther secured by a draw-bridge. Between the towers is a strong gate, above which is an aperture for letting fall melted lead, stones, and other missiles, on the heads of assailants. West of the city was a dam, supposed to have been for the purpose of supplying a ditch on the land side with water. There are two enclosures, encompassed by a high wall, an outer and inner, both of which are somewhat modernized. The former contains a guard room, and a barrack that was built in 1802. Opposite these are large vaults, said to be bomb proof, over which are a few neat apartments occupied by the officers of the garrison. The inner yard contains a small magazine, of modern construction, and several store houses. Within this yard is the ancient keep, or dungeon, which is a square tower ninety feet high, divided into five stories. The largest apartment, called Fergus's dining-room, was in the third story. The walls of this tower are eight feet ten inches thick, and on the top, reached by a

spiral stone stairs, are two small houses, one of which covers the mouth of the passage, while the other was intended for a sentinel. It is believed that this tower was anciently used as a state prison ; it is now the principal magazine of the garrison.



CHAPTER XXI.

ANTIQUITIES.

HEN writing of Londonderry, I ought to have included Carrickfergus among the walled cities of Ireland, though nothing of the external defences is now left except the North Gate. The walls were about six feet thick and eighteen in height, and were flanked with seven bastions, the corners of which were of cut yellow free-stone, different from any stone found in the neighborhood. There were four gates, North, West, Water and Quay, two of which were entered by draw bridges. The whole was surrounded on the land-side by a water-ditch, now nearly filled up with earth and rubbish.

The architectural style of the North Gate indicates the period of its erection as in the reign of James I., when the Gothic mode was superseded by the Roman. It is a picturesque ruin, which Father McQuinlan took me to see, and through which we passed in leaving Carrickfergus.

“There is a curious tradition concerning this archway,” said the antiquary, as we were passing through the gate, “that it will stand until a wise man becomes a member of the corporation.”

“Is the tradition as old as the archway?” I inquired.

“It is so old that its origin is unknown,” he replied.

“Perhaps they have too high a standard of wisdom?” I suggested.

“I know not,” he returned; “but as the old arch still stands, we may infer that there is not in the present corporation either a Solon or a Solomon.”

“The poor Carrickfergussians!” I exclaimed. “It seems hardly credible that any people in this enlightened age, should entertain such a silly superstition?”

“They may not now—I can not say,” he replied. “But their ancestors, not many generations back, were not only superstitious but wicked. It is little more than a hundred and fifty years since they believed in witchcraft, and punished it with fine, imprisonment, and even death. On the last day of March, 1711, eight respectable women were tried here, in the county court, for tormenting a young woman called Mary Dunbar, whom it was alleged they caused to vomit feathers, cotton-yarns, pins, and

buttons, and finally frightened into fits with a bolster that walked out of a room into the kitchen, wrapped in a night-gown. In their defence, it appeared that the accused were sober, industrious people, who attended public worship, prayed in public and private, and received the communion. In charging the jury, Judge Upton remarked upon these facts, thought it improbable that real witches could so far retain the form of religion as to frequent the religious worship of God, and gave it as his opinion that the jury could not bring them in guilty on the sole testimony of the afflicted person's visionary images. But the other justice, Macartney, differed from him in opinion, and thought the jury might, from the evidence, bring them in guilty. The prisoners were convicted, and sentenced to be imprisoned twelve months, and to stand four times in the pillory in Carrickfergus."

I remarked that—"Upon the strength of their tradition, Judge Macartney might, at all times, have walked with perfect safety under the North Gate."

"Aye," said Father McQuinlan, "and the other judge also, and the jury, and the entire community."

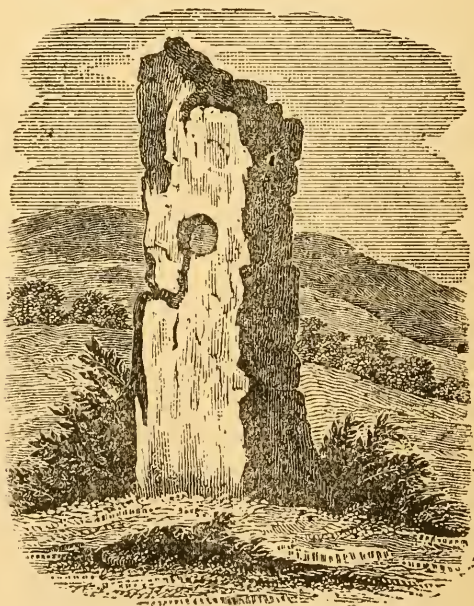
On our way back to the station, the antiquary discoursed at length on witchcraft and sorcery, and traced the origin of the Carrickfergussians to Caledonia, where the interference of evil spirits on the affairs of this world were recognized by king and kirk down

to the year 1722, when Captain David Ross, of Littledean, a sheriff-depute of Sutherland, pronounced judgement of death for witchcraft upon an insane old woman belonging to the parrish of Loth—the last sentence of the sort ever passed in Scotland.

We reached the station in time for the next train to Antrim, a town of about two thousand inhabitants, or Six Mile Water, near its mouth in Lough Neagh. The town has two good streets, with a church, several chapels, a union work-house, a court-house in which general and petty sessions are held, and numerous schools ; but not an edifice of any special importance. Lough Neagh is the largest body of fresh water in the British Isles, and in Europe is only surpassed by Geneva in Switzerland, and Ladoga and Onega in Russia. The waters of this lake are celebrated for their medicinal and petrifying properties ; they are said to heal all sorts of scrofulous diseases, and turn wood to stone in the space of a few years.

After a short sail toward the center of the lake, that I might form a better idea of its extent, I drank of the waters, which are not unpalatable, and then returned to Antrim, where I had left Father McQuinlan for rest and refreshment. From Antrim we proceeded, in a jaunting car, to Antrim Castle, a fine old structure, the seat of Vicount Massareene, the park and other grounds of which are very beautiful ; thence

to Shane's castle, the residence of that branch of the famous O'Neils, who for ages were the lords of Ulster; and finally to a round tower in the neighborhood, not as lofty as that of Devenish, but one of the most perfect in Ireland.



THE HOLESTONE.

On our way to the abbey of Bona-Marga, we made a diversion to the village of Doagh, about a mile from which, on a rocky eminence, stands a large whinstone slab, called the Holestone. This stone is upwards of five feet in height above the ground, and near the

base six feet eight inches in circumference, and ten inches in thickness. At about three feet from the ground there is a round hole perforated through it, sufficient to admit a hand of ordinary size.

“Evidently,” said Father McQuinlan, “this stone is a work of art; yet there is neither record nor tradition respecting its origin, or the purpose for which it was erected.”

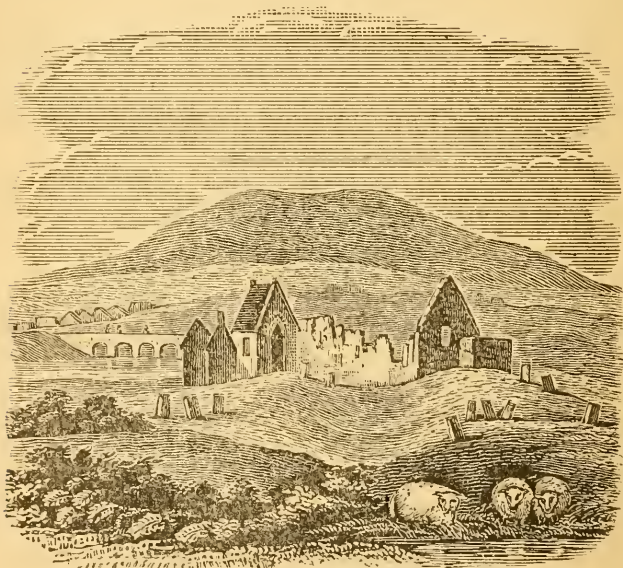
“Is it the only stone of the sort in Ireland?” I inquired.

“By no means,” he replied. “Stones perforated in this manner are found in different parts of the country, particularly in the burial grounds attached to very ancient churches. But they are not as numerous as hitherto. Within memory, a similar stone stood on a hill near Cushindall, but it has entirely disappeared.”

“Is the holystone, like the round tower, peculiar to Ireland?”

“O no; it is also found in Scotland. In Ross-shire there is one that exactly resembles this; and near Kirkwall is another, which is said to have been an altar of the Druids. The place where it stands is still consecrated to the meeting of lovers, who join hands through the stone and pledge their love and truth. These stones are thought to be of Eastern origin, as they are not uncommon in India, where

devoted people pass through them when the opening will admit, and when too small put the hand or foot through it, in order to be regenerated."



ABBEY OF BONA-MARGA.

It was nearly night when we reached the abbey of Bona-Marga. Along the coast of Antrim are a number of picturesque ruins, whose rude and massive architecture evince their remote antiquity. Among these remains, chiefly Gothic, the only monastic building is the abbey.

"It ranks among the latest of the monastic edifices erected in Ireland," said Father McQuinlan. "It

is said to have been built by Somarle McDonnal, in 1509, for Franciscans of the third order, or strict observance. But some think it the work of an earlier period, and attribute its erection to the ancient family of MacQuinlans, of Dunluce Castle."

The situation of the abbey is strikingly romantic : in front are the ocean and Rathlin island ; behind, the mountain, which rises to the height of nearly seventeen hundred feet. It was formerly surrounded by a luxuriant forest. The chapel is one hundred feet in length and thirty-four in breadth. On the north of the choir are the refectory, cells, and other apartments usually attached to monastic institutions.

"In 1550," said Father McQuinlan, "the Scotch islanders, or Redshanks, in a plundering expedition on the coast, discharged fiery arrows against the abbey, which, being covered with heath according to the custom of the country, took fire and was consumed together with its inmates."

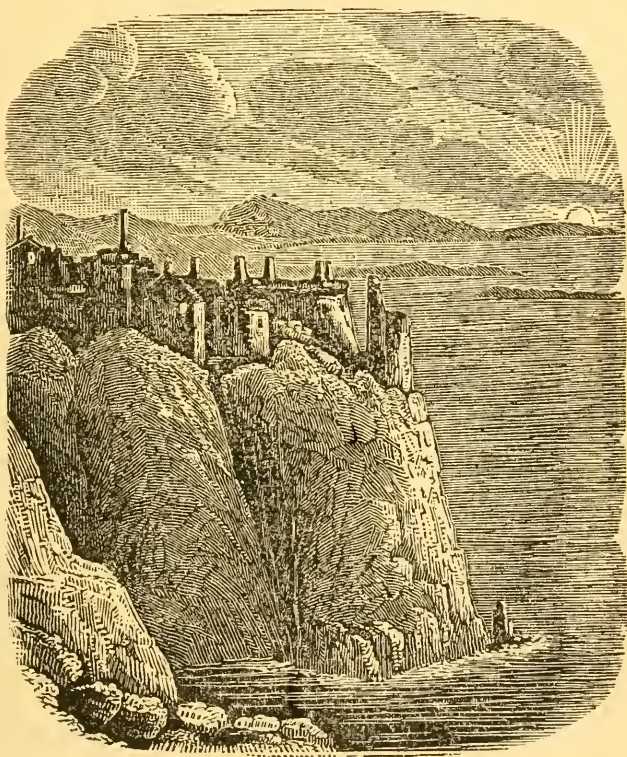


CHAPTER XXII.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

IT was long after dark when we reached Portrush, the stopping place for visitors to the Giant's Causeway. The horses and even ourselves were weary, for we had traveled hither and thither along the coast, the driver said a distance of over forty miles. We put up for the night at the Antrim Arms, where we were served with a most excellent dinner, and made otherwise comfortable.

Early next morning while our breakfast was being prepared, I took a short stroll through the town. It is situated on a promontory, with a deep bay on each side, while opposite, in full view, are the Skerries, a group of rocky islands that form an excellent break-water for the harbor. In summer it is much resorted to for sea-bathing, and since the opening of the railway, has become a place of considerable activity. It is also frequented by the steamers plying between the north coast of Ireland and the Clyde and Mersey.



DUNLUCE CASTLE.

Shortly after breakfast we set out in a carriage for the Causeway, taking in our course Dunluce Castle, one of the most picturesque ruins in the United Kingdom. It stands upon the summit of an isolated rock, a hundred feet above the level of the sea, and

is connected with the main land by, a bridge of only about twenty inches in width.

"It is uncertain when or by whom it was erected," said Father McQuinlan. "It is generally conceded, however, to have been the work of DeCouncey."

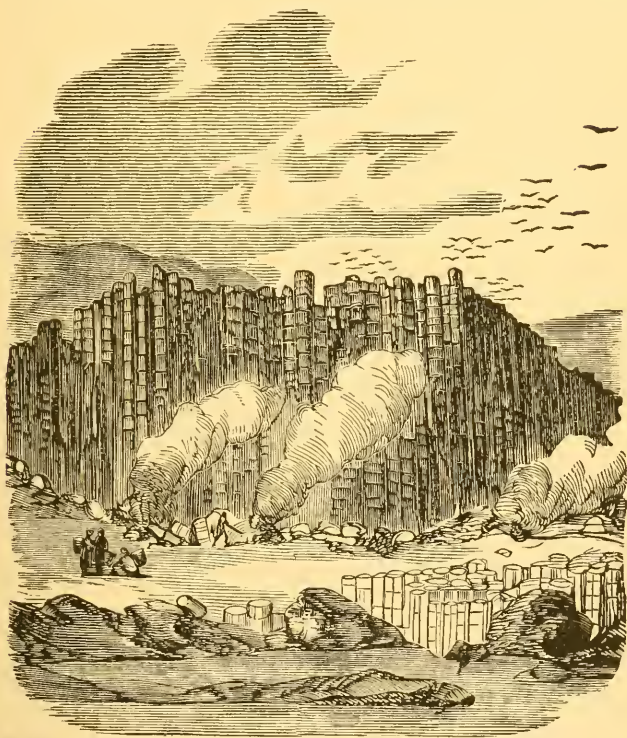
"What is its subsequent history?" I inquired.

"Its history is chiefly tradition," replied the antiquary; "but according to that, it has been the scene of many heroic adventures, and the subject of numerous romantic stories. This we know of a certainty, however, that it was the ancient residence of the McQuinlans, and subsequently of the McDonalds of Scotland, one of whom married into the McQuinlan family. The castle is still in the possession of the Scotch family."

Leaving Dunluce Castle, we advanced at a rapid rate for about three miles, when we came to the small town of Bushmills, on the river Bush, a stream much resorted to by anglers, and celebrated for the deliciousness of its trout and salmon. Had it been the proper season, I should have ventured to spend a day in the enjoyment of angling, of which Izaak Walton wrote, two hundred years ago, "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation."

As it was, we drove directly through the town, and proceeded to the Causeway, the most remarkable natural curiosity in the country. One must behold it,

to form any just conception of its magnitude. It is a black basalt promontory, (resembling a pier,) which



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

extends into the sea a long distance, from the base of a stratified rock, of great altitude. I inquired its dimensions, and was greatly surprised to find that, though so easy of measurement, its length, breadth and height were all a matter of conjecture.

"Writers also disagree on these points," said Father McQuinlan. "Some represent it as seven hundred and others a thousand feet in length ; some as four hundred and others six hundred feet in height ; some as two hundred and forty and others three hundred and fifty feet in width."

"A very remarkable discrepancy," I suggested.

"Nevertheless," he replied, "not so great in these as in some other particulars. For instance, in Harper's Hand Book it is said that the number of columns are 'some four thousand,' while in Lippincott's Gazateer they are represented as 'about forty thousand.'"

These columns differ in height, the greater portion being about twenty feet, though some are thirty, and a few it is said, measure thirty-six above the strand. They are of a prismatic structure, embracing every shape from a triangle to a nonagon.

Father McQuinlan having pointed out the objects of principal interest, as the Pulpit, the Chimney-tops, the Amphitheatre Gateway, the Giant's Well, and the Giant's Grandmother, (who was petrified for having indulged in the luxury of three husbands at the same time,) we visited two of the most remarkable caves, of which there are many along the coast. The larger of these is called Dunkerry, the entrance to which resembles a Gothic arch. It is six hundred

feet long and seventy in height above low water. The other was Portcoon, which is three hundred and fifty feet in length, and forty-five in height. Several others of less magnitude were particularly pointed out to us going or returning.

Before taking a last lingering look at the Causeway, Father McQuinlan remarked—"Popular legend ascribes this stupendous formation to the labor of giants, seeking to construct a road across the sea to Scotland."

"I have heard that it was the work of Fin M'Coul, the champion of Ireland, a giant of great power and prowess," I returned. "Aggrieved at the insolent boasting of a Caledonian giant, who sent him a message to the effect that if it were not for the wetting of himself he would swim over and give him a drubbing, Fin obtained leave of the king to construct a causeway to Scotland, on which the Scot walked over and gave him battle."

"A legend I have heard before," replied the antiquary ; and then added, with a smile, "but I should not believe a word of it, if the Irish giant had not been victorious."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ADIEU TO ERIN.

THERE was a vessel in the harbor of Portrush, about to leave for Scotland ; but though my week was nearly spent, I could not take my departure from a point so near Londonderry, without again seeing O'Keeffe and the "colleen bawn."

From Portrush we traveled in the cars, passing through Coleraine, and arrived at Londonderry in time for dinner. O'Keeffe met us at the station, and carried us to his house, and made us heartily welcome, as on a former occasion.

The only other guest at dinner was Terrence O'Reilly, whose attentions to Nora were of a marked character. She received them quietly, but without any special evidence of pleasure. I observed her closely, but was unable to draw a satisfactory conclusion.

Many inquiries were made about O'Neil and his family, and many compliments were paid to the "fine ould Irish gentleman" of Downpatrick; but no allusion

was made to Musgrave, although he composed one of the dinner party on the previous occasion. At the time, I inferred that his name was tabooed, or purposely avoided. Later in the evening the "colleen bawn," in an undertone intended only for my ears, inquired the condition of his health. Perceiving how the matter stood, I told her every thing, save what pertained to the Blarney Stone.

At the request of O'Reilly, who was fond of music, Nora played a number of pieces, and among the rest a favorite waltz by Mozart. I stood at her elbow and turned the leaves. At the fourth, a slip of paper fell fluttering to the floor. An exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of the player, and for a moment she was disconcerted ; but immediately recovering her self-possession, she finished without further embarrassment.

O'Reilly observed the slip of paper, but as it was nearer me, I picked it up and laid it on the piano. An involuntary glance revealed the hand-writing of Musgrave, and as I turned the leaves, I read silently, with the consent of Nora, signified by an almost imperceptible inclination of the head :

" Nora darling, don't believe them,
Never heed their flattering wiles,
Trust a heart that loves thee dearly,
Lives but in thy sunny smiles—

I must leave thee, Nora darling,
But I leave my heart with thee ;
Keep it, for 'tis true and faithful
As a loving heart can be."

At the end of the performance, she laid the slip of paper again between the leaves of the waltz, to avoid suspicion ; and presently forgot it until the next morning. But when she went to look for it then,—as she whispered me at parting,—it had been removed.

On inquiry, I ascertained, more to my surprise than regret, that the only chance I had of reaching Scotland within the time specified, was by the way of Belfast. Taking the first train for that city, I crossed the Province of Ulster again, and embarked the same afternoon in the steamer. As she passed out of the bay into the ocean, I felt as did the poet :

" Beautiful Isle of the sea !
Smile on the brow of the waters !
Dear are your mem'ries to me,
Sweet as the songs of your daughters."

I repeated these words aloud, and then turned my face toward the north, with the apostrophe of another poet on my tongue :

" O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood ;
Land of the mountain and the flood."

PART III.

Scotland.



CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

 FROM Belfast to Greenock, the sail was short and satisfactory—pleasant weather, a smooth sea, and a settled stomach. On board the steamer I made the passing acquaintance of several gentlemen, one of whom, Mr. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, pointed out to me the principal objects of interest, among which were the islands of Arran, Bute, and the Cumbraes. These islands are in the Frith of Clyde, and on a clear day may be distinctly seen from the passing steamers, particularly Arran, the summit of which, Goatfell, is 2,900 feet above the sea. Bute is a favorite resort for invalids and sea-bathers, owing to the mildness and equability of its temperature. Between Kilchattan and Rothesay, on the eastern coast, stands Mount Stuart, the seat of the Marquis of Bute, the principal proprietor of the island. It is surrounded by woods, and delightfully situated, commanding views of the highest beauty and attraction. Rothesay, a royal burgh of nearly 8,000

inhabitants, and the capital of the county, was the birth place of John, Earl of Bute, the favorite of George III., and also, of Matthew Stewart, the famous mathematician. The Castle of Rothesay was formerly the residence of the kings of Scotland. Remembering this fact, I inquired of Mr. Blaikie its situation.

“It is near the harbor,” he replied ; “but it is now a crumbling ruin, though one of the finest in Scotland. It was burned by the Earl of Argyle nearly two hundred years ago, and nothing has ever been done for its preservation. It is now covered and partially concealed with ivy, though the closet in which Robert III. died is still pointed out. The moat by which it was surrounded is nearly filled up in many places, and in time, for it is already surrounded with houses, all trace of the castle will be destroyed by Time and the Vandals of the neighborhood.”

It seemed to me a remarkable fact that so little respect should be paid to this remnant of Scottish royalty ; but on remarking to that effect, Mr. Blaikie replied that the destruction by fire was so effectual that it could not be restored short of entire reconstruction.

“It was famous in history,” he remarked, “having been captured by the English in the reign of John

Baliol, and afterwards surrendered to Robert Bruce. It was fortified by Edward Baliol, and near it Robert III. built a palace in which he resided. The eldest son of this monarch was created Duke of Rothesay in a council at Scone, the first ducal dignity of Scotland. This title descended to the eldest sons of subsequent Scottish kings, as it still does to the heir apparent of the British crown. But notwithstanding all these facts, the ruin by fire was so complete, as I have already remarked, that no effort has ever been made for its restoration."

Vessels proceeding to and from Glasgow, commonly touch at Greenock, a city of about 50,000 inhabitants, situated at the mouth of the river Clyde. It stands chiefly on a level strip of low land, though a portion stretches up an abrupt height, from which grand views are obtained. The principal harbor, named Victoria from the Queen, has a depth of twenty-four feet, and an area of six acres. The docks are among the largest in Great Britain, and are formed of solid masonry, very greatly superior, in appearance as well as durability, to the slovenly wooden structures in America. The harbor was full of shipping, which I was told is the case continually. Greenock is not a new place, though it has wholly risen into importance since the beginning of the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER II.

THE OLD BOY.

AT Greenock I hoped to meet Bachelor, and was not disappointed. How glad I was to see him! I had spent a week pleasantly in the "Green Isle," among people who did everything in their power to make my sojourn agreeable. I had left them and their country with regret, even with reluctance. But for the moment I forgot them and everything in the joy of again meeting my companion, not of the voyage merely, but of years and years, as I stated at the outset.

Observing his approach, I cried out, in the gladness of my heart—"Ah, there's the old boy!"

The exclamation startled several of the passengers—those, I presume, who had good reason to be terrified; and one of them, in a tremulous voice, inquired—"Where is he?"

"My friend," I replied, soothingly, "be not afraid.

For anything I know to the contrary, it is now as it was in the time of Robert Burns—

——‘the De’il’s in hell
Or Dublin city.’

I have reference to a friend of mine—the tall, good-looking man you see forcing his way through the crowd.”

There was a chuckle among the passengers, and the querist turned away, I thought a little disgusted.

But the joy at meeting was not all mine. Bachelor seemed as glad to see me as a school-boy to get a holiday.

“Old boy !” I exclaimed, grasping his hand, “how are you ?”

“Sound as a dollar,” said the Bachelor, with a smile that spread all over his face. “How are you ?”

“Improving,” I replied, laconically ; adding, almost in the same breath—“What news of our fellow voyagers.”

“Not much of interest,” he answered. “Miss MacGill, ‘the ship’s beauty,’ left the *Columbia* at this place, and embarked in another vessel for Inverness. The Count and Countess di Lavarello are in Glasgow, quietly waiting for a steamer to Italy. Mrs. Small and her daughter are at their home, to which they wish to welcome you as soon as convenient after your arrival.”

"And the winsome widow?" I inquired.

"Mrs. Maxwell?"

"Yes. Why is she omitted?"

"I did not omit her," he replied. "Her name was on my tongue when you spoke. But with reference to her you are so impetuous."

He was right, though I denied it stoutly. The truth is (but this, also, I remark in parenthesis, that it may not reach the ears of my wife), if I had not been a married man, I should certainly have fallen in love with the widow.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you had paused."

"Only to take breath," he replied.

He paused again, the provoking fellow! But it was no use to urge him, so I waited—I was about to say patiently, but it would be more nearly correct to say impatiently. At length, when he thought I had suffered sufficiently, he informed me that she was at the Argyle Hotel, where he was stopping. But not another fact could I get out of him, though I plied him with questions almost without number.

But I had my revenge, then and there, as the lawyers say. Provoked at his evasion, I subsided into silence. Presently he inquired: "Have you nothing to communicate concerning the passengers who disembarked with you at Londonderry—that beautiful Irish girl, 'the colleen bawn,' and O'Neil,

‘the fine ould Irish gentleman,’ and that brilliant young fellow, ‘John Smith,’ who did the singing and begging for the priest?” “Nothing,” I replied. He regarded me for a moment with astonishment. “Nothing,” I repeated, “until you tell me all about the widow.”



CHAPTER III.

OBSERVATIONS.

SOME of the passengers left the steamer at Greenock, and others came aboard with Bachelor, preferring the river to the railway. Some of the latter had friends to see them off, and some of the former had friends to bid them welcome. The scene was one of bustle and confusion, such as occurs at nearly every port, yet not without interest to "a looker-on here in Vienna." At meeting and parting, some shook hands, some embraced, some kissed, and some did all three in turn; some in a quiet way, and some with noisy demonstrations.

I was pleased to see such manifestations of friendship and affection. I was amused as well, for the embracing and kissing were not confined to the sex "stronger by weakness," or even to the opposite sexes, but was considerably indulged in by "the lords of human-kind." I can fully appreciate

"A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,"
indeed, I am not indifferent to "kisses from a female

mouth," even when there is neither youth nor love ; but these masculine kisses, though confined to brothers, or to fathers and sons, seemed to me out of place and unnatural, and instead of exciting my sympathy, as doubtless they should, inclined me to laughter. I was under the impression, until I saw these Scotchmen saluting each other with the lips, that

"The cold in clime are cold in blood."

I repeated the verse to Bachelor, after calling his attention to a kissing scene between two strapping fellows, such as a Scotch "mithier" would call "bonnie laddies."

"Their love can scarce deserve the name,"

he replied, quoting the succeeding verse.

He may have alluded to the "bainie brithers" before us, or to "the cold in clime," (the Scotch people); or—as I suspected at the moment—to "the captain's daughter" and "the ship's beauty," for I think it would be hard to say of which he was most enamored.

I waited a few moments to afford him an opportunity to "rise and explain," but he failed to appreciate my kindness ; or, to do him no more than justice, he was "silent as the moon."

"Whose love can scarce deserve the name?" I inquired, repeating the verse.

"*Their* love," he replied, with a peculiar emphasis, but at the same time pointing to the young Scotchmen.

"O!" I exclaimed; "I thought you had reference to ——"

I paused, and he demanded quickly—"Whom?"

"The cold in clime," I replied, with a smile.

"The widow, for instance," he remarked, smiling in turn.

"Is she cold in blood?" I inquired, with a searching glance.

"How should I know?" he returned. "She is not likely to waste her time and thoughts upon a man with a wife and two children."

I was at a loss to comprehend the significance of his remark, whether it alluded to our conversation with her on board the Columbia, or to some subsequent interview between themselves of which I had as yet no knowledge.

"A man with a wife and two children!" I repeated. "One who carries their photographs about with him in his pocket-book?" I added, hoping thereby to discover whether the widow had acted on the hint I gave her as we were nearing the port of Londonderry.

But he was proof against any such shallow device. Not a word escaped his lips, not a muscle of his face

changed. I looked at him sharply, and to myself repeated—

“Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with !”

A few moments passed in silence. Meanwhile, I endeavored to recall distinctly all that had passed between the widow and myself, concerning my wife and children and their photographs. But I was unable to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

Presently he broke the silence, and changed the conversation. He renewed his inquiries about “John Smith,” “the colleen bawn,” “the fine ould Irish gintleman” of Downpatrick, and Mrs. Barrington, whom he characterized as “the orthodox old lady of Belfast.”

In as few words as possible, I related of each what I thought would most interest him at the moment, leaving my own adventures, with a detailed account of all I had seen and heard and enjoyed, for “a more convenient season.”



CHAPTER IV.

THE ESTUARY.

N the rising of the tide, we lifted anchor, and with a steam tug before and behind, started up the Clyde; which, below Dumbarton, becomes an estuary four miles in width, spreading northward into Loch Long, and southward into the Frith of Clyde. I regretted that I could not go on shore and have a look at the city. Though not a place of very special interest to the ordinary traveler, there are very many objects worthy of observation. Among these are the aqueducts and reservoirs by which the city is abundantly supplied with water, both for public and private purposes. Of the public edifices, the custom house, town hall, jail, infirmary, assembly hall, tontine, exchange and theatre are fine structures. There are several public libraries, one containing as many as 10,000 volumes. In the hall of this library is a statue by Chantrey of James Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, who was a native of the city.

On the river Clyde, ship and steamboat building is carried on extensively, both at Greenock and Glasgow. In this river was launched, by Henry Bell, the first steamhoat constructed in Britain; at least, the first successfully propelled—the Comet. This was in 1812, about five years after Fulton had succeeded on the Hudson. It was on this river that some of the famous rebel rams, which destroyed so much of our shipping during the late civil war, were constructed.

The ship-yards of Greenock are chiefly above the city, and extend up the river for a considerable distance. They are not so large as those of Glasgow, where I counted scores of iron vessels on the ways in process of construction. Some of these vessels were so near together that the same scaffolding served for two at the same time, while the scaffolding on the opposite sides served for these and two others, and so on to the number of a dozen, or twenty in some instances.

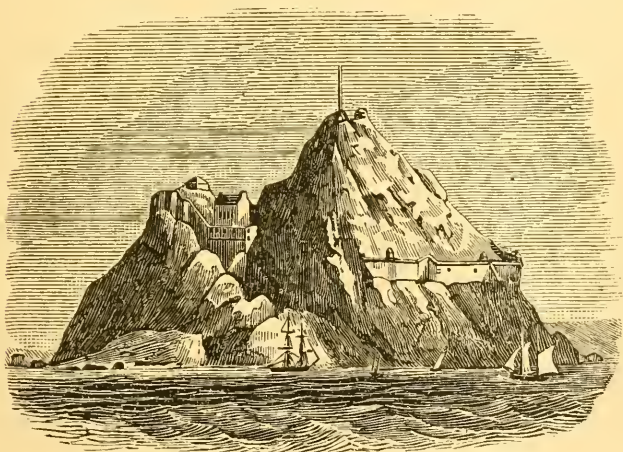
It would require a small volume to describe all one sees in the short distance between Greenock and Glasgow. The country on both sides of the river was in a high state of cultivation, and in many of the fields the crops of the year were still ungathered. Manufactories of many kinds, indeed of almost all kinds, were to be seen on both banks, with no very great intervals; and at points somewhat distant

from both cities, were vessels, of various kinds, in different stages of construction.

Mr. Blaikie, the gentleman who pointed out to me the objects of interest in the frith, performed a like kindness for Bachelor and myself as we ascended the river. First, our attention was directed to the ruins of an old building, which he informed us was Finlayston, formerly the family mansion of the Earls of Glencairn. It was at one time a favorite resort of John Knox, whom he described as "the father of the Scottish Reformation, and the founder of Presbyterianism." A short distance further on, we saw the ruins of Cardross Castle, where Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, spent the last few peaceful days of his existence. On the opposite shore is the Castle of Newark, in the days of Bruce and Wallace the residence of Sir John Monteith, but now the property of Lady Shaw Stewart.

About two miles above this ruin, we passed Dumbarton Castle, so called, though it is more properly a stronghold or fortress. It is a rock, about a mile in circumference, which rises nearly six hundred feet above the level of the river. On its sides are old bastions and batteries, some neglected and gone to decay, and on its summit are several buildings, among which are a barracks, armory, chapel, and governor's house.

“ William Wallace,” said Mr. Blaikie, “ before his imprisonment in the Tower of London, was confined in the armory of this fortress, where his famous two-handed sword, nearly as tall as an ordinary man, is still retained. Since that time to the present day,



DUMBARTON CASTLE.

the highest peak of the rock is called ‘ Wallace’s Seat,’ and the highest part of the castle ‘ Wallace’s Tower.’ ”

“ There must be many historical reminiscences connected with this old castle ? ” I remarked.

“ Very many,” he replied. “ The infamous Sir John Monteith was Governor of it during the confinement of Wallace, whom he had betrayed. The body of Edwin, son and heir of Lord Ruthven, who

fell in defence of Wallace, was entombed in the chapel of the fortress. The castle was successively occupied by Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, during the struggle that preceded the Commonwealth. Queen Mary was conveyed thither from France, in her infancy; and during the wars that desolated Scotland in her reign, it was captured by Captain Crawford of Jordanhill, a distinguished adherent of the king's party, who, with a small body of foot soldiers, guided by a deserter from the castle, scaled the wall at the highest point, slew the sentinel, and surprised and overpowered the garrison. There are yet other important events which I do not now remember. Being one of the four fortresses stipulated to be kept up at the union of Scotland with England, it is still in repair and occupied by a garrison."



CHAPTER V.

THE ARTIFICIAL RIVER.

FROM Dumbarton to Glasgow, what was formerly the channel of the river, with three or four feet of water, has, within a few years, been deepened and walled, so that it now forms a grand canal, through which vessels of a thousand tons can pass with ease to the centre of Glasgow. Prior to the construction of this canal, the goods of the merchants of the city were embarked and disembarked at a place called Port-Glasgow, nearly opposite the castle of Cardross, the importance of which has since greatly declined.

Before reaching Bowling Bay, where we leave the estuary and enter the canal-channel, on the right bank, is the little promontory of Dunglass Point, the western termination of Antoninus' Wall. On this point may be seen the ruins of Dunglass Castle, a formidable fortress of the Colquhouns. It is now the property of Buchanan of Auchintorlie, a branch of the family from which our President of that name,

was descended. On this point also, and within full view from passing steamers, stands the monument recently erected to the late Henry Bell, who, as already stated, introduced steam navigation on the Clyde.

A short distance above Dunglass Point, is a range of lofty heights, known as Kilpatrick Hills, and between these and the river is the village of Kilpatrick, by Scotch writers claimed to have been the birth-place of Patrick, the tutelar saint of Ireland. Other writers say he was born in Wales, and others still, that he was a native Irishman ; but I believe it is now generally conceded that he was born in that part of France which is called Boulogne. Writers still disagree as to his origin, some maintaining that he was of Roman extraction, while others claim that he descended from the Jewish captives, brought to Rome by Titus, after the destruction of Jerusalem. Of this there is probably no doubt, that his father was Calphornius, and his mother Conchessa, the latter a native of France ; and that his name was Succath, until the Pope conferred on him the Patrician order with the title of Patricius.

To the above I may add, as facts of more than ordinary interest, that Succath, afterwards Saint Patrick, was of the two hundred natives of Boulogne captured by Niall, King of Ireland, in the beginning

of the fifth century, and by him carried to Ireland and sold into slavery. After seven years slave-service he returned to France, and was educated at Tours, in the famous seminary of St. Martin ; and after twenty years spent in study and meditation in retreats of piety, having received the benediction of Pope St. Celestine, and episcopal consecration from Bishop Amatorix, in Evreux, Normandy, entered upon his great work, in the year 432, the conversion of Ireland.

On the opposite side of the river we saw the old mansion-house of Erskine, anciently the seat of the Earls of Mar, and latterly of the Blantyre nobility. Higher up, on the same side of the river, where the waters of the Black and White Cart flow into the Clyde, Inchinnan Bridge was pointed out as near the spot where the Earl of Argyle was captured in the year 1685 ; and still higher up, the ancient burgh of Renfrew, now a town of mean appearance, as the place where Somerled, Thayne of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, who had rebelled against Malcolm IV., was defeated and slain in 1164. The barony of Renfrew was the first possession of the Stuart family in Scotland ; and it gives the title of Baron to the Prince of Wales—Baron Renfrew, under which he made his tour in America.

From this point to Glasgow, on both sides of the river, there are many pleasant suburban villas, and a

number of imposing country seats, of which I shall only mention Jordanhill, two miles below the village of Govan, the seat of James Smith, Esquire, but formerly the residence of Captain Crawford, who distinguished himself, as already mentioned, by the capture of Dumbarton Castle, during the reign of Queen Mary.

Entering the harbor, the object that particularly attracts the attention, is Broomielaw Bridge, a superior structure, faced with Aberdeen granite. It consists of seven arches, and is five hundred feet in length, and sixty in width, being seven feet wider than London Bridge.



CHAPTER VI.

THE CUSTOMS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable features of the city, all things considered, are the improvements of the river, before mentioned, and the accommodation provided for shipping. The harbor at the Broomielaw is an artificial basin, several hundred feet in width, and more than a mile in length, furnished with long ranges of quays and sheds, capable of accommodating vessels of nearly every description. Notwithstanding these noble improvements, however, the space is so limited that there was scarcely room when I was there for the immense shipping in the port. In many places the vessels were crowded so closely together that they almost touched as they lay at anchor. The number was not so great as in some other cities I have visited, but I remember no one in which the masts, yards, booms and gaffs of the craft, great and small, gave the harbor so much the appearance of a forest in winter. This effect was particularly noticeable as we approached the city.

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When our vessel had brought us within sight of the steeples of the city, or, rather, within view of the spars of the great ships in the harbor Bachelor endeavored to prepare me for the ordeal through which I had to pass at the hands of the Customs' officers. At Londonderry I had given my baggage into his charge, retaining the keys of my trunks and valises ; and at Glasgow he had stored them in a Government warehouse, subject to inspection on my arrival. To my inquiry as to what these officers said and did, he replied by giving a minute account of the transaction. Said he : "Two fellows as big as Dinnie came at me with a rush. I put down my valise, produced the key, turned the lock, opened the mouth, and exposed my worldly effects—principally a tooth brush and extra paper collar.

"One of the officers looked into the valise and said nothing ; the other followed the Scripture injunction, 'Go thou and do likewise.'

"Then the first officer said—'Have you any tobacco?'

"'Only this,' I replied, producing my box, in which was sufficient, perhaps, for two or three ordinary cuds.

"'Have you any liquors?' demanded the other, sharply.

"'Alas ! no,' I replied. 'A friend of mine, one

Benedict, before parting from me at Londonderry, drank the last drop I had, that he might have something to keep me in remembrance.'

"'Have you any American reprints?' demanded the first officer, with a scowl that made me tremble.

"'O, no,' said I, quickly.

"'What's this?' said he, snatching up my extra paper collar, and pointing to some letters impressed in the band.

"'O!' said I, 'that is "Lockwood's improved," the mark of the manufacturer.'

"'Lockwood!' said he, thoughtfully; then whispered something to his companion.

"'Lockhart,' I think,' said the other, 'though I am not quite certain.'

"'The son-in-law and biographer of Scott,' said I, guessing at the subject of their conversation, 'was Lockhart.'

"'The fellow looked at me—indeed, they both looked at me as if they thought I was trying to deceive them.

"'However,' said I, 'if you have any doubt on the subject, let the article be confiscated.'"

At this point Mr. Blaikie, who had been listening to the narration, burst into laughter, and others nigh followed his example. I was not quite certain whether it was at what Bachelor had said in his

inimitably funny way, or at my own lugubrious countenance. Indeed, I had heard such frightful stories of these custom-house inspectors, or tide-waiters as they are called in Great Britain, that to me his words were

—“confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.”

At the moment I was endeavoring to conjecture, if an extra paper collar occasioned so much trouble, what would become of my elaborate outfit for the heathen of Africa.

Bachelor looked at Mr. Blaikie and smiled ; and the latter apologized for his boisterous interruption. It is perhaps needless to say, that the account of that inspection was left unfinished.

Soon after, at about three o'clock, post meridian, we reached the Broomielaw, and I went ashore into the sheds, where I delivered myself over tremblingly to the tender mercies of the customs' officers. It was on Friday, and I thought with myself, as I waited for my turn, “O, unlucky day !”

Presently an officer approached, and after looking at a paper which Bachelor produced, conducted me to a room in which my baggage was secured. Next followed the inquiries propounded to Bachelor, but not precisely as he had represented : “Have you any liquors, tobacco, or American reprints ?” On being

assured that I had none, the officer carefully lifted the uppermost article in each of my trunks, gave a poke here, a push there, a squeeze in another place, and—the duty was performed. It seemed to me a very cursory examination, yet I think the fellow was so well satisfied that he would have taken his oath my baggage contained no contraband article of any character. I was next furnished with a customs' stamp, and permitted to wander whithersoever I desired in the Queen's dominion.



CHAPTER VII.

OTHER CUSTOMS.

N leaving the sheds, I procured a carriage for Bachelor and myself, into which we entered after seeing my baggage safely aboard. Of course I put up at the inn where my friends were stopping, the Argyle Hotel, on the corner of Argyle and Union streets. We were driven thither at a very fair rate of speed, and stopped short in front of a great archway. Bachelor filled my arms with wraps and umbrellas, and said he would look after the rest of my baggage. I turned from the carriage and surveyed the house, but could discern no place of entrance. I concluded it was round the corner, and was about to start upon a voyage of discovery when Bachelor, who had been observing me and enjoying my embarrassment, whispered in my ear—"Enter through the archway." I felt a little mortified at my ignorance, although I had never seen anything of the kind in America.

Passing through the archway, I found myself in a

large court-yard, where a flight of broad steps led up to a hall or passage. This I entered, and looked for an office, bar-room, or some other apartment where I might relieve myself of the load I had ; but nothing of the sort could I discover. At length I perceived a bell, which in my perplexity, I rang loud enough to alarm all the inmates of the house. Immediately a pleasant, pretty, plump Scotch girl—"a bonnie lassie"—made her appearance, and conducted me into the parlor.

"Where is the office?" I inquired.

"We have none," she replied.

"Well, the bar-room?"

"We have none."

"Is not this a hotel?" I demanded, a little crossly.

"O, yes, sir," she answered with a smile, "and the best in the city."

"Well, then, allow me to look at the register?" I returned.

"I do not know what that is," she replied, "but we have nothing that goes by any such name."

"Have you a landlord?" I inquired, beginning to think the girl a little "daft."

"No, sir ; but there is a lady. If you wish apartments, I will inform her?"

"Of course I do," said I, rather impatiently.

The girl smiled, tripped to the door, dropped a

courtesy and vanished. Before I had time to smooth my slightly ruffled temper, a young lady of pleasing address and attractive manners, entered the parlor. Expecting to meet a woman of sixty, gray, wrinkled and cross, you may imagine my surprise. But I soon found that, though a young woman, she understood her business thoroughly ; or, as we say in America, she "knew how to run a hotel," at least, after the English fashion.

Bachelor, who, unperceived by me, had enjoyed the scene between the serving maid and myself, now came forward to save me from further embarrassment.

"Allow me," said he, addressing the hostess, "to introduce my friend Benedict, the gentleman to whom I referred on taking the apartments."

Bachelor having arranged everything, I had only to take possession. Our rooms were three in number, two bed-rooms and a parlor between, the latter also serving as a dining-room. Altogether, they were commodious and satisfactory.

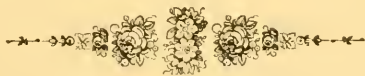
Having adjusted my baggage, I subjected myself to a thorough ablution, which I never more enjoyed, and then made my toilet. By this time, beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, I inquired of Bachelor at what hour we dined.

"We !" he repeated. "Who? You and I, or the guests of the Argyle? You forget that we are

on 'the other side of the big pond,' where everything in the form of a hotel is conducted on what we style at home 'the European plan.'"

Though I knew the fact, it had not occurred to me at the moment, that there is scarcely such a thing abroad as an ordinary, or *table d'hote*. It is in Scotland, as nearly everywhere else, apartments and attendance are furnished at stipulated prices, while meals are served when ordered, and charged for according to quantity and quality.

Wishing to exercise my lower limbs a little after the confinement on board the vessel, I rang the bell and ordered dinner, leaving it to the hostess to supply us with whatever could be quickest served. I do not now recollect what we had, but I remember that the dishes were delicious, and served in so short a time as led to the suspicion that we had enjoyed some other body's dinner.



CHAPTER VIII.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

IT was so late before we got through dinner that Bachelor, who is not over-fond of locomotion, particularly of a pedestrian character, thought a stroll in Buchanan street, and a look at the elegant shops and fashionable people, preferable to a ramble in George Square or the Necropolis. To a certain degree indifferent whither I went or what I saw, I submitted cheerfully ; and, a few minutes later, we were threading our way through a crowd such as one seldom meets outside of Broadway and the Bowery in our own great metropolis. For a time the shops and show-windows, and the modes and manners of the people amused me ; and then I grew tired of the sameness, and still more of the multitude who met and passed me with scarce a glance at my strange face, and never a look of recognition. Notwithstanding the presence of my companion, I began to realize that feeling of loneliness which Moses experienced in the land of Egypt—" I have been a

stranger in a strange land." My thoughts reverted to the many friends and acquaintances I had left behind, and the words of the peasant poet involuntarily escaped my lips :

" Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ? "

" Certainly not," replied Bachelor, who divined the tenor of my thoughts. " If you have stretched your limbs sufficiently, let us return to the hotel. There we shall find ' auld acquaintance ' to enliven your spirits.

" The Count and Countess di Lavarella ? " I suggested.

" Yes," he returned, " and the winsome widow. Why do you omit her ? "

It was the inquiry—aye, the very words I had used in chiding him ; but I could not say, as he had, that her name was on my tongue, though I must confess that she was in my mind.

" Yes, and the winsome widow," I replied, in his own language.

Returning, we found the Count in a state of *ennui*. I use the French term, as it expresses more than dullness or languor—weariness coupled with disgust. He had hoped, upon his arrival in Scotland, to find

his brother, Professor di Lavarello, (of whom I shall have something to say when I reach Genoa,) in the city of Edinburgh. It was there he was to remain until my arrival, that he might enjoy, as he said, in a complimentary way, "the pleasure of my company on the voyage to Italy." But his brother having gone, he decided to remain in Glasgow until the departure of the steamer.

The Countess di Lavarrello I had seen but two or three times during the voyage, and always under the affliction of sea-sickness. Even then she was at the same time easy and dignified in her deportment, though I thought her a little too reserved in conversation. But now I discovered that it was in consequence of her temporary illness ; for though she spoke English but imperfectly, she conversed upon various topics with freedom and fluency, and on matters concerning her own country with marked intelligence.

After a time, Mrs. Maxwell joined our circle, with her soft smiles and winsome ways, reminding me of Milton's picture of Eve, if I may be allowed to apply his description to any other mortal :

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

She brought into our midst so much vivacity, that even the Count was aroused from his lethargy, and Bachelor, though still under the enchantment of "the

ship's beauty," the Maid of Inverness, admitted that she would make a most desirable wife for any man who was not a monogamist.

In the course of the evening I availed myself of a favorable opportunity to inquire if she had put Bachelor to the test I had suggested. At first I think she was a little displeased, but presently she remarked, in a tone that clearly implied a sense of injury, that she failed to appreciate a practical joke of such character. Without knowing the result of their interview, I felt assured that the plan I had devised for the discomfiture of Bachelor, had gone to swell the evidence of the truth of what the poet sung to the mouse :

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

Though he had beaten me twice, I did not despair of final triumph ; but contented myself at the moment, with the remark that "Time, the great arbiter of events," would, in some way, settle the point of dispute to her satisfaction. There was something in the earnestness of my manner that saved me from her further displeasure, though I doubt if it convinced her of my truthfulness.



CHAPTER IX.

ST. MUNGO'S TOWN.

THE next morning, soon after breakfast, I addressed a note to Mrs. Small, and despatched it by a messenger, inquiring if it would be agreeable to her and daughter, and at what hour, to join Bachelor and myself, with Mrs. Maxwell, in a drive of observation about the city. She had requested of Bachelor the privilege and pleasure as she termed it, of pointing out the objects of interest on my arrival, and she replied, by the same messenger, that she would be delighted to bear us company, and would be ready at any time we might be pleased to call within half an hour after her note was received.

Before leaving the hotel, Mrs. Maxwell gave a message to the hostess for her brother, should he arrive in her absence. She had expected him every day for nearly a week. He was to have met her on the arrival of the Columbia, but had informed her by letter that he was detained as a witness in one of the courts of Edinburgh. On learning this fact she

would have gone on to Dalkeith, had he not at the same time requested her to remain, the transaction of some business requiring him to visit Glasgow.

Among all the acquaintances I formed in crossing the Atlantic, not one contributed more to my enjoyment than Mrs. Small. In addition to many little favors, which only a kind-hearted woman ever extends to a stranger, she was always ready to amuse the weary with her never failing fund of anecdotes ; and I, who am not averse to pleasantries, came in for a full share of this excellent entertainment. On meeting her again, she cordially welcomed me, not only to Scotland, but to her own home, where the guest is the recipient of generous hospitality.

The daughter was not so cordial ; indeed, I thought her somewhat reserved. Evidently she had not yet forgotten her sea-sickness, or that I had contributed to its duration. I think she still felt herself *agrieved*.

Before setting out, Mrs. Small inquired if I had any particular places in view, or if it would devolve upon her to make the selection. Of course I preferred the latter, only stipulating that we should visit as many objects as possible, beginning with those of the greatest interest.

"The Cathedral," said Mrs. Small, addressing the coachman.

Our course lay through Argyle street to the Cross, thence through High street, the principal thoroughfare of the ancient town of St. Mungo, to the Cathedral. The distance was considerable, and as the coachman favored his horses, it afforded us an opportunity to learn something of the early history of the city.

At present, in point of wealth, commerce, and population, Glasgow is the third city in Great Britain. Including that portion on the south side of the Clyde, the population is about half a million. Yet, like most of the great cities of the world, it had but an insignificant beginning, and gradually developed, through a period of several centuries, to its present vast proportions.

"The reputed founder of the city," said Mrs. Small, "was St. Mungo, or, as he is sometimes styled, St. Kintigern. He is supposed to have established the bishopric of Glasgow, where the upper and older part of the town still remains, about the middle of the sixth century."

As we jogged along through High street, I could scarcely realize that we were passing over a way that had been in use for more than thirteen hundred years.

"From the time of St. Mungo," continued Mrs. Small, "to the early part of the twelfth century, the history of the city is involved in obscurity. Then the Cathedral, which we are about to behold, was erected

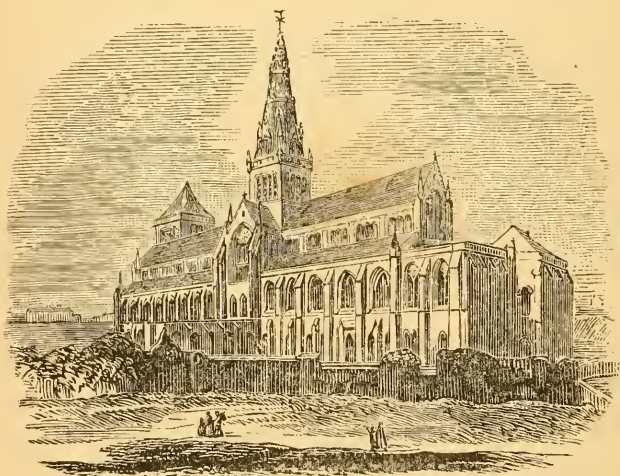
by John Achaius, Bishop of Glasgow, and dedicated to St. Mungo. The exact year is in dispute, but it was in the reign of David I."

"As St. Mungo established the bishopric of Glasgow," I remarked, "he must have erected some sort of a structure for religious worship. Is there any trace of such an edifice?"

"I think not," she replied. "About thirty years ago the Government repaired and renewed certain parts of the building which had fallen into decay, and during the progress of the operations several fragments of mouldings were found, which had been used for filling in some of the walls, of a much older date than any part of the Cathedral, thus proving the existence of a previous structure. These mouldings, some of which were preserved, are of beautiful workmanship. But they may have belonged, and probably did, to some religious edifice erected long after the period of St. Mungo."

The Cathedral occupies a most picturesque position, on the bank of a dark ravine, from which it is supposed the name of the city was derived. Though erected by Achaius, in the beginning of the twelfth century, it received many additions and embellishments, by successive prelates, as far down as the Reformation. Originally, it contained three churches, one of which, the Old Barony, was situated in a vault.

There is a description of this church in Rob Roy, as it appeared at a much later period, for reference is made to a "portion which was seated with pews." But according to the early history of the city, there were no seats in the Cathedral until near the close of the



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

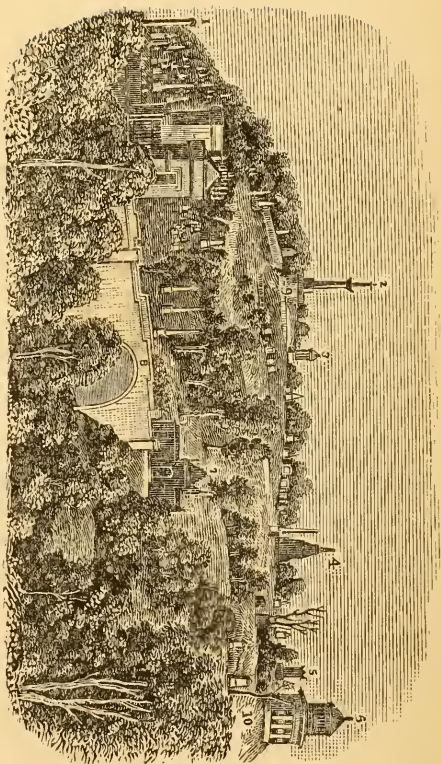
sixteenth century. It occurring to the kirk-session at that time that seats would be a great convenience, they caused certain ash trees in the church-yard to be cut down for the purpose of making forms, or benches without backs.

"But," said Mrs. Small, in relating this anecdote, "so ungallant were the men of that period, that they actually forbade the women to sit upon these benches,

and required them to bring with them stools for their accommodation."

This incident reminded me of a missionary church in one of our western states or territories, which the minister in charge, in his official report, described as so poor, that "every man is obliged to carry his own cushion, and the fattest man has the softest seat."

Religious worship in the Old Barony has been long ago discontinued, and the space occupied by the second church has been thrown into the choir, or central part of the fabric. At present the structure is in the form of a Latin cross, in the early pointed style of architecture, the pure Gothic. It is in length three hundred and nineteen feet from east to west. The nave is one hundred and fifty-six feet long, sixty-two wide, and ninety high; and the choir, the part now used for worship, is ninety-seven feet long and sixty wide. The tower and spire rise from the centre, to the height of two hundred and twenty-five feet. The large eastern window is beautifully stained, and the organ screen is as beautifully carved. Adjoining are the Chapter-house and the Lady Chapel, the latter especially noticeable for its architectural beauty. There are three crypts, intended as a place of interment for the magnates of the Cathedral, for beauty of design and excellence of execution said to be unequalled by any in the United Kingdom.



NECROPOLIS, GLASGOW.

1 Jew's Ground,
2 John Knox,
3 Dr. Dick,

4 McGavin,
5 Colin Dunlop,
6 Major Monticith,
7 Facade,

8 Bridge of Sighs,
9 Egyptian Vault,
10 Col. Pattison.

In the vicinity of the Cathedral and St. Mungo's Burial Ground, some of the benevolent institutions of the city are situated ; among others the Royal Infirmary, a large and elegant structure, the Asylum for the Blind, and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Across the Molendinar Burn, spanned by the Bridge of Sighs, is the Necropolis, anciently the Fir Park, and believed to have been one of the dark retreats of the Druids. It is a bold and rocky eminence, rising to the height of nearly three hundred feet, and forming a noble background to the Cathedral. It is entered through a gateway in the Italian style, and is laid out in walks, and ornamented with trees, shrubs and flowers, which give it more the appearance of a garden than a cemetery. It contains almost innumerable monuments, of nearly every conceivable description, some of which are very superior in design and execution. Among the most noticeable are those erected to Rev. Dr. Dick, the author, William McGavin, Colin Dunlop of Tolcross, Charles Tennant of St. Rollox, Major Monteith and Colonel Pattison. The most conspicuous, however, is the Doric Column, surmounted by a statue, raised to the memory of John Knox, the great Reformer. It is situated on the most elevated spot of the Necropolis.

CHAPTER X.

OTHER OBJECTS.

FROM the Necropolis, we returned through High street, as far as the Cross, stopping on our way to view the city and county Bridewell, a structure in the old Saxon style of architecture, capable of accommodating three hundred prisoners ; and the House of Refuge, an institution for the reclamation of juvenile thieves. Passing the “ Bell of the Brae,” where a severe action took place between the English under Percy, and the Scotch led by Wallace, resulting in the defeat of the English and the loss of their commander, we diverged into Drygate and Rottenrow, two very old streets, in the most ancient part of the city, and in the latter of which stood, at one time, the manses of the prebendaries of the Cathedral ; but there were few houses left of any considerable antiquity, and none old enough in appearance to have belonged to the remote days of St. Mungo.

As I reside at the seat of a celebrated university, it was but natural that I should feel an interest in the

progress of education, and in the institutions for its promotion. Of these there are many in Glasgow, the University, with more than a thousand students, being at the head. The Andersonian University, founded about eighty years ago, for the education of unacademical classes, by John Anderson—for anything I know to the contrary, a descendent of

“John Anderson, my jo, John,”

to whom Burns has given immortality—is the second in importance, and not only enjoys a large annual attendance, but also a growing popularity. Besides these are the Mechanics' Institution, the first of the kind established in Britain; the High School, under the supervision of the corporation; the Normal Seminaries of the Established and Free Churches, the former the first of the kind in Scotland; and numerous elementary schools.

On our way back, we visited the old buildings of the University, fronting on High street. This venerable institution was founded by Bishop Turnbull, about the middle of the fifteenth century, under a bull of Pope Nicholas V.; and towards the close of the seventeenth century had reached the highest fame, importance and utility. The buildings are imposing in their appearance, though the uniformity and propriety of the structure have been marred by alterations in modern styles of architecture. The street

front, for instance, dating from the middle of the seventeenth century, is in the Elizabethan style of architecture. At the northern extremity, under an archway, elaborately carved in stone, is the entrance to the principal court, an area of considerable extent, in which were the houses of the professors.

But this venerable pile, at the time I was there, was no longer devoted to the cause of education. It had been sold to a railway company, and was thenceforth to be a station for the accommodation of the traveling public. Even as we surveyed the massive walls, some of them were being removed by the company to adapt the remainder to their purposes ; while on Gilmore Hill, at the west end of the city, a new stone building was in the course of construction for the University.

At the Cross, which forms a centre whence various streets diverge, is the Tontine, a spacious edifice, with a handsome piazza. The News Room of this Hotel, formerly called the Coffee-Room, was, before the erection of the New Exchange in Queen street, the great focus of business and politics. Years ago the jail and court-houses stood near the Cross, and in front of them criminals were executed. The Town-hall still remains, and is one of the oldest of the public buildings of the city.

Passing through Saltmarket, rendered famous by

Scott, in his story of Rob Roy, as the abode of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, we entered Bridgegate, to see Silvercraigs House, where Cromwell is said to have lodged when in Glasgow. Thence we proceeded to the Queen's Park, commonly called the Green, a hundred and forty acres of smooth verdent lawn, on the right of which are the court-houses and jail, built in the Grecian style of architecture. In front of these the annual Glasgow fair is held, and it is also the present place of public executions. The Park is surrounded by a carriage drive of over two miles in length, near which, at one point, is an Egyptian obelisk, one hundred and forty-four feet in height, erected to the memory of Nelson.

Here we obtained a fine view of the Clyde, which, at high tide, appears to great advantage. At the distance of a few miles are the Cathkin Braes, containing many country seats, one of which, Castle-milk, was pointed out to us by Mrs. Small, as the house in which Mary Queen of Scots lodged the night before the battle of Langside. "It is said," added our informant, "that, from a rock, still called the 'Queen's Seat,' on the top of Cathkin-hill, near the Castle, the unfortunate princess witnessed the defeat that destroyed, at the same time, her army and her hopes."

At the foot of Stockwell street is Victoria Bridge,

a handsome structure, faced with white granite, having a roadway of sixty feet, supported by five grand arches. It occupies the site of the old bridge, which was built by Bishop Rae in 1345, and for over four hundred years formed the great communication between the city and the western part of Scotland.

Left entirely to her own choice, Mrs. Small carried us hither and thither, through all sorts of streets and to all sorts of places, that we might behold the city, as she said, in its worst as well as its best garbs. In one or two streets we saw the poor in their squalor and wretchedness, and their mean old habitations, some of them in a tumbling condition ; and then, by way of contrast, the elegant palatial residences of the—as she styled them—“cotton lords” and “iron nabobs.”

Observing as we emerged from one of these streets that we were near the hotel, I proposed a lunch in Miss Pender's parlor. By this time we had become a jovial party, everything of an unpleasant character having been forgotten, or at least forgiven. It was then nearly two o'clock, and the hour that succeeded was one of the pleasantest I enjoyed during my wanderings.



CHAPTER XI.

THE MONUMENTS.

IT would be impossible for me to remember our route, or the streets through which we passed, or all the places of interest that came under our observation. I remember some, however,—the Post Office, the Trades' Hall, the Royal Theatre, the Royal Lunatic Asylum, one of the best in Scotland, and the Mechanics' Institution, which has, among other advantages, a fine library. Of the bank buildings brought to our notice, I remember the National, in the Italian style ; the City of Glasgow, after the model of the Jupiter Stator at Rome ; the office of the Western Banking Company, a palatial structure ; the Clydesdale, a plain edifice ; and the Royal, after the model of the Temple of Minerva at Athens. I remember, too, the steeple of the old Tolbooth, which contains a chime of bells ; and the old Tron Steeple, a somewhat stunted but venerable looking spire, projecting nearly the whole width of the pavement ; and the Cross Steeple, a relic of the ancient civic splendor

of that portion of the city. Of the places of worship, said to number at least a hundred and fifty, some are very beautiful edifices. St. Andrew's, of the Established Church, a building of the composite order, is one of the oldest, and in some respects the finest in the city. After it, the most noticeable are St. David's, in the decorated Gothic, St. George's and St. Enoch's, in the Roman, and St. Jude's, in the Egyptian style of architecture.

As the day was somewhat advanced, in resuming our drive Mrs. Small directed the coachman to proceed at once to George Square, taking Miller and Queen streets in the way. We were now to be shown the finest statues of the city outside of the Necropolis.

Though I spoke of several objects in the vicinity of the Cross, I omitted to mention an equestrian statue of William III., said to be of no great merit as a work of art; and a marble statue of William Pitt, by Chantrey, a beautiful piece of workmanship, in the old Town Hall. In this building are other objects of interest, among which I observed the portraits of some of the Scotch and English sovereigns.

In Miller street, where, a hundred years ago, the "Tobacco Lords" had their mansions, now occupied as places of business, is Sterling's Library, a valuable collection of books, which are entirely free to the

public. Before the entrance to this building, is a colossal head of Homer, by Mossman.

Many of the public buildings are of great architectural merit, though by far the most magnificent is the Royal Exchange, in Queen street, erected about forty years ago, at an expense to the city of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is in the Corinthian style, surmounted by a handsome circular clock tower. In front of it, there is a colossal equestrian statue, in bronze, by Marochetti, of the Duke of Wellington, having bronze alto-reliefs on the pedestal, of his principal battles.

In George Square, one of the most central points in the city, there are a number of excellent monuments. The most prominent of these is the pillar erected, in the centre of the square, to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. It is a Doric column, eighty feet in height, surmounted with a colossal statue, in free stone, of the great minstrel. The figure is half enveloped in a shepherd's plaid, which, Mrs. Small informed us had been severely criticised as being placed on the wrong arm.

Directly in front of Sir Walter's monument are two fine pedestrian statues, in bronze. The nearer is that of Colin Campbell, a native of Glasgow, who quelled the Indian mutiny ; and the other, by Flaxman—one of his finest works—of Sir John Moore, also a native

of Glasgow, who fell in battle at Corunna, where he was also buried :

“ But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”

In the south-west corner of the square is a bronze statue, by Chantrey, of James Watt, in a sitting posture. It was in Glasgow where he began his series of experiments in mechanical science, which resulted in the improvement, already referred to, in the steam engine.

There was also an equestrian statue of the Queen, and another of Prince Albert, and others which I cannot now distinctly call to memory, of military and civic celebrities of the city.

Indeed, it was by this time so late, that we were unable longer to distinguish objects with any degree of satisfaction.

In answer to the coachman's inquiry whither he should drive, Mrs. Small replied to her house, remarking to us immediately afterwards, that she had caused dinner to be prepared for the party. To obviate any objection on the part of Mrs. Maxwell, she sent to the hotel for her brother, should he have arrived.

Dinner was over and we were about to repair to the parlor, when the servant announced Mr. Fraser. A tall, handsome man, of five and thirty years perhaps, with auburn hair and a florid complexion, entered the

room. The next moment the winsome widow, with her arms around his neck, was clasped affectionately to his bosom. He was her brother, and they had not seen each other for nearly five years.

The ceremony of introduction over, we entered the parlor, where an hour was spent in talking about the objects of interest we had seen during the day. At the end of that time, Mr. Fraser and his sister took their leave, after extending to all present a most cordial invitation to visit them at Dalkeith.

Bachelor and I remained an hour longer, he in conversation with the daughter, and I with the mother. Unperceived by any one, he had availed himself of an opportunity which the departure of the other guests afforded, to signify that such a separation would be, to him at least, most satisfactory.

I was never quite certain whether the captain's daughter was engaged to the ship's surgeon; or, if not engaged, whether she was in love with him. But I knew that, if she were either, it was useless for Bachelor to "put the question;" for she was one of the kind who never trifle with their own or any other body's affections.

As for Bachelor, I had seen him in love a great many times, but I had never seen him quite so much in earnest. More than once I had said to him,

" 'But screw your courage to the sticking-place,'

and you may yet become an honest Benedict ;” and yet now, such were my doubts, I was almost afraid to afford him the desired opportunity.

What occurred during the hour mentioned I have not the faintest idea. I observed that they were engaged in earnest conversation, carried on in an undertone. I observed, too, that the mother was a little uneasy, and tried more than once to interrupt their conversation. At length she interfered abruptly, and sent her daughter to the piano.

On our leaving the house, I noticed that Miss Small did not invite Bachelor to call again, while her “good night” had very much the character of a final farewell. For the space of two or three blocks we walked side by side in silence, and then I ventured to allude to his *tete-a-tete* with the young lady. He did not reply at once, but presently said—this and no more, then or ever—

“She loves, but 'tis not me she loves.”



CHAPTER XII.

THE WAY TO AYR.

DURING our stay in Scotland—I speak of Bachelor and myself—we had our home, or head-quarters at Glasgow. Thence we made excursions to different parts of the country, sometimes for a day, but for a longer time on two or three occasions. Our first trip beyond the limits of the city was to Ayrshire, the land of Burns. It was made the second day after our drive and dinner with Mrs. Small, and daughter. I wished to go the next morning, but Bachelor, for some reason, could not be roused in time for the train we preferred. So the day was spent in going about the city, to places not embraced in our drive: among others, to the Hunterian Museum, a Grecian edifice, containing a collection of books, coins, paintings, and anatomical preparations of very great value; the Athenæum, with its large library of choice books; the Bazaar, a general market, and the only one in that great commercial centre; the St. Rollox Chemical Works,

established by Charles Tennant, who discovered bleach-water, and Charles McIntosh, who invented bleach-powder, having a chimney-stalk four hundred and thirty-eight feet in height ; and the church of Gorbals and the Southern Necropolis, on the opposite side of the Clyde.

But I was more fortunate on the following morning, for Bachelor was astir "by the peep of day," and we were off together by the early train. The railway to Ayr passes through a most interesting portion of the country, including the city of Paisley, several burghs and villages, and the vicinity of other places rich in incident of history and tradition. The first few miles we saw but little worthy of particular mention. We passed a great number of silk and cotton manufactories, and iron-works of all kinds ; and then a succession of elegant villas, belonging chiefly to the wealthy manufacturers. But there was nothing of a striking character until we reached Crookston Castle, half way to Paisley. It stands on an eminence that overhangs the south bank of the White Cart. It was at one time the property of the Stewarts of Lennox, and the residence of Queen Mary when receiving the addresses of Darnley.

The city of Paisley, seven miles from Glasgow, besides being celebrated as the birth-place of Robert Tannahill, the poet, and John Wilson, the novelist

and critic, is famous for the manufacture of a variety of articles for wearing apparel. The original manufactures were coarse checked linen cloth and handkerchiefs, which were succeeded and eventually superseded, about a hundred years ago, by the manufacture of silk gauze, which in turn has given place to cotton thread, embroidery, carpets, silks, velvets, chenille and crapes. It is particularly celebrated for its shawls, which are of silk, cotton, wool, and mixed, the finest Cashmeres being equal in texture and superior in design to the most celebrated productions of the East.

The city consists of an old town, indifferent in appearance, and a new town, of better construction, lit with gas and partially paved, the united population exceeding forty thousand. It is a place of great antiquity, and owes its existence to the establishment of an abbey, about the year 1160, by Walter Stewart, from whom the royal family of Scotland descended. At the time of the Reformation, the abbey formed a magnificent pile, with an enclosure of about a mile in circuit. After the expulsion of the monks, it was used for a time as a palatial residence. It is now a ruin, with the exception of a small portion used as a parish church. The lofty chapel on the south side of the abbey, contains a tomb, surmounted by a recumbent female figure, which is supposed to represent

Marjory, daughter of Robert Bruce, wife of Walter Stewart, and mother of Robert II., the first of the Stewart sovereigns.

Nearly every village on the way is worthy of mention, one for its beauty or importance, another as being near some ancient ruin, another perhaps on account of some historical association. Near Paisley is the village of Elderslie, the birth-place of William Wallace, where, according to tradition, he concealed himself from the English, in a great oak known by his name to this day. Beyond Kilbarchan, the next village, are the ruins of Elliston Tower, formerly the seat of the Sempills, a noble family in which poetical talent was long hereditary. A short distance from Lochwinnoch, a village on the side of Castle Semple Loch, is Barr Castle, supposed to have been built in the fifteenth century; and on a wooded islet in the lake, are the remains of a fort, erected, in ancient times, by Lord Sempill. In the vicinity of Beith, about half way between Glasgow and Ayr are the ruins of Giffen Castle, formerly a stronghold of the Montgomerie family; and in the same vicinity, near Kilbirnie Loch, a beautiful sheet of water two miles in length and one in breadth, are the remains of the ancient Castle of Glengarnock.

At about two-thirds of the distance is Kilwinning, which, it is said, derives its name from St. Winning,

who resided here in the eighth century. An abbey for monks of the Tyronensian order, dedicated to this saint, was erected here in the beginning of the twelfth century, by Hugh de Moreville, lord of Cuningham, the ruins of which still exist. A party of freemasons, who came from the continent to assist in building this monastery, introduced Free Masonry into Scotland, and by means of the lodges they established, the mysteries of their order were disseminated over the rest of the country. The magnificent edifice they erected was in a great measure destroyed at the Reformation.

After a hasty survey of this venerable ruin, we proceeded to Irvine, about ten miles from Ayr, celebrated as being the birth-place of Montgomery the Poet, and of John Galt the novelist. It was also at one time, the temporary residence of Robert Burns, a fact which the citizens of the place delight to remember. Two miles from Irvine, on the top of a hill, distinctly visible from the cars, are the remains of the ancient castle of Dundonald. It was here that Robert Stewart, afterwards Robert II., wooed and married his first wife, Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan, who was noted for her great beauty. It was here, too, that he died, in 1390. Near the castle are the remains of an ancient church, dedicated to the Virgin, called our Lady's Kirk. There is a tradition, to the effect that

James IV., in passing through this part of his kingdom, uniformly made an offering at this kirk, of the princely sum of fourteen shillings.

Passing the ruins of Kingscase, a charitable institution endowed by Robert Bruce, we arrived at Ayr,

“Under the opening eyelids of the morn,”

to spend the day in visiting some of the objects made famous by the “immortal verse” of the “Ayrshire ploughman.”



CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

THE town of Ayr is not only a parish and parliamentary burgh, but a seaport of some importance, though the harbor, formed by the mouth of the river and two piers, is too shallow and exposed. It is said the place has greatly improved of late years, and its business considerably increased. At present it is quite a fashionable resort, one of its attractions being a race-course of ninety acres. It contains a number of edifices, worthy of mention—the county hall, the mechanics' institute, the theatre, an arcade, an old and new church, an old and new bridge, a town house, with a spire one hundred and thirty-five feet high, and “Wallace Tower,” a Gothic structure, one hundred and fifteen feet high, erected on the site of the old wooden tower in which Sir William Wallace was confined; containing at the top the clock and bells of the old dungeon steeple, and in front a statue of the distinguished “Knight of Elderslie,” executed by James Thom, the self-taught

sculptor of Ayr. Including the suburbs of Newton and Wallacetown, from which it is separated by the waters of Ayr, and with which it is connected by "The Brigs of Ayr," it contains about 20,000 inhabitants.

Besides being the birth-place of Burns, or, rather, the nearest town to the "auld clay biggin'" in which he first drew breath, Ayr is not without interesting associations. It was erected into a royal burgh by William the Lion, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The "Auld Brig" was built in the reign of Alexander III., about the middle of the same century, by two maiden sisters, and the "New Brig" chiefly through the exertions of Provost Ballantyne, to whom "The Brigs of Ayr" was dedicated. The Fort of Ayr, built by Oliver Cromwell about the middle of the seventeenth century, included within its walls St. John's Church, founded in the twelfth century, the tower of which, with fragments of the ramparts of the citadel, still remain, though in a crumbling condition. As a compensation to the inhabitants for their church, which he turned into an armory, he gave one hundred and fifty pounds towards the erection of the present old church, which occupies the site of a Dominican monastery, celebrated in history as the edifice in which Robert Bruce, after he had freed his country, held the parliament which settled his succession.

From the railway station, we entered Ayr over the "New Brig." After a look at the places above mentioned, we proceeded direct to the "public of repute" in which

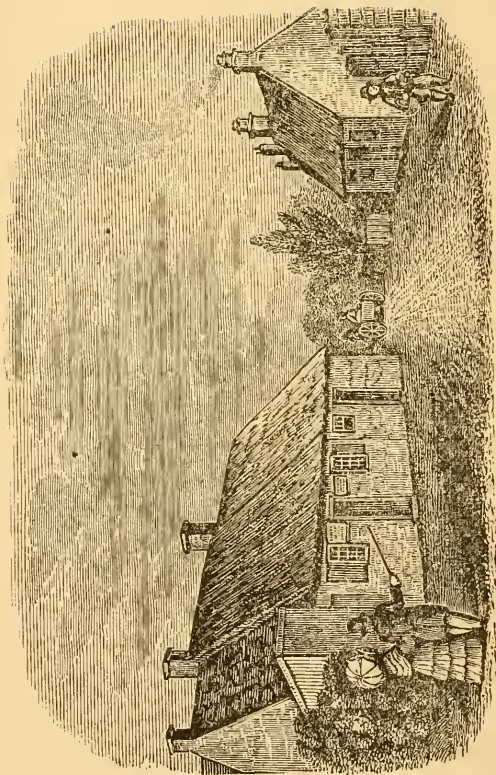
"Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right ;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony."

Served with a pot of ale each, we drank it, as we were assured, on the very spot where

"The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors, secret, sweet, and precious."

Instead of a local guide, we had the pleasant society of an intelligent Canadian gentleman, well acquainted with the places of principal interest, whose acquaintance we made while sipping our ale. A Scotchman having sung the popular song of "John Anderson, my jo," Bachelor added another verse, embodying the same thought in different phraseology, which so amused and delighted the Canadian, that he at once proposed, if agreeable to us, to join our party and become our conductor. The acquaintance of a more genial good fellow, was never made through means of an eight line impromptu.

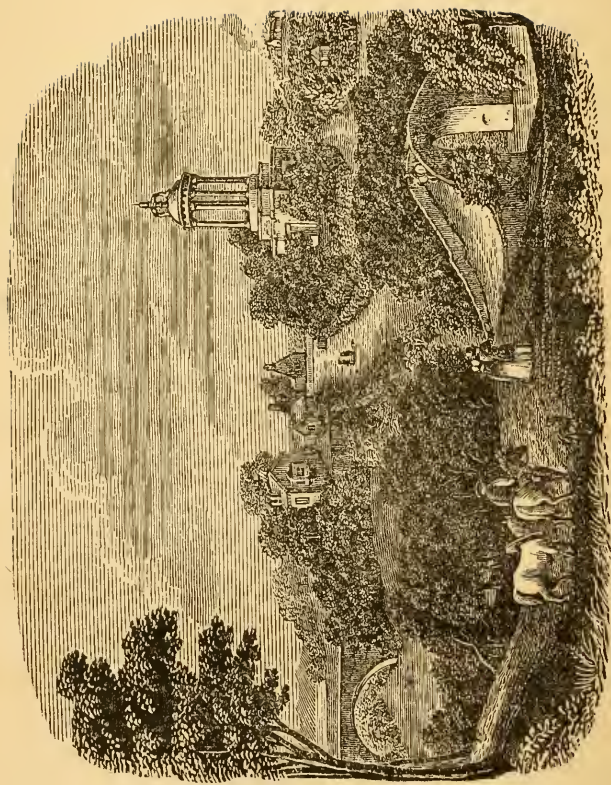
Under the guidance of Mr. Mortimer, our new Canadian acquaintance, we set out on foot, and at the distance of about three miles from Ayr, beheld



BIRTH-PLACE OF BURNS.

the birth-place of Robert Burns. The house is divided into two apartments, a kitchen and a dining room, in the latter of which the poet was born. Expecting to see "an auld clay biggin'," such as the poet described, I found before me a cottage with stone walls, substantially built and in excellent condition. These walls, however, as I understand, were built by the Burns Association of Ayr, for the preservation of the "auld clay biggin'" erected with his own hands by the poet's father. Near the cottage is a hall, of modern construction, in which the association hold their annual festivals.

At the distance of a few hundred yards from the cottage, stands the monument to the memory of the poet, erected a little more than fifty years ago. It is suitably situated on the banks of the Doon, between the old and new bridges, and the grounds around it, more than an acre in extent, are beautifully laid out into walks and ornamented with shrubbery and flowers. It is sixty feet in height, tasteful in design, and skillful in execution. Within it are preserved the pocket bible, in two volumes, given by the poet to Mary Campbell, the "Highland Mary" of his muse. On the fly-leaf of each volume, is written a passage of Scripture, in his own penmanship, and subscribed by his name; and in one of them is preserved a lock of the Highland lassie's hair. The



BURNS' MONUMENT.

monument also contains a marble bust of the poet, and a copy of his portrait as originally taken by Naysmith. The celebrated statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, by Thom, are in a small grotto at the south side of the enclosure.

"As you perceive," said Mr. Mortimer, "there are two bridges over the Doon ; but they are not, as some persons suppose, 'The Brigs of Ayr.' The latter are those which span the waters of Ayr; besides, there was but one bridge over the Doon in the time of Burns—the 'auld brig,' the origin of which is lost in antiquity."

The New Bridge, as it is called, stands about a hundred yards below the Old, and is a very substantial structure. From it a fine view may be obtained of the monument and ornamental surroundings ; as from the base of the monument may be had a charming view of the surrounding scenery. After enjoying these views, we followed the custom of tourists, and climbed "the key-stane of the brig," where Maggie, with

"Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail."

Near the bridge, at the entrance to the monumental enclosure, is a neat little inn, for the accommodation of tourists, where we rested for a while, slaked our thirst with as fine a draught of ale as any man could reasonably desire, and fortified ourselves with a good substantial luncheon for the completion of our pilgrimage.

Rested and refreshed, we resumed our ramble among the relics of the rustic bard, and soon

“Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.”

The walls of this ancient structure are still in a fair state of preservation ; but all the wood-work, including the roof, has long since been taken away, to form snuff-boxes and other memorials.

In the churchyard of Alloway, I observed many modern monuments, among which is one of Lord Alloway, a Judge of the Court of Session. Many of the older monuments bear the names of persons made famous in the writings of the poet. But the object of principal interest in this old burial place is the grave of the poet's father, William Burns. It is marked by a plain tombstone, said to be of modern construction, the original stone, of which the present is said to be an exact copy, having been broken and carried away in fragments. In this stone is cut the epitaph penned by the poet to commemorate the virtuous character of his father :

“O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence, and attend ;
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the generous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
The dauntless heart that feared no human pride ;
The friend of man—to vice alone a foe ;
For e'en his failings leant to virtue's side.”

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRIVE.

FROM the Ayr to the Doon, and from the Doon to the Girvan, there is scarcely an object worthy of notice, that has not been mentioned in some of the poet's writings. It was impossible to visit all of them, as it is now impossible to describe all those we visited. On the coast are three famous ruins—the Castle of Greenan, mentioned in a chart granted by William the Lion ; Denure Castle, a tall, empty tower near the mouth of the Doon ; and Turnberry Castle, where was born, as is believed, Robert the Bruce, King of Scotland. In the neighborhood of the last ruin is Colzean Castle and the Coves, alluded to in "Halloween ;" the farm of Shanter, the residence of Douglass Graham, the original of "Tam o' Shanter ;" and the village of Kirkoswald, where the poet spent some months at school, in the study of surveying and mensuration. In the graveyard of this village are buried two of the most famous of Burns' characters—Tam o' Shanter

and Souther Johnny. Even Ailsa Craig, mentioned in "Duncan Gray," a huge rock ten miles from shore, rising out of the sea to the height of eleven hundred feet, was faintly visible in the distance. But of all these places none has received more frequent mention than

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

To make the round of all these places without the consumption of too much time, we procured a light spring wagon, a quick-footed team, and a driver willing to "speed add wings" for a liberal compensation. The day was pleasant, the road in good condition, and I doubt if any mortal, save Tam o' Shanter on that night

"When out the hellish legion sallied,

* * * * *

Wi' monie an eldritch screech and hollow,"

ever made better time between the Doon and the Ayr.

Satisfied with our trip to Kirkoswald—and with our driver, who, the more he drank, the faster he drove—we proceeded in the same conveyance to Tarbolton, and afterwards to Mauchline. We left Ayr,

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,"

For honest men and bonnie lasses,"

by the way of Mount Oliphant, the farm upon which the poet spent ten years of his life, from the seventh to the seventeenth year, and entered Tarbolton by the way of Lochlea, the farm upon which he spent the

next seven years, with the exception of a few months at Irvine. There is nothing remarkable about either of these farms, and if they had not been residences of the poet, would attract no special attention.

On entering Tarbolton, we proceeded directly to the public house in which the "Bachelors of Tarbolton," the debating society organized by Burns, held their meetings, and spent their "threepence" a head "to toast their mistresses." Here we spent our "threepence" a head, and drank—Mortimer, who was a married man, and myself to our wives and babies, and Bachelor, poor fellow, to his perplexing sweethearts. What a capital member he would have made of this debating club, the rules of which required that "Every man proper for a member of this society must have a friendly, honest, open heart; above everything dirty or mean, and must be a professed lover of one or more of the sex."

Though an old place, Tarbolton is but small, the inhabitants not exceeding twelve hundred. It has manufactures of cotton, woollen and linen fabrics, a handsome church, and a subscription library, all of which are of a date subsequent to the time of the poet. Yet the old house where St. James's Lodge of Freemasons then met, and where Burns was initiated into the mysteries of the order, still remains, and is pointed out with pride by the citizens. It was to

the members of this lodge, when about to embark to Jamaica, that he addressed "The Farewell: "

" Adieu ! a heart-warm, fond adieu !
 Dear Brothers of the mystic tie !
 Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy ! "

It would have afforded me very great pleasure to have visited this lodge, and met the

" * * * * * social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night ;
 * honor'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the Sons of Light. "

But as it was a fortnight to the time of the next meeting, I had to forego the pleasure, and content myself with a look at the lodge-room—a small apartment, plainly furnished, having antiquated but valuable jewels.

Before leaving Tarbolton, we visited the old mansion house of Coldsfield, in " Highland Mary " designated as

" The castle o' Montgomerie, "

where Mary Campbell resided in the capacity of a dairy-maid ; and afterwards the Faile, near its junction with the Ayr, where the lovers at their last parting, stood one on each side of the rivulet, and " laved their hands in the water, and, holding a Bible between them, pronounced a vow of eternal constancy. "

From Tarbolton we proceeded to Mauchline, by

the way of Mossgiel, of which the poet and his brother Gilbert became tenants before the publication of his poems at Kilmarnock. It is said to be very little changed in appearance, though more successfully cultivated. We were shown the room in which he wrote many of his most popular productions; the field in which he turned up the mouse in its nest; the other field in which he turned down the mountain daisy; and many other objects to which his notice or his name has given interest.

In Mauchline, the name of Burns—the older citizens still call him “Rob Mossgiel”—is associated with many localities, one of the most noted being the house of “Auld Nance Tinnock,” the “Poosie Nansie” of “The Jolly Beggars:”

“Ae night at e’en a meery core,
At Poosie-Nansie’s held the splore.”

Another of the noted places is the old public house which the poet frequented, the Whiteford Arms, across the way from the dwelling of his “Bonnie Jean.” It was on the window of this inn, kept by John Dove, that he wrote the epitaph beginning—

“Here lies Johnny Pigeon.”

After visiting all the principal places about Mauchline mentioned in his poetry, we entered the Arms and drank a glass to the memory of the “Poet” and the “Pigeon.” Thence we betook ourselves to the

Nance Tinnock House, and were shown into the parlor on the second floor, at the time of "The Holy Fair" the chief drinking room. Here, for a while, to the astonishment of the host, but at the same time to his great gratification, we played the popular part of the

* yill-caup commentators—

* crying out for bakes and gills,"

not, however, as they did on that memorable occasion—

"Wi' logic, an' wi' Scripture."



CHAPTER XV.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

AFTER a time, the question of What next? was proposed and discussed. I wished to proceed as far as Dumfries, where Burns spent the last few years of his life, and where he died and was buried. Bachelor objected, as it would require our absence for another day. Mortimer sustained the objection with the assurance that we had seen all the places of any note in Ayrshire, properly "the land of Burns." "Most persons," he added, "content themselves with a glance at 'The Briggs of Ayr,' 'The Brig o' Doon,' 'Alloway Kirk,' and 'The Monument.' Few ever go so far as Kirkoswald, and fewer still diverge to Mauchline or Tarbolton."

"We left Glasgow," I returned, addressing Bachelor, "with the intention of visiting all the places made famous by the poet. It was at Ellisland he wrote the tale of 'Tam o' Shanter,' and the beautiful lines 'To Mary in Heaven.' It was there, indeed, that others among his most popular poems were composed. I feel now that I should not be satisfied

if I returned without having visited his home on the Nith."

"Very well," replied Bachelor. "Go, then, by all means. But if Mortimer and I prefer to sleep in Glasgow, why should we lodge in Dumfries? To-morrow, when you return, worn out with 'toil and trouble,' you will find me waiting for you in Miss Pender's parlor."

By the next train northward my friends left me for Glasgow, and by the next southward I left Mauchline for Dumfries. On the way, I passed many places of interest, some pertaining to the poet, and some to other distinguished individuals. One of these was Catrine, mentioned in "The Braes of Ballochmyle:"

"The Catrine woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decayed on Catrine lee."

It is now a busy manufacturing village, but in the time of Burns, was the seat of Dr. Stewart, and the country residence of his celebrated son, Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. It is to these distinguished persons the poet alludes in "The Vision:"

"With deep-struck reverential awe
The learned sire and son I saw,
To Nature's God and Nature's law
They gave their lore;
This, all it's source and end to draw,
That, to adore."

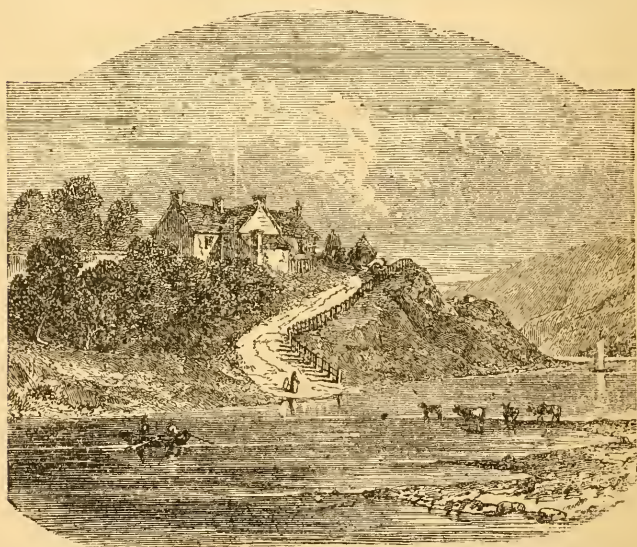
Across the glen through which the "stately Luder flows," is a magnificent viaduct, from which as the cars are passing, may be obtained an excellent view of "the Braes of Ballochmyle," where the poet met Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, celebrated in his song as "The Lass of Ballochmyle." At the junction of the Ayr and Luder, is the spot where the poet composed the dirge, "Man was made to mourn." Further on is Afton Water, which gives title to one of his most popular songs:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes."

At Thornhill I left the cars, and proceeded on foot to the old post house of Brownhill, to see the bedstead on which the poet was born. In the "auld clay biggin'" I had been shown the recess in which it stood, and in the inn at Brownhill was pointed out "the very bed" itself. At the auction, or roup as the Scotch say, made by Burns when leaving Ellisland, it was bought by a stable-boy for a trifle; and was subsequently sold, as a relic of the poet, for the sum of twenty-five guineas. It is now kept in the inn to attract customers.

Near Auldgirth Bridge, where the railway crosses the Nith, are the mansion-houses of Friar's Carse and Dalswinton, each occupying a most picturesque position. The latter was the seat of Mr. Miller, to whom belonged the farm of Ellisland. An admiring friend

of the poet, he offered him the choice of any of the farms of his estate in Nithsdale. It is known that the poet might have selected one more productive, but not another so beautifully situated. It is on the banks of the Nith, the course of which, for some miles,



THE FARM OF ELLISLAND.

may be seen from the windows of the house. The walks on the banks of the river were fine, and this is said to have weighed with the poet in making his selection. And, too, "on Nith-side" was the "Friar's Carse Hermitage," a summer-house bower, which afterwards became a favorite resort for poetical

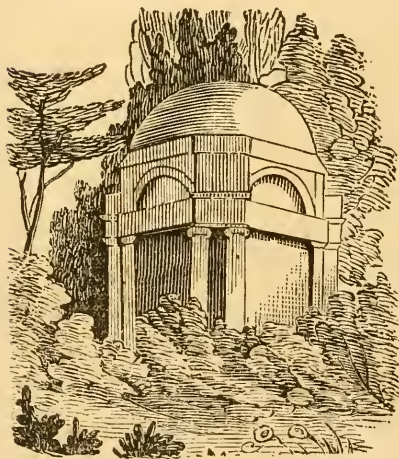
composition, and in which were written the lines beginning :

“Thou whom chance may hither lead—
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck't in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.”

After his appointment as an exciseman, the duties of his ride, “the area of ten muirland parishes,” required so much of his time, that he was obliged to resign his lease of Ellisland, and remove to Dumfries. The house in which he here resided is situated in a short street called Burns. It is a narrow, two-storied, white-washed dwelling, considered respectable at the time he lived in it, but now of comparatively mean appearance, and occupied as an industrial school. Yet I could not look upon the old fabric without emotion, knowing that within its walls were written some of the sweetest songs of “Scotia’s favorite Bard.”

It is not far from the old house in which he last lived and labored, to the churchyard of St. Michael’s, in which he is buried. Thither I wended my way, that I might stand by his grave, and drop a tear to his memory. Over his remains is a mausoleum, erected in 1815, mainly through the exertions of General Dunlop, a lineal descendent of Sir William Wallace. It was built by subscription, to which George IV., Sir Frances Burdett, and many others of

the aristocracy of Great Britain contributed. Of the many monuments in the old burying-ground, it is one of the most conspicuous, and by far the most important. The emblematic marble, in the interior, is com-

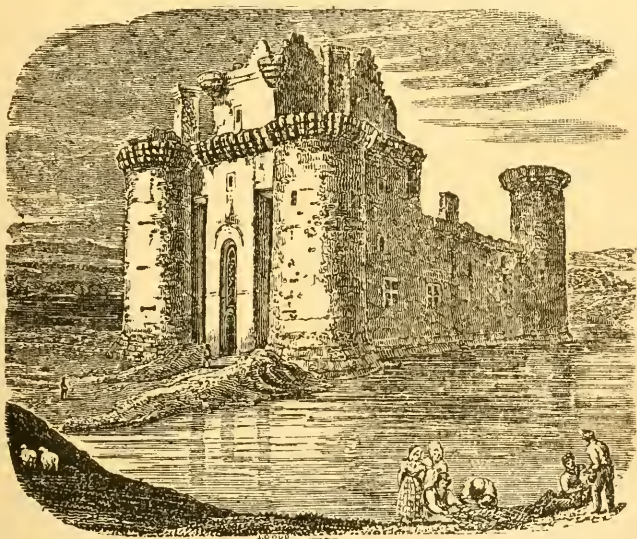


BURNS' MAUSOLEUM AT DUMFRIES.

posed of a plough and two figures, representing the genius of Scotland investing Burns in his rustic dress with her inspiring mantle. It contains a Latin inscription, and an epitaph in English. For centuries Dumfries has been a place of

importance, as the largest and strongest town in the western marches of Scotland, and by way of distinction is sometimes called "the Queen of the South." It is celebrated as the place where Robert Bruce slew John Comyn, a competitor for the throne of Scotland. The assassination is said to have occurred at the altar in the chapel of the old monastery of the Greyfriars, not a vestige of which now remains. Yet the antiquity of the place is sufficiently

marked by other ruins in the vicinity, the most noticeable of which are the remains of a nunnery on the banks of the Cluden, and Caerlaverock Castle, the ruined seat of the Maxwells, described by Sir Walter



CAERLAVEROCK CASTLE.

Scott in his tale of "Guy Mannering," and at the present time one of the finest ruins in the United Kingdom.

Dumfries is beautifully situated on the banks of the Nith, across which it communicates with its suburb, Maxwellen, by two bridges, one of seven arches as old as the thirteenth century. The princi-

pal structures are the churches and county buildings, a lunatic asylum, a theatre, a tower on the High street, the work of Inigo Jones, and a handsome Doric column, in the principal square, erected in 1780, in honor of Charles, Duke of Queensbury.



CHAPTER XVI.

SURPRISES.

BY the first train the next morning, I left Dumfries to join my friends in Glasgow. There are many lovely landscapes to delight the eye of the traveler on the way, particularly those along the course of the Crawick. A gentleman in the car I occupied, pointed out a few objects of interest as we proceeded: at one place, to the left, Drumlanrig Castle, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, and to the right, the Pass of Dalveen, through which lay the Roman highway from the vale of the Nith to the head waters of the Clyde; at another, near Sanquhar, the ruins of an old castle, famous in Scottish story as having been once captured by Wallace and again by Douglass; and at another, the castle of Auchinleck, where Samuel Johnson was entertained by the father of Boswell, his inimitable biographer.

It was still early when I left the station in the old barony of Gorbals, and entered Glasgow by the way of the Broomielaw Bridge. Thinking of my friend,

whom I was to meet in Miss Pender's parlor, I did not observe a group of fellows near the entrance to Jamaica street, until one of them left his companions and approached. He was young, a mere stripling, neatly dressed, and of good appearance. He smiled as he advanced, as though he were an old acquaintance. There was something familiar in his countenance, and yet I could not bring him to my recollection.

Perceiving that he was not recognized, he remarked, in the language of Lord Thurlow, "When I forget my *sovereign*, may my God forget me."

Though in the dress of a citizen, and in appearance very greatly improved, I knew him then ; it was the scape-grace, Tom Tackle, who had played the fatal trick upon poor Malta.

"Never mind them," said he, observing me glance at his companions. "There is nothing in common between us, except hatred for the first officer of the Columbia. If ever you hear that he has been beaten on the Broomielaw until his own mother wouldn't know him—but, mum !"

"I fear," said I, shaking my head, disapprovingly, "that you will get yourself into yet greater trouble."

With a light toss of his head, he replied, "On that score, give yourself no uneasiness. Instead, give me your address, that I may return you, when in my

power, (I am very sorry it is not now,) the two sovereigns I borrowed in the port of Londonderry."

As he was my countryman, and evidently under some sort of a cloud, which might suddenly burst into a storm over his head, I gave him my address, remarking that it was not so much to enable him to return the sovereigns, as to afford him an opportunity to find me should he at any time require assistance.

Touched by my kindness, he turned his face aside, and dropped a tear he could not suppress. Then, recovering himself, he thanked me; murmured a "Good-bye," joined his companions, and disappeared.

I resumed my course, wondering as I walked whether he had committed a crime and was a fugitive from justice. His name was not Tom Tackle, he was not a sailor by vocation—of these facts I felt satisfied. Who was he? whence was he?—why had he left his home? why assumed a fictitious name? why engaged in an employment of which he was ignorant?

In the consideration of these questions, which suggested themselves to my mind in quick succession, I forgot that my friend was waiting for me in Miss Pender's parlor, and walked on toward my own apartment. Presently the pretty serving maid came running after me, with a note from Bachelor. He had gone out to ride in the Green with Mortimer.

A little provoked, I entered my sleeping room.

where another great surprise awaited me—a letter. I took it up, and underneath was another, and under that another, and under that still another—one ! two ! three ! four ! I glanced at the superscriptions, not one of which was my wife's, not one of which was familiar. One after another, I tore them open hastily, and devoured their contents.

The first was from Mortimer, containing his compliments and an invitation to dine with him that day, at the Queen's, in George Square.

The next was post-marked Londonderry. "From Father McQuinlan," thought I ; "or, possibly, from Mr. O'Keeffe." Another surprise ! it was from Harry Musgrave.

It was a long letter, full of facts and fun, wit and wisdom, and lamentations for his lady-love. I pass over all except the facts which caused his lamentations. Having visited Blarney Castle, and kissed the veritable Blarney Stone, he had returned to Londonderry, fully prepared to overcome by his eloquence, every objection to his espousal of the "colleen bawn." What was his surprise on presenting himself at the door of the old stone mansion, to be informed by the house-keeper, a trusty old servant, that O'Keeffe and his daughter had sailed the day before for some place on the continent. The "young mistress," as the servant called her, was losing her health, and her

father had taken her to a softer climate, in the hope of her speedy recovery. But the exact place was forgotten, and neither silver nor gold availed to stimulate her recollection. Up to the time of writing he had been unable to regain any reliable information.

“O’Neil was right,” thought I. “O’Keeffe is crafty, and it will require something beside the virtue imparted by the Blarney Stone, to overcome—which-ever they are—his preferences or his prejudices.”

Not a word had been spoken of this journey a few days before when I was in Londonderry. At that time, the “colleen bawn” was in perfect health, and in high spirits. Had she fallen ill suddenly, or was illness an excuse for their sudden departure?

Meditating upon this thought, I opened the third letter, and was again surprised. It was from that “fine ould Irish gentleman,” O’Neil of Downpatrick. It was in answer to one I had written him on my arrival in Glasgow, thanking him for his many, many kindnesses. After a few counter-compliments, and a pleasant allusion to some of our astronomical researches, he mentioned Musgrave, who had spent the previous night at his house, and was then on his way to Londonderry.

“Upon my soul,” added the writer, “I pitied the poor fellow. I knew there was in store for him a bitter disappointment. Yet I dare not tell him, for I

had it in confidence. O'Keeffe is dead against him, and to make it easy for Nora, has taken her to Italy, under the pretence of seeing the country, where they will be joined in a few days by young O'Reilly. Of course you know what will be the result."

"Of course I do not," said I, in soliloquy. "If not mistaken in Nora M'Kenna, it will require more than the wit of O'Keeffe and the words of O'Reilly to control her hand, say nothing of her heart."

There was yet another letter, a dainty little missive, addressed by the hand of a lady. The post-mark was a dim impression, yet I could count the letters. I thought of the "winsome widow," but there were too many for Dalkeith; I thought of the "colleen bawn," but there were too few for Londonderry. There being no other way to determine, I opened the letter. Another surprise—a greater than any! It was Inverness, and the writer was the "ship's beauty," Mary MacGill.

"On board the Columbia," said the letter, "you did me very great injustice. I told you then the time would come when you would make due acknowledgment. Now I claim it at your hands, and offer you time and place and opportunity. Five days hence, at twelve o'clock, in the High Church of this city, there is to be a wedding, at which I am authorized to invite you to be present. The best friend I have on

earth is then to be married, and I am to stand up on the occasion."

There was no allusion to Bachelor, or anything to show that he had received a similar invitation. Uncertain of the fact, I resolved to say nothing, yet to induce him to bear me company.

As half the day was before me, I answered the letters I had received, and then called upon Mrs. Small and daughter, whom I found in excellent health and spirits, and charming in their conversation.

At the Queen's, Mortimer lived in fine style. The dinner was capital and the wine superb. A friend of his was present, Dr. Plunkett, also a Canadian. After dinner we had smoke and conversation, during which Bachelor casually proposed, for the next day, a trip to Inverness. The sly dog! he had received an invitation.



CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG THE ISLES.

AS Dr. Plunkett wished to descend the Clyde in a steamboat, that he might behold Dumbarton Castle ; and as Bachelor preferred the cars that he might remain an hour longer in bed, it was arranged that Mortimer should accompany his friend, and I mine, and all meet at Greenock.

As we crossed the Frith of Clyde, Plunkett was profuse in his praises of the castle, winding up with the declaration: "It possesses every natural advantage necessary to make it impregnable if properly defended."

As no one was inclined to dispute this assertion, he presently resumed: "On my return, I shall pay it a visit. I wish to see the great two-handed sword of Wallace."

"The sword of Wallace is a humbug."

These words were uttered by a little, old man, thin and wrinkled, who stood near our group, listening to Plunkett's praises of Dumbarton.

Of one accord we all regarded the obtruder with surprise, and Plunkett was about to reply, reprov-
ingly, no doubt, when he added: "Pardon me, sir.
The sword you refer to belongs to the reign of Edward
V., and was carried by that monarch when he entered
the city of Chester in state in 1475."

Turning to a Scotchman at my elbow, I inquired:
"Who is this man that is robbing your relics of half
their glory?"

"He is the Hermit of Skye," replied the Scotch-
man. "He is an antiquary, a man of remarkable
research, and—well, to say the least, he is oftener
right than wrong."

The presence of an antiquary among us, had a good
effect upon that class of persons who profess to know
everything with certainty. Opinions were sparingly
indulged, and facts stated with reasonable reserva-
tions; from which we realized the advantage of
correct information.

Our boat touched at Dunoon, a beautiful watering-
place, to the left of which is a green mound, sur-
mounted by the remains of Dunoon Castle, once a
royal residence, but at present the property of the
Argyle family, to which it passed in 1472. It was
besieged by the Earl of Lennox in 1554, and was
visited by Queen Mary in her progress to the High-
lands.

Passing Toward Point, where there is a lighthouse, we were shown, on the neighboring height, the ruins of Toward Castle, a structure of the fifteenth century, now covered with ivy and presenting a most beautiful appearance.

Elsewhere, I have spoken of Rothesay, and the ruins of the old royal castle near the harbor. Passing through the Kyles of Bute, we encounter on both sides the most beautiful scenery. On the island, near the village of Port Bannatyne, is an old fortified mansion, Kames Castle, which is still inhabited.

Rounding Ardlamont Point, we entered Loch Fine, the herring of which are celebrated for their flavor and fatness, and crossed over to Tarbet. The bays of Tarbet, distinguished as East and West, are only separated by an isthmus a mile in width, across which Bruce, on his way from Rachrin, drew his bark: thus alluded to by Scott, in his "Lord of the Isles: "

" Up Tarbet's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmconnel's shore,
Upon the Eastern bay."

Overlooking the town and harbor are the ruins of Tarbet Castle, built by Bruce, and occupied by him as a residence in 1326.

Leaving the steamer at Ardrishaig, we entered the Crinan Canal, which is nine miles in length and contains fifteen locks, and passed through a marshy tract

of country, to the Bay of Crinan. Proceeding thence, we were soon among the islands. Between Jura and Scarba, on our left, was pointed out the celebrated whirlpool of Corryvreckan, mentioned by Campbell, Scott, and other poets.

On the north side of the harbor of Oban, surmounting a rocky promontory, are the ruins of Dunolly Castle, the ancient seat of the McDougalls of Lorn; and farther north are the remains of Dunstaffnage Castle, ranked among the royal palaces, in consequence of its having been occasionally possessed by the early kings of Scotland. It is said that the coronation stone in Westminster Abbey, mentioned elsewhere in this volume, was transferred to Scone, from this ancient seat of royalty, by Kenneth II.

At Oban, we remained over night, that we might, on the following day, visit the ruins of Iona and the natural wonders of Staffa. Of that night,

* * * "But that I am forbid
To tell the secret, * * *
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would * * *
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres."

Bachelor, who was looking over my shoulder as I wrote this in my book of memorandums, added:

"But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood."

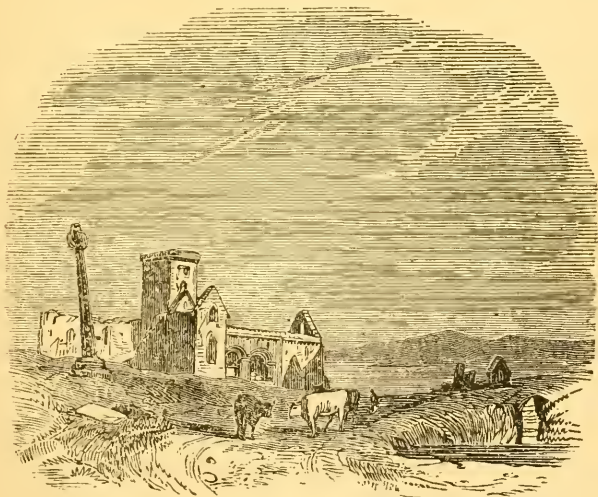
CHAPTER XVIII.

HUMAN AND DIVINE.

THE excursion to Staffa and Iona occupied an entire day. Leaving Oban, we passed Kerrera, a narrow rugged island with which are associated important recollections. It was here that Haco, King of Norway, met the island chieftains, who assisted him in his disastrous descent upon the coast of Scotland. Here Alexander II. died on his expedition in 1249. And here may still be seen the ruins of Gylen, an ancient fortification of the Danes.

There was nothing more of special interest, until we reached Iona, also called Icolmkill, (that is, the Isle of Columba's retreat,) a small but famous island of the Hebrides, about three miles in length and one in breadth. The origin of its celebrity is traced to the fact that, about the year 565, it was the residence of St. Columba, a native of Ireland, believed to have been buried, near St. Patrick and St. Bridget, in the cathedral of Downpatrick. This distinguished christian preacher founded an abbey in Iona, which was

celebrated in the Middle Ages, and long remained the chief seat of learning in the North, and the center of missionary enterprise undertaken by the Culdees. At the Reformation, the monks were displaced, and the



RUINS OF IONA.

island annexed to the bishopric of Argyle, by James VI. The nuns were allowed to remain, and continued to live together for a long time after that event.

These celebrated ruins consist of a cathedral, a nunnery, and a chapel. The principal edifice is the Cathedral of St. Mary, which is one hundred and sixty feet in length, sixty in breadth, and seventy in height to the top of the tower. St. Oran's Chapel,

which is about sixty feet in length by twenty in width, is the most ancient of these ecclesiastical remains. It is in the Saxon style of architecture, and is supposed to have been built by the Norwegians. The nunnery is the most modern of the ruins, and had no connection with the monastic institution. The style of architecture is Norman, such as was in vogue at the middle of the thirteenth century.

In time, by reason of its sanctity, the island obtained preference over all other burial-places in Scotland. No less than forty Scottish kings were buried here, besides many of the Lords of the Isles, among the latter MacDonald, whose tomb remains, and Ronald, whom Scott describes as

“The heir of mighty Somerled,
 * * * * *
 Lord of the Isles, whose lofty name
 A thousand bards have given to fame.”

Many Highland families of distinction buried their dead on the island, and erected votive chapels and stone crosses to their memory. At one time the island was adorned by three hundred and sixty of these crosses, only two of which remain at this day, the others having been thrown into the sea, about the year 1560, by order of the Synod of Argyle. The two that remain are St. Martin's, near the chapel, a beautiful specimen of antique carving, and MacLean's, another excellent specimen, though not quite so per-

fect, which stands between the cathedral and the nunnery.

About nine miles from Iona, is the island of Staffa, which is about two miles in circumference. It is composed in part of a ledge of conglomerate trap, and in part of compact columnar basalt, the rock at one place rising to the height of a hundred and forty-four feet. The coast is indented with numerous romantic caverns, the most celebrated of which are Fingal's Cave, Clam-shell Cave, Boat Cave, and the Cormorant's Cave. The latter two are small, and comparatively of but little importance. The second, which is the first approached, is thirty feet in height, eighteen in breadth at the entrance, and a hundred and thirty in length. On one side the columns recline, giving it the appearance of a pecten-shell, from which it derives its name ; on the other, the wall is formed of the ends of horizontal columns, resembling the face of a honeycomb.

The only one, however, which we were allowed time to visit, (the others we could only see in passing,) was Fingal's Cave. We landed from the steamer in small boats, and passing over a rugged causeway formed of truncated columns, which vary from twelve to thirty-six inches in diameter, descended by an uneven stairway a hundred feet in length, to its innermost recesses. The undertaking is difficult, and

attended with some danger, but must be accomplished before the grandeur of the cave can be appreciated.

It is a vast archway, nearly seventy feet in ^{the} height, two hundred and thirty in length, forty-two in width at the mouth, and twenty at the inner extremity.



FINGAL'S CAVE.

The face of the island and sides and arches of the cave, strongly resemble architectural designs. They are composed of countless complicated columns, similar to those of the Giant's Causeway. Indeed, the popular tradition connects these two places, and ascribes their construction to Fingal, or Fin McCoul, the giant.

Returning, we passed through the Sound of Mull, celebrated for its natural beauties, and for its histori-

cal and traditional associations. The shores are bold and mountainous, and on cliffs overhanging the sea are the ruins of many ancient castles. Mingarry, Aros, Ardtornish and Duart, the most noted of these, were residences of Lords of the Isles. The last mentioned was the seat of the chief of the powerful clan of MacLeans, infamous in song and history for having attempted his wife's destruction. He exposed her on a rock, since known as the Lady Rock, visible only at low tide, intending that she should be swept away by the flood tide; but her cries being heard by some fisherman, she was rescued and carried to her friends. MacLean, who gave out that she had died suddenly, was allowed to go through the ceremony of a mock funeral, but was shortly afterwards assassinated by the brother of the injured lady, Sir John Campbell of Calder.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE WEDDING PARTY.

AMONG the works of man in Scotland, next to the enlargement of the Clyde, the object most worthy of notice is the Caledonia Canal. It was my desire to pass through it, and I was happy when the invitation of Miss MacGill afforded me the opportunity. It is sixty miles in length from ocean to ocean, thirty-seven through natural sheets of water, and twenty-three cut as a canal, with a depth of seventeen feet. It is navigated by steamers.

A portion of the country through which we passed is highly interesting, while another portion has but little to attract attention. The scenery of Loch Linnhe, the Knolls of Appin on one hand, and on the other the hills of Morven, is highly romantic. Loch Oich, with its scenic surroundings, is unsurpassed for beauty and majesty.

From Ballachulish we proceeded by coach to Glencoe, which excels all the glens of Scotland in the gloomy sublimity of its scenery. Through a portion

of it sweeps the "dark torrent of Cona," on the banks of which was born the poet Ossian. Glencoe was the scene of the massacre of the clan MacDonald, by the English troops, after their submission—a most in-



GLENCOE.

famous treachery. The ruins of the houses of this nearly extinct clan is a scene of desolation.

Returning to the steamer, we proceeded to Benavie, passing Fort-William, originally built by Gen. Monk to overawe the disaffected Highlanders, but rebuilt on a smaller scale in the reign of William III. It was late in the afternoon when we reached Benavie, where we were obliged to remain until morning. During the day a mist had dampened my clothes (in America

I should say a rain had wet them), and I went to bed with a distracting neuralgia.

“I would not spend another such a night.”

The next morning, as the boat was about to leave the wharf, to my infinite surprise Donald Dinnie, covered with his many medals, stalked aboard and procured a passage for Inverness. Not for a moment did I doubt that he, too, was going to the wedding, on an invitation from “the ship’s beauty.”

“Ah! Mary MacGill,” I soliloquized, “how little room you have to upbraid me for having done you injustice on the old Columbia. If I charged you with coquetry, what is this but a proof of it?—an invitation to a string of admirers, to somebody’s wedding, that you may bring them again within the power of your bewitching influence.”

After we had got fairly under way, I informed Bachelor that his old rival was on board, and that he was going to Inverness. Startled by the news, he clapped his hand upon his breast; but I am uncertain to this hour, whether it was to still his heart or to make sure that he had his Derringer.

Dinnie, observing us, joined some friends on the other side of the vessel, and during the entire voyage, avoided a recognition.

Little of interest occurred until we reached the mouth of the Foyers river, where the boat stopped to

afford the passengers an opportunity to view the falls, the most magnificent in Great Britain.

There are two cataracts, the upper, thirty feet high, twice broken in its descent ; and the lower, quarter of a mile distant, about ninety feet high, descending in an unbroken sheet of dazzling whiteness, into a stupendous chasm, between gigantic rocks that rise sheer upwards to the height of forest trees. Professor Wilson once wrote : "It is worth walking a thousand miles for one hour to behold the Fall of Foyers."

At the distance of five or six miles, the ruins of Castle Urquhart, the last to surrender to Edward I., was pointed out to us ; and with that exception, I remember nothing of special interest until we reached Inverness.

Upon leaving the vessel, Dinnie proceeded at once to the High Church. Keeping him in sight, we found our way without difficulty. At the church, through the door of which he was about to pass, an old Scotch sexton laid his hand gently on the arm of the giant, and said, "Not without a card."

At first Dinnie was a little disconcerted, then taking from his pocket a dainty little letter, such as I had received at Glasgow, he opened it before the eyes of the old Cerberus, who immediately stepped aside and bowed in a most respectful manner.

Meantime, I observed Bachelor fumbling among a

batch of billets, with a scared look in his face, such as we sometimes see in that of a traveler, who discovers when about to pay his fare, that he has left his wallet behind under his pillow.

Presently, however, he fished out from the mass one that exactly resembled mine and Dinnie's, and presenting it, was immediately admitted, and his friends, with the marks of respect bestowed upon Dinnie.

An usher took us forward, and placed us in a pew with Dinnie, next to whom Bachelor was obliged to sit. They looked at each other, but there was nothing like a recognition.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the wedding party entered, headed by a lovely lassie and—do my eyes deceive me?—Sandy Stewart, the gawky Scotchman to whom Dinnie entrusted his baggage on leaving the Columbia at Moville. Behind them were another couple, who were followed by another, who were followed by yet another, and then—I fairly lost my breath!—the bridal pair—the handsomest man I had seen in Scotland, and on his arm, more beautiful than ever, the lovely Mary MacGill.

Before I had time to think, the nuptial rites commenced—a most impressive ceremony ; at the close of which the wedding party retired, and were immediately followed by the congregation.

"I think," said Dinnie, addressing Bachelor with a smile, "that the scene we have just witnessed ought to put an end to our foolish quarrel. Allow me to ask your pardon?"

Of all men, Bachelor is the least disposed to hold resentment, and to resist such a frank avowal of wrong, was quite beyond his power. In five minutes they were friends. Having introduced Mortimer and Plunkett, we all left the church together.

From the old sexton I learned something of the bridal pair. The groom was William Stewart, a young gentleman of education and wealth, and Mary MacGill was an orphan. She had received a superior education, but her father had squandered his patrimony, and at his death had left her poor, and dependent upon her own exertions. She and Stewart were engaged, but they had a lover's quarrel, which led first to their separation, and afterwards to her emigration to America. There she had been a governess, until Stewart, who could not leave his business, sent his brother to bring her back to Scotland.

"Now they are married," the old man added; "and, thanks be to God! on leaving the church they had the sunshine of heaven to light their footsteps to future bliss."

Indeed, it was so. There was a mist in the morning, a heavier mist at noon when the bridal party

entered the church ; but at the opening of the nuptial ceremony, the clouds broke away, and the sun burst forth in all the glory of his effulgence—by many people beside the old sexton, thought to be a good omen.

Repairing to the Union hotel, we ordered dinner, and while it was being prepared, drove to Culloden Moor, a vast desolate tract of table land, about five miles from the town, the scene of the final defeat of the Highland army under Prince Charles Stewart. From this battle field can be seen the castle of Dalcross, an old square tower, a hold of the Clan-Chattan. Returning, we passed the eminence on which stood the ancient castle in which Macbeth is supposed to have murdered Duncan.

Inverness is a town of great antiquity. The public buildings occupy an eminence on the south side of the town, the site of a castle erected by Malcolm Canmore, son of Duncan. In this castle James I. held a parliament, and for several centuries it was a royal fortress. It passed through many changes, and was eventually blown up by the troops of Prince Charles Stewart.

Our dinner was what we had ordered—the best the house afforded. It was served in courses, with wine. It was spiced with lively conversation. It was, in short,

“ The feast of reason and the flow of soul.”

CHAPTER XX.

IN MINE INN.

NVERNESS has many other places of interest, historical and traditional; but it was impossible to visit them that afternoon, as the mist of the morning, by the time our dinner was over, had returned in the more decided form of a pelting rain. I should have enjoyed another drive; I think the others were quite satisfied with their fate.

Here, one word more of Donald Dinnie. If I have hitherto said anything that could possibly give offence to him or his friends, I take it back without reservation; and I entreat, if they do me the honor to read these pages—as I have no doubt they will—that they will skip over all such passages. Dinnie—aside from a little self-importance, the result of the many brilliant successes he has achieved in the peculiar field of his ambition—is, socially, one of the very best fellows I met anywhere in all my wanderings.

The pleasures of that evening were, to say the least,

rich, rare and racy; but I have not space, and I regret I have not, to speak more at length

“Of joys that faded like the morning dew.”

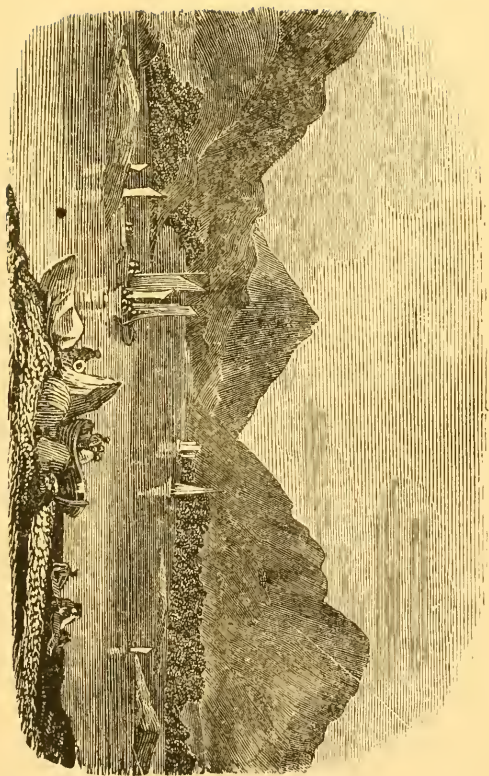
Though we left Inverness together, at the end of a few hours we were widely separated. At Fort-Augustus, Dr. Plunkett left us to enjoy a visit to the unique museum of Gordon Cumming, the great lion-hunter, consisting chiefly of skins, skeletons and horns of animals despatched by himself.

Near the mouth of Garry river, the ruins of Invergarry Castle, an ancient gathering-place of the clan MacDonell, was pointed out; and a short distance from Fort-William, the Castle of Inverlochy, where Montrose achieved one of his most decisive victories.

At Ballachulish our party divided, Bachelor and I diverging to Loch Lomond. At Oban, Mortimer and Dinnie were to separate, the former to proceed by way of Inverary to Glasgow, and the latter to follow the coast to Campbeltown, where he had friends.

Except the wild mountain scenery of Glencoe, and the scene of the massacre of the clan MacDonald, there was nothing worthy of notice on the route Bachelor and I had chosen, until we reached Tyndrum, not far from which King Robert Bruce was encountered and repulsed, after a severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. At the distance of about two miles, there is a cataract in the river Ettrick,

LOCH LOMOND.



called St. Fillan's Pool, where it was the custom, in former times, and even as late as 1844, to immerse lunatics, in the expectation of effecting a cure of their malady.

Again, there was nothing of interest until we reached Loch Lomond, the largest lake in Scotland, thus described by Scott in his novel of Rob Roy: "This noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains, while gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature."

At Inversnaid Mill, had we ascended the lake, we should have crossed the country to Loch Katrine, descending which the retainers of Roderick Dhu sang the spirited song, beginning—

"Hail to the Chief, who in triumph advances!
Honor'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the Tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!"

The valley between these lakes is celebrated as the home of Rob Roy, and the birth-place of his wife, Helen. In it is Inversnaid Fort, erected by the Government in 1713, to check the McGregors, where General Wolf, the hero of Quebec, once resided.

Descending the lake, we observed, along the shores, a number of fine seats, and the ruins of several ancient castles; the most noticeable of the latter being Luss, Barnachra, Lennox and Balloch. Nearly opposite Tarbet, at which the boat touches, is a cliff called Rob Roy's Prison, where that noted chieftain of his proscribed and nameless clan, formerly kept his prisoners until their ransom was paid.

Having reached the foot of the lake, we took the train to Bowling, and thence to Glasgow, where we arrived in the evening. After supper at our hotel, we dropped in at the Queen's to see Mortimer, and arrange for an excursion to Edinburgh; but to our surprise, he had not yet got back. Leaving our cards, we returned to the Argyle, and spent the evening, very pleasantly, with our Italian friends, the Count and Countess di Lavarello.



CHAPTER XXI.

NOT AT HOME.

AT an early hour the next morning, we repaired to the Queen's, but Mortimer had not returned. What had become of him? He ought to have reached home before Bachelor and myself, for he had a shorter distance to travel, and over a more expeditious route. At least, he had nothing to detain him beyond an hour or two at Inverary, while we had spent a day—one long to be remembered—on the lake and mountain of Lomond. Where was he detained? or whither had he turned aside? and for what purpose? It was needless to conjecture; it was sufficient that he was not at home.

As our time in Scotland was growing short, I was anxious to proceed at once to Edinburgh, lest I should be deprived of a visit—as I said, to the capital, but, as Bachelor added, to Dalkeith. It had been arranged between Bachelor and Mortimer, before we parted at Ballachulish, that whoever arrived back at Glasgow

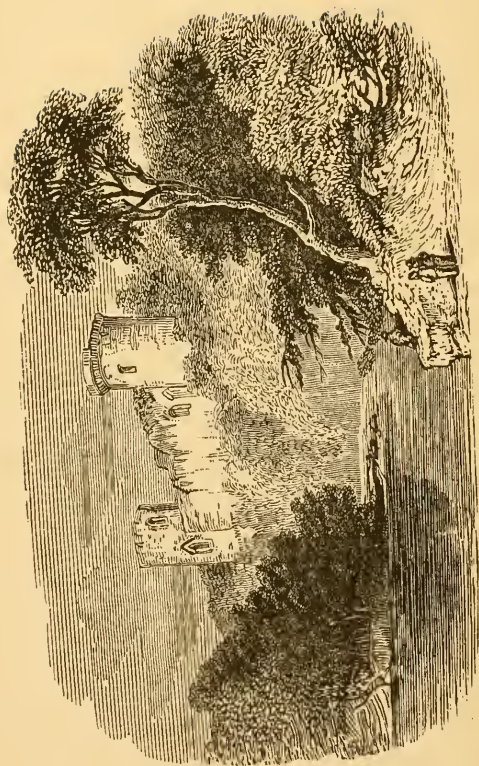
first, should wait the coming of the other, that they might visit the castle together, Mortimer being familiar with all the relics of noteworthy importance. Of course Bachelor could not disregard his engagement, yet unwilling to bereave me of the pleasure I anticipated, he proposed that I should proceed at once, and that we should all meet the next day at the Royal Hotel, opposite Sir Walter Scott's monument.

On the very next train I was off, by the way of Hamilton and Lanark, that I might enjoy a view of the magnificent ruins of Bothwell Castle and the falls of the Clyde.

From Hamilton I went on foot to Bothwell Bridge, the scene of the famous battle in 1679, between the Royal forces, under the Duke of Monmouth, and the Covenanters, in which the former gained an easy victory.

In the village of Bothwell, a little further on, are the remains of an ancient Gothic church, in which Robert, Duke of Rothesay, who was afterwards starved to death by his uncle, the Duke of Albany, in Falkland Palace, was married to a daughter of Archibald the Grim, Earl of Douglass.

Half a mile beyond the village, are the ruins of Bothwell Castle, now the property of the Countess of Home, to whom it receded, a few years ago, on the death of her uncle, Baron Douglass. It is a noble



BOTHWELL CASTLE.

structure, built of red free-stone, and consists of an oblong quadrangle, built in the Norman style of architecture. In length it is two hundred and thirty-four feet, by about a hundred in width ; and the walls, which are fourteen feet in thickness, are sixty in height. It contains an immense circular dungeon, twenty-five feet deep and twelve wide, called Wallace's Beef-barrel.

The origin of this castle is unknown ; it was first heard of in the time of Wallace. It then belonged to Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, who was the first nobleman to join the humble hero in his attempt to achieve the independence of his country, and the last to forsake him after his failure.

On the south side of the Clyde, directly opposite to Bothwell Castle situated on the brink of a perpendicular rock, are the ruins of Blantyre priory, alluded to in a fragmentary ballad of Scott :

“ If chance, by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,—”

Returning to Hamilton, I visited Hamilton Palace, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, which is said to contain the finest collection of paintings in Scotland. The park is truly magnificent, embracing a great variety of wild wood and water scenery, and the ruins of Cadyow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of

the family of Hamilton, near which are the remains of the Caledonia forest, the trees of which are twenty-five feet and upwards in circumference.

At Motherwell station, I took the cars again for Lanark, through "one uninterrupted series of grove, garden and orchard—a billowy ocean of foliage, waving in the summer wind, and glowing under the summer sun," and popularly known as "The Land of Fruits."

Between these places I noticed a number of handsome seats, and near the junction of the Nethan and the Clyde, situated on a single rock, overhanging the former stream, the ruins of the Castle of Craignethan, an extensive fortress, the seat of Sir James Hamilton, a man noted for his sanguinary character in the reign of Edward V.

Further on, where the channel of the river becomes narrow and rugged, is the Fall of Stonebyres, the first of the falls of the Clyde. It is a scene of great grandeur.

In visiting the other falls, I went first to Bonnington Linn, the uppermost, two miles from Lanark, by a path through the grounds of Bonnington House. Here the water falls over a perpendicular rock about thirty feet high, and then rushes on with fearful rapidity, through a chasm so narrow at one place that it might be stepped across. Half a mile below

is Corra Linn, the principal fall, and the grandest in appearance. Here the river makes three distinct leaps, together about eighty-five feet—next to Foyers the most magnificent cataract in Scotland.

Lanark is the place where Wallace commenced his efforts to free his country from the oppression of England. In the vicinity, a number of localities are identified with his name and exploits. In Bonnington House are preserved a curious chair upon which he is said to have sat, and his portrait.

There were many other places of interest in the neighborhood, some of which I desired to see, but had not the time required ; or,—

“ I make an open fair confession,
I scorn to lie ”—

I hoped to find something of equal or greater interest at Dalkeith, which I had promised to visit before leaving Scotland.

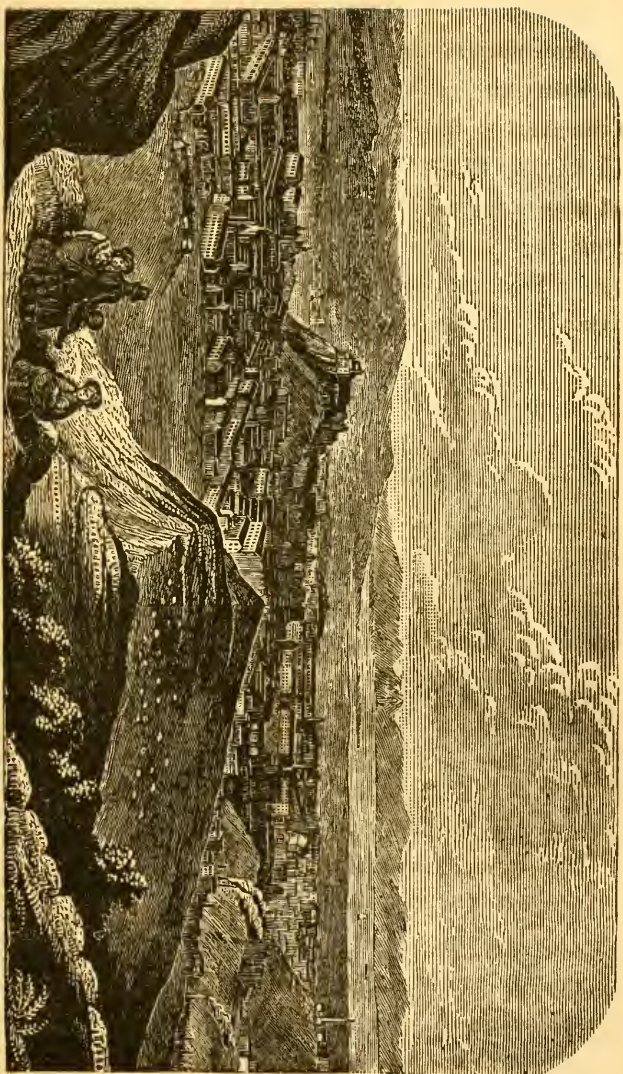


CHAPTER XXII.

THE MODERN ATHENS.

IT was night when I entered Edinburgh, and I was only able to see as “through a glass, darkly,” by the light of the street lamps. But even under such a disadvantage, I could perceive evidences of what I had been told, that there are no squalid suburbs, as in the other cities of the United Kingdom. For the most part, the abodes of poverty are confined to the many-storied buildings in the older portion of the city, out of sight of the stranger as he passes through the principal thoroughfares. It is said there is no city in the country in which the general standard of excellence is so well maintained.

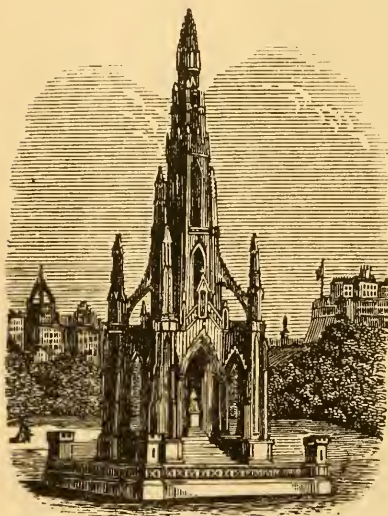
As it was late when I arrived, I dispensed with supper, contenting myself with a glass of ale and a bannock. Thinking it possible that on the return of Mortimer, he and Bachelor might set out at once to meet me in Edinburgh, I gave directions, should any one inquire for me, no matter at what hour, to give



CITY OF EDINBURGH.

me immediate notice. This done, I went to bed, and was soon where a tired man most delights to be, snug in the arms of Morpheus.

I left my bed at an early hour the next morning, and after a hearty breakfast to make up for the loss of my supper, sauntered forth on a tour of observation. Without any particular place in view, I entered the street ; where the first object that attracted my



THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

attention was the magnificent monument to Sir Walter Scott. The height is two hundred and ten feet, and a stair of two hundred and eighty-seven steps, conducts to a gallery at the top. There are between fifty and sixty niches, many of which are now oc-

cupied by sculptural impersonations of the author's principal characters. The marble statue of Scott, by Steell, is conspicuously placed in the monument.

After carefully viewing this superb structure, I took

a westward course, attracted by the beauty of Princes Street Gardens, and continued in that direction as far as the Lothian Road. On the way, I passed the Royal Institution, one of the handsomest modern structures in the city ; the Free Church College, also a fine edifice ; the New Club, an aristocratic association composed of noblemen and gentlemen ; and the Mound, formed by the deposition of the dirt taken from the foundations of buildings,—a convenient avenue between the Old and New Town.

In my stroll I also passed the Castle, but as I had promised Bachelor that we would visit it together, under the guidance of Mortimer, I turned aside to look at the old house of Allen Ramsey, author of "The Gentle Shepherd," and then resumed my walk in Princes street, at the end of which are two churches, St. John's Chapel, a beautiful Gothic structure, and St. Cuthbert's, a huge, unsightly pile, without regard to any style of architecture.

Thence I proceeded to Moray Place, the most elegant and fashionable portion of the New Town, celebrated for its architectural magnificence ; but though it must be confessed that the buildings are very costly, the uniformity of the style—the severe simplicity and massiveness—impart to them a monotonous if not a gloomy appearance.

After a glance at the Queen Street Gardens, another

of those pleasure grounds which add so much to the beauty of the city, I passed through Castle street, in which I saw the town residence of Sir Walter Scott, an ordinary house, and entered George street to behold the statues of Pitt, George IV., and Lord Melville. The first two of these, respectively at the intersection of Frederick and Hanover streets with George, are bronzes by Chantrey. The last, which is one hundred and fifty feet high, including the statue by which it is surmounted, graces the center of St. Andrew's Square ; on one corner of which stands the residence of David Hume, the historian, and on the opposite corner the house in which Lord Brougham was born.

As by this time the train from Glasgow had arrived, I hurried back to the Royal, in the hope of finding my friends ; but was disappointed—doubly disappointed, indeed, for not only had they not come, but they had sent me no letter or other information.

“Very well,” said I, to myself, a little chagrined at their neglect, “I shall take a stroll through the Old Town, and if they are not here when I return, then—Dalkeith !”



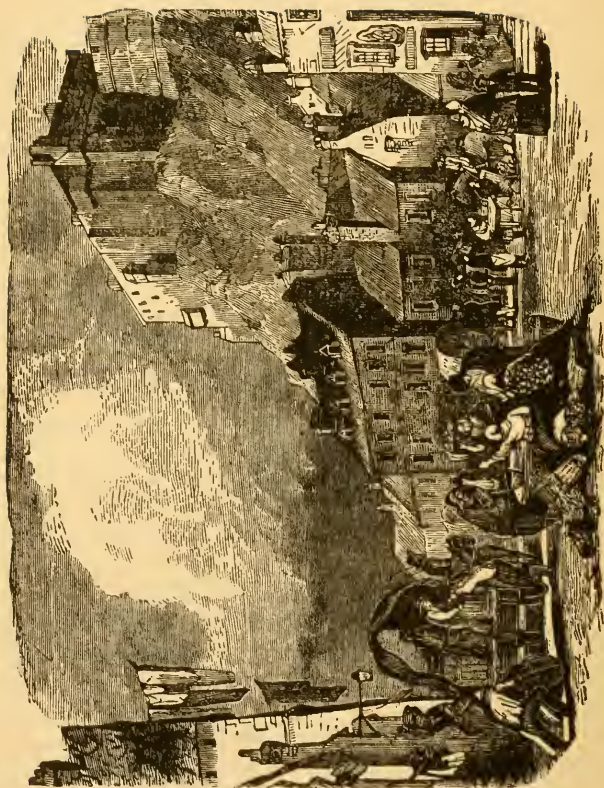
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE OLD TOWN.

PERHAPS I ought to have visited the Old Town first, but I had no one to guide me. Mr. Blaikie, whom I had met on the Clyde, was not in the city, and I had no other acquaintance. Left to myself, I turned my face toward the east, and by dint of inquiry, found my way to the most noted places in the older portion of the city.

Passing through Princes street I came to the Register House, a handsome edifice, forming a square of two hundred feet, and containing one hundred apartments for the transaction of business. In front of the building stands the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Steell—said to be, like his statue of Scott, a most faithful likeness.

Continuing eastward, I ascended Calton Hill, upon which are situated the old and new Observatories, and monuments to Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, and Nelson, the last a pillar of ponderous proportions. Near by are the twelve columns of the



OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH.

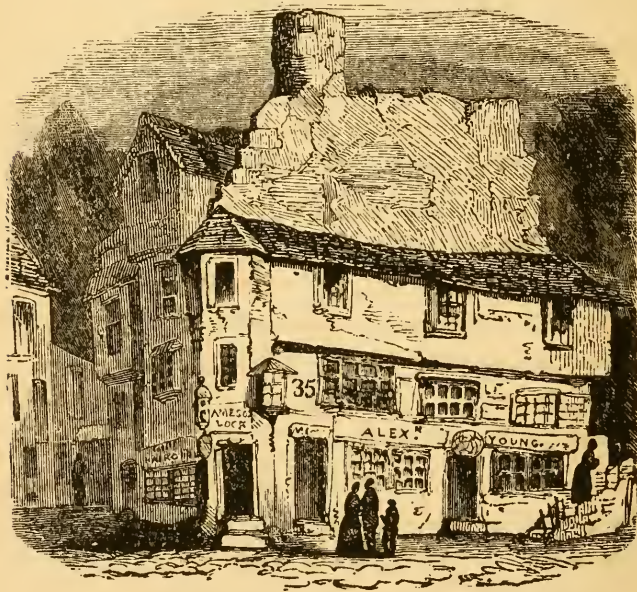
National Monument, a structure intended to be after the model of the Parthenon, for the commemoration of the heroes of Waterloo ; but for want of funds, it remains unfinished. It reminded me of the monument to Washington in the Federal City—in its present condition, a disgrace to the country.

From the top of Calton Hill, in the churchyard across the street, I noticed the circular tower erected as a monument to Hume ; and on the southern slope of the hill, a monument to Burns.

Descending by a foot-path to the North Back of the Cannongate, I found myself at Holyrood Palace, an ancient residence of Scottish Royalty. It is a handsome quadrangular building, with a central court ninety feet square. The front is flanked with double castellated towers, which give it a military appearance. The most interesting relics are the bed-chamber of Queen Mary, in the condition she left it; the cabinet where Rizzio, her secretary and favorite, was surprised and murdered ; and the stains of his blood on the floor, plainly visible after the lapse of two and a half centuries.

Of the Abbey of Holyrood House, founded in 1128, by David I., to commemorate his miraculous deliverance from the perilous attack of a stag, nothing remains but the mouldering ruins of the chapel. In this chapel, Charles I. was crowned in 1633 ; and in

the south-east corner, are deposited the remains of David II., James II., James V. and Magdalen his Queen, Henry Lord Darnley, and others of distinction. The precincts of the Abbey, including Arthur's



HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX.

Seat—from the summit of which I obtained some beautiful prospects of the city—and the Salisbury Crags, are a sanctuary for insolvent debtors.

Returning, I passed up the Canongate, by Queensbury House, in which Lady Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensbury, patronized Gay the poet; and by Moray House, the ancient mansion of the Earl of

Moray, in which Cromwell resided during his visit to Edinburgh—to the head of the Netherbow, where stands the house of John Knox, carefully preserved as in the time of the Reformation.

In the vicinity of this antiquated residence, particularly in High street and the lanes leading from it, are many houses of immense height, some of them containing no less than eleven or twelve stories. Some of these lanes do not exceed six feet in width, and the houses in them are the squalid abodes of the lowest of the population.

Farther up High street is Parliamentary Square—formed by the Parliamentary House, the Police Office, the Chambers of the Courts of Exchequer, the Advocates' and Signet Libraries, and St. Giles Cathedral—in the centre of which is an equestrian statue of Charles II., considered one of the best specimens of metal statuary in Edinburgh.

The origin of the cathedral is unknown; but it is of very great antiquity, since it is mentioned in a charter of David II., in 1359. Gavin Douglas, the Scottish poet, who translated Virgil, was at one time its provost. Within its walls James VI., before taking possession of the throne of England, delivered a farewell address to his Scottish subjects. Near the center of the south side the Marquis of Montrose and the Regent Murray are buried. On the outside of the northern wall is

the monument to Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms. And in the cemetery the remains of John Knox were deposited.

In the hall where the Scottish Parliament met before the Union—one hundred and twenty-two feet long and forty-nine broad—are two statues, one of Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, and the other of the eminent lawyer, Lord President Blair.

The Advocates' Library contains 150,000 volumes and 1,700 manuscripts, and the Signet Library 50,000 volumes.

Next the libraries is the County Hall, which contains a statue of Lord Chief Baron Dundas, by Chantrey. Opposite St. Giles is the Royal Exchange, containing the Council Chamber for the meetings of the Magistracy, and other places for the transaction of business. Farther on is a fine Gothic structure, called Victoria Hall, erected as a place of meeting for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

Thence I crossed George the Fourth's Bridge, and visited the Greyfriars' Church-yard, in ancient times belonging to the monastery of Greyfriars, which was situated in the Grassmarket. In this burying ground were interred George Buchanan, the Latin poet, Allan Ramsey, the Scottish poet, Principal Robertson, the historian, Dr. Black, the distinguished chemist, Dr.

M'Crie, the biographer of Knox, and other men of eminence.

In this neighborhood, are the City Poor's Hospital, George Watson's Hospital, and Herriot's Hospital ; the last one of the ornaments of the city, built in the Elizabethan style, from a design by Inigo Jones.

Passing through George's Square, at the close of the last century the principal place of residence of the higher ranks of the city,—among others the Countess of Glasgow, the Countess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Gordon, Hon. Henry Erskine, and Walter Scott, Esq., father of the novelist,—I proceeded by way of the Royal College of Surgeons, an edifice distinguished for its classic elegance, to the University.

Properly, this institution had its origin in a royal charter granted by James VI., in 1582. By the liberality of the King, and private benefactions, it rapidly advanced in importance, and in the eighteenth century attained a celebrity unsurpassed by any similar institution in Europe. The present edifice is of a quadrangular form, having two sides of three hundred and fifty-eight feet, and two of two hundred and fifty-five feet, with a spacious court in the centre. The eastern front is adorned with a portico, supported by Doric columns, each a single stone twenty-six feet in height. The library room, by far the finest in Scotland, is graced by the statue of Burns by Flax-

man. The number of students range from a thousand to twelve hundred.

I had a desire to visit the library, but it being the hour when another train was due from Glasgow, I denied myself the pleasure, and hastened again to the hotel, that I might be there to welcome my friends. But though I looked anxiously as each passenger arrived, neither Bachelor nor Mortimer put in an appearance. I waited nearly an hour, to afford them the amplest time necessary ; and then, thoroughly vexed, I scribbled a hasty note to Bachelor, informing him that I had gone to Dalkeith.



CHAPTER XXIV.

AT DALKEITH.

IT was not yet dark when I arrived at the town of Dalkeith, the residence of Alexander Fraser, and the temporary abode of his sister, Mrs. Maxwell. In the vicinity of Dalkeith there are many places of celebrity, worthy of an excursion from the capital; some of which, it will be remembered, Mrs. Maxwell held out to us as an inducement to visit her brother. But if I were to assert that it was these objects I went to see, I fear no one would believe me, though I have gone many miles out of my way to visit places of far less interest. Perhaps it is better that I should not attempt to disguise the fact, that it was the “winsome widow” attracted me in that particular direction. Had it not been for her, I should have gone to Melrose instead, to visit Abbotsford, the seat of Sir Walter Scott, and to behold by moonlight the finest

specimen of Gothic style and sculpture ever erected in the country, the ruins of the Abbey :

“ If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.”

At the same time, I wish to be rightly understood in this delicate matter. The steamer in which we were to sail for Italy, would leave Glasgow in a very short time—two or three days at most—and this was the only way in which I could further what I conceived to be the highest interests of my friend Bachelor. It was my hope that, on his arrival in Edinburgh, he would follow me to Dalkeith, and become convinced of the absurdity of the views he entertained on the subject of monogomy. My observation leads me to believe there is no argument so powerful where this subject is under discussion, as the soft light of bright eyes and the gentle rippling of ruby lips.

I was saved the trouble of inquiring the way to the residence of Mr. Frazer, that gentleman being at the station when the train arrived. He was very cordial in his welcome, and expressed the hope that I had come to spend at least a sennight.

The residence of Mr. Frazer was an old fashioned • house, with a wide hall in the center, and spacious apartments on each hand, one of which was the parlor.

In this room, when I entered, were two women, the "winsome widow" and Mrs. Frazer, the latter also young, and handsome of a certain style by some much admired.

Never before had the widow appeared to such advantage in my eyes. On board the ship she had dressed becomingly of course, but in a subdued, sorrowful style. But now she was "arrayed in purple and fine linen," and looked as though she "fared sumptuously every day." She was enchantingly beautiful.

Of course she inquired after my "friend Bachelor," but only in a complimentary way; in his welfare, evidently, she was not in the least interested. I endeavored to make him the subject of conversation, but failed to elicit any favorable responses. She did not even so much as inquire why he had not borne me company.

The next morning being pleasant, Mr. Frazer took me to see some of the noted places in the neighborhood, Mrs. Frazer and Mrs. Maxwell bearing us company. The conveyance, though not overstylish, was comfortable, there being two seats, the one in front occupied by Mr. Frazer and wife, and the other by the widow and myself. The horses were fresh and fast, and "did fly upon the wings of the wind." In the main, the roads were good; but here and there

was a rut, into which Mr. Frazer drove with the same headlong speed, displacing both ladies at times, but more frequently the widow, who, being slight, was thrown into my arms so often, that I really felt for her.

Our drive extended from Dalkeith Palace, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, a large, inelegant building, between the North and South Esk, near their confluence, to New Hall, once the residence of Dr. Penny-cuik, the antiquary and poet, the vale of which is supposed to be the scene of Allan Ramsay's pastoral drama, "The Gentle Shepherd." This house contains, beside an extensive collection of excellent paintings, a number of Roman antiquities, found in Britain, and the coat worn by Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie.

Passing Melville Castle, built by Harry Dundas, first Viscount Melville, we came to Hawthornden, the home of Drummond. Here Ben Johnson, who traveled from London on foot, to visit his fellow poet, resided with him for several weeks. It is one of the most picturesque places I saw while in Scotland.

Next we visited Roslin Chapel, and the ruins of Roslin Castle. The latter stands on a peninsular rock, overhanging the glen of the Esk, and separated from the adjacent ground by a deep cut in the solid rock, across which is a high bridge. This castle, long

the abode of the St. Clairs, Earls of Caithness and Orkney, was burned by the Earl of Hertford, in 1544.

Roslin Chapel, founded in 1446, by William St. Clair, Lord of Roslin, to use another's description, "contains the solidity of the Norman with the minutest decorations of the latest species of the Tudor age." One of its chief ornaments is the "Prentice's Pillar," an exquisite piece of workmanship. "It is said that the master builder of the chapel, being unable to execute the design of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome, that he might see a column of a similar description which had been executed in that city. During his absence his apprentice proceeded with the execution of the design, and, upon the master's return he found this finely ornamented column completed. Stung with envy at this proof of the superior skill of his apprentice, he struck him a blow with his mallet, and killed him on the spot."

Returning, we passed Dalhousie Castle, a structure of great antiquity, but somewhat modernized, situated in the midst of romantic and beautiful scenery; and Newbattle Abbey, a mansion that stands on the spot formerly occupied by the Abbey of Newbattle, founded by David I. for a community of Cistercian monks.

We arrived back at Dalkeith in time for dinner,

not an incident having occurred to mar the pleasures of the day, if I except the occasional displacement of the widow in my arms ; and even that I should have regarded as a pleasure—out of mere politeness, of course—if it had not occasioned her so much embarrassment.

Hoping to find Bachelor at Dalkeith, I was disappointed. I had written to him to come, but he had paid no heed to my request. Indeed, it was three days before I heard from him, and then I received a package of letters.

In the meantime, I had done little except enjoy the sweet society of the widow—a vivacious, intelligent, cultivated woman. But I scrupulously, conscientiously, religiously avoided anything like tenderness.

I opened first a note from Bachelor, anxious to ascertain why he had not come to Dalkeith. It informed me that Mortimer had been attacked with rheumatism and detained two days at Inverary, and that now there was not time, as the *Sidonia*, in which we were to have passage, would sail on the day after the morrow.

Having read this letter, I handed it open to the widow, who glanced at the contents, blushed and then turned pale, and finally settled into a reverie.

“I wish you could bear us company ?” I remarked, presently. “It would afford us the highest pleasure.”

I was still in hopes of bringing her and Bachelor together.

“My brother has often wished to visit Italy,” she said, “and this would be a favorable opportunity ; but I fear he can not arrange his business on so short a notice.”

“Have him try.” I said no more, for I saw that the matter was settled—they would go. Mr. Frazer was a dealer in the grain market, and his business would not suffer from a short interruption. Of course Mrs. Maxwell would defray all expenses.

The next letter was from my wife. It would have been the first, had I supposed one possible from her at Dalkeith. In the joy of the moment, I handed it also to the widow, who perused it carefully, growing gradually paler as she proceeded, until at the foot of the third page she fell from the chair she occupied to the floor in a fit of syncope. Mrs. Frazer, who was in the room, called for assistance, and ran herself for a glass of water and a smelling-bottle, while I lifted the sufferer to a sofa.

Withdrawing from the apartment, I resumed the perusal of my letters, several of which were from friends at home. Another was from Harry Musgrave, who, if he did not accompany me on the passage to Italy, as he hoped, would meet me at Naples, or leave a letter for me there at the office of the American

Consul. Another still was from Tom Tackle, who informed me that he was in the Glasgow prison, charged with assault and battery on a respectable merchant, who had been beaten badly in the Broomielaw, in mistake for the first officer of the Columbia.

Mrs. Maxwell was not at the lunch table ; the first time during my brief stay at Dalkeith. But she made her appearance when I was about to take my departure ; still enchantingly beautiful, but pale and sad, and evidently disappointed.

“ If you are ever again in Scotland,” said she, with charming sincerity, “ come and see us ; and if I return to live in Brooklyn, I shall be glad to see you there. But we must part for the present, as my brother can not possibly leave his business. Besides, I should not like to meet your friend again. I might excuse him for passing himself as a married man, but never for having deceived me into the belief that you were unmarried.”



CHAPTER XXV.

FAREWELL TO SCOTIA.

THERE was a note for me at the Royal, from Bachelor, who, uncertain of the time of my arrival, had gone with Mortimer to Leith, intending to return by railway. As Leith was the port of the capital, the oldest and for many years the only port in Scotland, I thought it worthy of a visit. In its early history it had been the scene of many military operations, and had been repeatedly burned, and its shipping carried off or destroyed. Yet it contains few antiquities of interest, the most noticeable being the churches, North and South, founded near the close of the fifteenth century.

At Leith I found Mortimer, who had some business there ; Bachelor had gone on to Newhaven. As there was time sufficient, we continued on to the latter place, a small fishing village about a mile farther up the Frith of Forth. The inhabitants of this village are a hardy race, who rarely intermarry with any other class. Nearly all the males are fishermen, and nearly

all the women venders of fish in the markets and streets of Edinburgh.

On the way, Mortimer related to me his adventures



FISHWIVES OF NEWHAVEN.

after our separation at Bal-lachulish. His attack of rheumatism was slight, and his delay but the fraction of two days, in all, about twenty

hours. He had joined Bachelor the day I left, and they had been two full days in Edinburgh.

At first I was disposed to be a little vexed, as they might have joined me at Dalkeith, a thing I particularly desired. Mortimer assured me that Bachelor was inflexible in his opposition, giving as a reason that he was a monogamist, and that there was a pretty widow at Dalkeith, in whose society he was afraid to trust either himself or his principles.

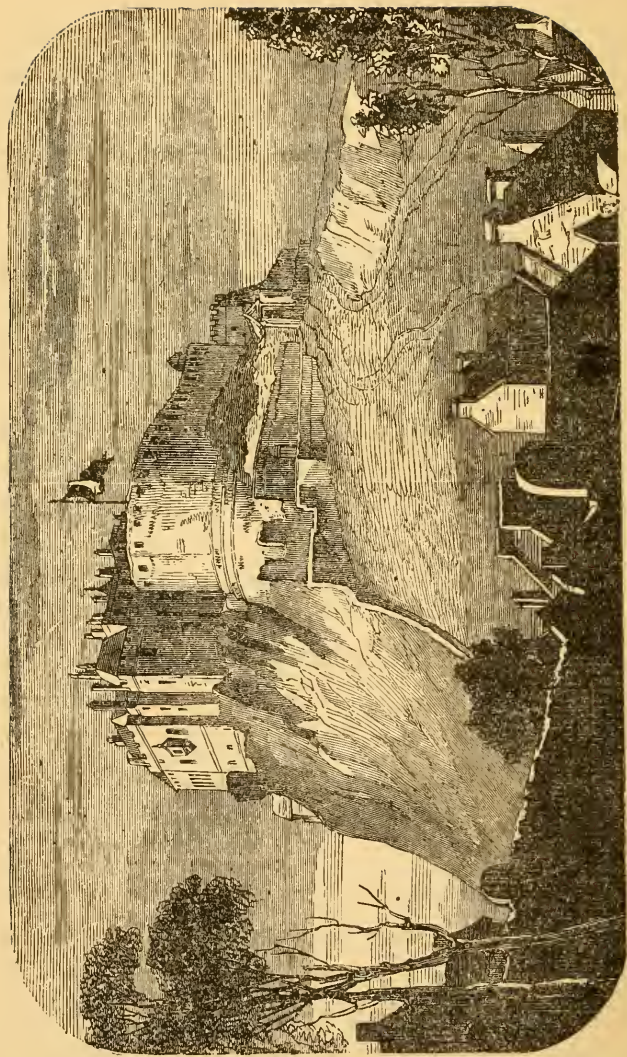
“O,” thought I, “what fools there are in that family of Bachelors!”

At Trinity, the Newhaven railway station, we found Bachelor waiting patiently for the train from Granton Pier. He was surprised to see Mortimer there, and

still more to see me, whom he thought at Dalkeith. Though inclined to upbraid him for his selfish disrespect to the widow, I thought it better to avail myself of his confession to Mortimer, and merely expressed regret that he had not been there to share my enjoyment.

It requires the time of but a few minutes to pass from Newhaven to Princes Street Station. Thence we proceeded direct to the Castle, at the head of High street. It is situated on an elevated basaltic rock, at the extremity of the central ridge upon which the Old Town is built, three hundred and eighty-three feet above the level of the sea, and is separated from the city by an esplanade three hundred and fifty feet long by three hundred feet wide, defended on the north and south by a parapet. It consists of a series of irregular fortifications, before the invention of gunpowder deemed impregnable. Writers differ as to the origin of the fortress, and the name it bears. "I incline to the opinion," said Mortimer, "that it was a fortification of the Picts, as early at least as the fifth century."

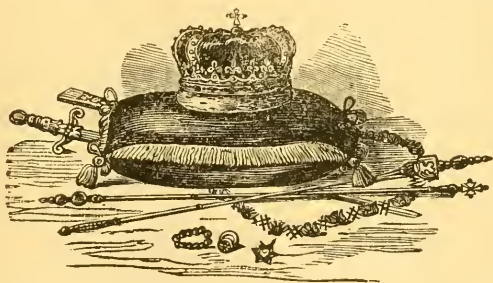
In the earlier periods of Scottish history, this fortress experienced many vicissitudes, and at different times was in the possession of various powers. Its fortifications were demolished by Bruce, rebuilt by Edward III., and since from time to time altered and



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

strengthened to render it capable of resisting the improvements in civilized warfare. At the present time it contains accommodations for two thousand soldiers, and its armory affords space for thirty thousand stand of arms.

On the north side of the esplanade is a bronze



SCOTTISH INSIGNIA OF ROYALTY.

statue to the memory of the Duke of York, son of George III., and uncle to Queen Victoria. After crossing the moat and lower guardroom, we came to the prison in which the Earl and Marquis of Argyle were kept previous to execution, and in which many of the followers of Prince Charles Steward were afterwards confined.

A long steep stair leads to the Crown Room, in which are contained the ancient Regalia of Scotland, consisting of a crown, sceptre, sword of state, and several other articles of bijoutry.

Queen Mary's Room is approached by a passage

just beyond the Crown Room. It is irregular in form, and of very small dimensions, measuring not more than eight feet square, with a recess of about three feet at the window. In this room is an oak arm-chair which was there when James was born, and a piece of a thorn tree planted by Mary during her confinement at Lochleven.

The objects next in interest are the vaulted dungeons, hewn out of the solid rock, in which the French prisoners were confined; the great gun, Mons Meg—length thirteen feet, circumference seven feet six inches, calibre twenty inches—a relic of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but the origin of which is not satisfactorily settled; and St. Margaret's Chapel, believed to be eight hundred years old, but unquestionably the oldest building in the city. This was the private chapel of Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III., (daughter of Edward the Outlaw, and grand-daughter of Edmund Ironside), sometimes characterized as the patroness of Scotland.

In the armory are preserved many weapons of warfare and articles of armor of the olden time—head-pieces, breast-plates, shields, Lochaber axes, a complete coat of mail worn by one of the Douglasses in the time of Cromwell, and a dagger carried by the celebrated Rob Roy.

Our time was so short that, had it not been for the

presence of Mortimer, who was familiar with the Castle and nearly every object within its walls, we should have derived but little pleasure from our visit. As it was, we were obliged to pass by some things worthy of notice and mention.

On my return to Glasgow, I went directly to the prison, to see Tom Tackle, who had appealed to me as his only friend. He was confined in a damp cell, and seemed to be in a very wretched condition. But the charge against him was not as serious as I anticipated ; he was accused of being an accomplice, and the evidence was only circumstantial. With the help of the American Consul, the accuser was induced to withdraw the charge, but on condition that Tom would leave Glasgow in the first vessel for America.

Hoping something from the discovery of the fact that Bachelor was afraid to trust himself with the "winsome widow," I wrote a letter to Mr. Frazer on my return to the hotel, urging him to accompany us on our voyage ; or, if there was not time enough for him to reach the vessel at Glasgow or Greenock, to join us at his convenience in Italy.

In the evening I called upon Mrs. Small and daughter, to thank them again for their kindness, and bid them good-bye. Bachelor sent his regards and regrets, but spent the evening with Mortimer and Plunkett, who had returned, at the Queen's. I was

expected to complete their party, but finding the society of the ladies agreeable, it was late before I arrived. Still, I was in time for the last bottle, on opening which I proposed—

“Farewell, old Coila’s hills and dales !”
Her heathy moors and winding vales.”

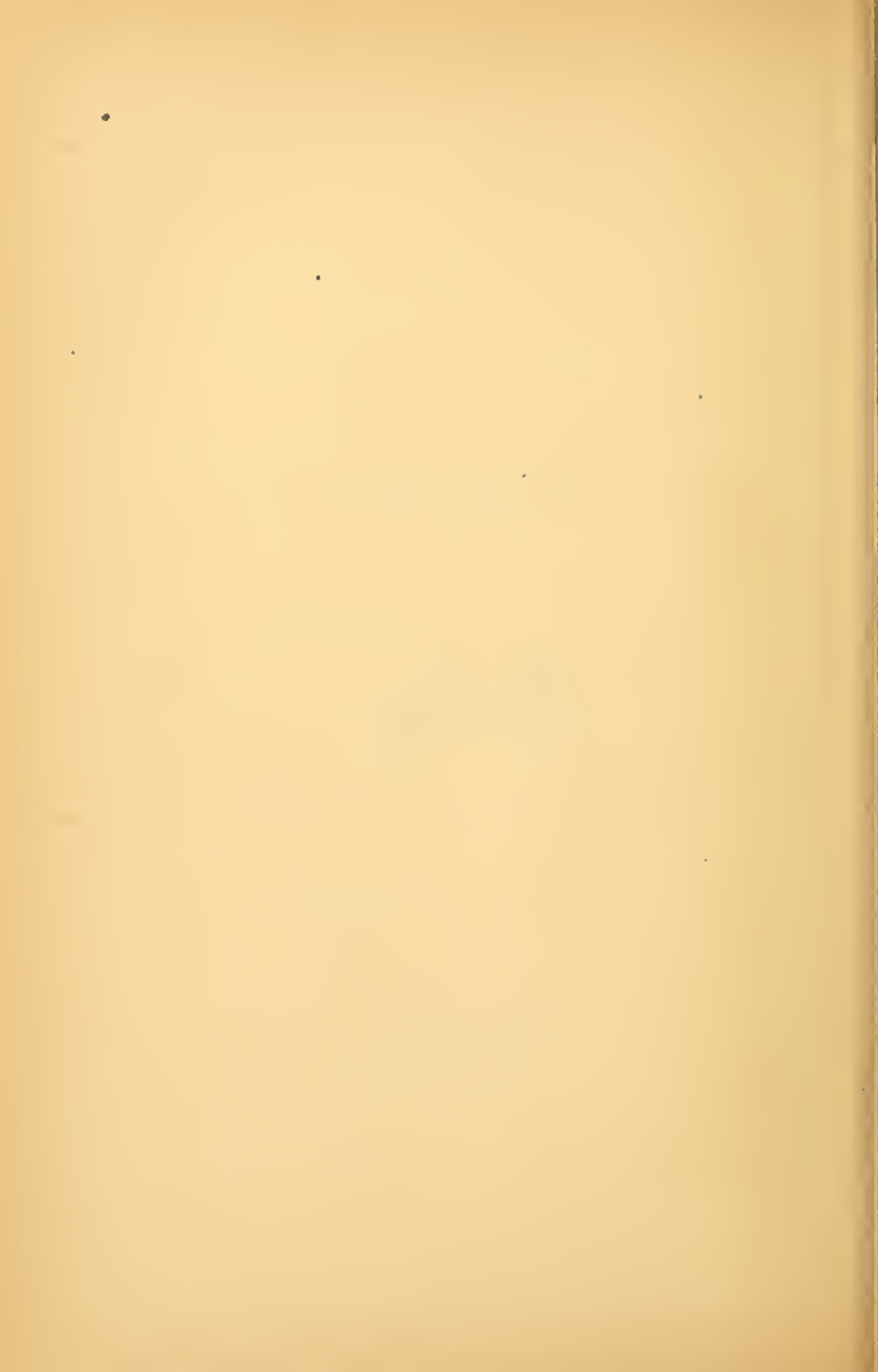
The next morning Mortimer and Plunkett, who were well acquainted with Captain McCoy, accompanied us as far as Greenock, where we met Dinnie on his return from Campbeltown. Of the little time we spent there together, I can only say that it was lively beyond description. A toast to “the ladies,” proposed by Bachelor, was followed by others, to “the captain’s wife and daughter,” “the ship’s beauty,” “the winsome widow,” “the orthodox old lady of Belfast,” and “the blind lady who introduced the conundrums,” and a parting glass, suggested by Mortimer, to

“Italia ! Oh Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.”



PART IV.

Italy.



CHAPTER I.

WIND AND WATER.

ALTOGETHER, our voyage to Italy was not a pleasant one. We had a few fine days, but we had more that were disagreeable and dangerous. In the afternoon of the third day, we encountered a gale with rain and a heavy sea. This weather continued for nearly four days, with increasing violence. The second day a heavy sea broke on board, fore and aft, and the passengers were confined to the cabins. The next morning there was a succession of squalls, and to use the language of the seamen, we shipped a great deal of water, so that it became necessary to shift the cargo. Now the passengers were somewhat alarmed, and not without good reason as it seemed to me, though the captain assured us there was no occasion for any serious apprehension. This day we made but sixty miles. Toward night the gale began to moderate, and by the afternoon of the next day, had in a great measure subsided.

The following morning, how happy were all on

board! There was a slight breeze, just enough to clear away the clouds. The sun was as bright and beautiful as on a day in mid-summer. The waves had so far spent their strength, that most of the passengers began to recover their stomachs. Confidence and cheerfulness were restored, and before evening

“All went merry as a marriage bell.”

After this, for a week, we had delightful weather—sunshine by day, and moonlight by night. The evenings were particularly pleasant, and a portion of them—indeed, the greater portion—were spent upon the deck, sometimes until midnight. There were quite a good many passengers, mostly Italians and Spaniards. Such of them as had friends, spent the time in conversation; and such as had none, seemed to enjoy themselves in solitude. The conversation being in the Italian and Spanish languages, with which Bachelor and I were then wholly unacquainted, we could not even play the part of intelligent listeners. Twice or thrice for an hour the count came on deck after sundown, but his wife, who was again the victim of nausea, was seldom seen during the voyage.

Among the passengers there was not one who could speak English intelligibly, if I except the Count and Countess di Lavarello, who, as I have already said, spoke it with difficulty. There was a young Italian

woman, who understood and spoke a few expressions in common use, as the ordinary salutations—good morning, good evening, and the like; but was unable to hold a conversation. These facts came to our knowledge quite by accident.

I think it was on the third day of the gale. A squall turned the vessel upon her beam ends, and so suddenly that nearly everything was violently displaced, and some of the passengers thrown from their feet, their seats, and even their berths. At the moment, the Italian woman, whose name was Lauretta Leonaldi, was crossing the cabin to reach her stateroom. The lurch of the vessel hurled her from her feet, and had it not been for Bachelor, who was near her at the moment, she must have been dashed against the opposite side of the cabin, and severely injured.

With one arm around a post to keep himself from falling, he caught her in the other, and held her safely until the vessel had righted itself. It may be that he held her a trifle more closely than was absolutely necessary; but in the excitement incident to a storm, what man, particularly a young man, can be expected to gauge the character of his assistance as he might under other circumstances? I presume the lady took this view of the case, for she thanked him in tones as musical as the notes of a harp. She spoke in Italian, but perceiving that she was not understood, re-

peated what she had said, as well as she could, in English.

It was bad English—indeed, it was very bad, judged by the rules of pronunciation and grammar—but it was good enough for Bachelor, who had not been in love, so far as I know, since the wedding of Miss Mary MacGill. But the dulcet tones of the liquid voice, the soft smile of the rosy lips, the fiery glance of the flashing eye—in a word, he fell head and ears in love before I could count ten on my fingers.

The next morning, immediately after breakfast, he commenced the study of the Italian language, but under the pretence of teaching the count English; and in the evening, he employed all the words and phrases he had obtained of his pretended pupil, in an endeavor to converse with the Italian woman. This happened not only on that evening, but on every succeeding one until we reached the Gulf of Lyons.

Deprived of the society of Bachelor, and unable to converse with any other of the passengers, except now and then a little with the count, I procured a book of easy lessons in the same language, from the first officer of the vessel, and during the day endeavored to acquire a little knowledge of the rudiments. The evenings I spent chiefly in the society of the officer mentioned, who was a very agreeable and entertaining companion.

One night, after most of the passengers had left the deck, observing that he was sad and absent, I was about to follow their example, when he begged me to remain, as my presence, it being the anniversary of his wedding day, would preserve him from a fit of melancholy. He had related to me many incidents of his life, which were full of romance, and this reference to his marriage led to the history of that event.

“At one time,” said he, “while captain of a British East Indiaman, I had among my passengers the celebrated Lady Franklin, and a young lady, the daughter of a British officer. The latter, under the protection of the former, was on her way to Cape Town, to join her brother, then in the employ of the East India Company, both her parents being dead.

When a young man her father had been affianced to the daughter of a wealthy gentleman residing on the Isle of Man. The wedding day had been announced, but in consequence of the sudden death of her father, was postponed. Soon after, her relations, anxious to get possession of her property, by some unfair means procured her admission into a nunnery, where she was kept under close surveillance; and then gave out that she had voluntarily renounced the world, and retired to a convent. Disbelieving the statement, the officer made many fruitless efforts to discover her place of concealment. At length, giving

up in despair, he applied for active duty abroad, and though he preferred India, accepted Gibraltar, which, for a time, afforded sufficient novelty. When he grew tired of his companions and their amusements, and of the city and its curiosities, he made excursions into the country, and employed his time in taking crayon sketches.

“On one of these occasions, he paused in front of a nunnery, to make a sketch of the building, when his attention was attracted by a young woman at one of the upper windows. She was visible for only a moment, but long enough to be recognized as his own beloved. That night, with another officer as brave as himself, he scaled the walls of the nunnery, and carried her off by force, and at a later hour the same night, married her in Gibraltar.

“The companion of Lady Franklin was the daughter of this devoted couple. To shorten the rest of my story, suffice it to say that I fell in love with her, and my love being reciprocated, our betrothal was approved by Lady Franklin. In time, we were married, and her wealth enabled me to quit the sea. For a while we lived in ease and affluence, then fell suddenly into embarrassment. But I must not forget my wife's injunction—

“‘Tread lightly on the ashes of the dead.’

“Her brother, in coming into possession of his

property, fell into profligate habits, and having 'wasted his substance in riotous living,' had resource to his sister, who helped him with large sums of money, and finally, to save him from prison, mortgaged her estate. Of these facts I had no knowledge until the first payment fell due, with no money to meet it. In the meantime, he had died in America.

"There was no alternative, so I returned to the sea. My next voyage will be as master of a vessel. In three or four years I hope to clear the estate.

"In fifteen years this is the first time I have been absent from my wife and children on the anniversary of my wedding day."

Toward the close of the story he cut it short in several places, and finally brought it to an abrupt termination. Attentive to the narrative, I had not observed, as he had, a sudden change in the weather. For an hour or more the moon had been playing hide-and-seek among the clouds; now it had entirely disappeared, and the sky was covered with a dense black cloud, from zenith to horizon.

I knew by the preparations that were immediately made, that a storm was anticipated. But, with all I had experienced, I had little conception of a storm at sea. In a few minutes—a very few it seemed to me—we were struck by a gale with such force that the vessel was nearly capsized. Many of the passen-

gers, in a sound sleep, were thrown from their berths, and nearly everything on board was turned topsy-turvy.

Meanwhile, the waves began to break over the vessel. The first one lifted me from my feet, and left me sprawling on the deck. I recovered myself as quickly as possible, but before I could lay hold on anything, a second carried me toward the stern of the ship with irresistible force. Conscious of my condition, I clutched for the rigging, but nothing came within my reach. The ship and wave were moving in opposite directions, and I was riding on the top of the wave. Suddenly I was seized by the skirts of the coat, just as I was plunging headlong into the Gulf of Lyons. A moment more, and Mrs. Benedict would have been a widow.

Going below, comparatively a place of safety, I found the passengers in great consternation, and certainly not without reason, for the sea was heavy and we were shipping large quantities of water. By morning it became necessary to shift the cargo again, but even that did not save it from damage. Nearly all the baggage of the passengers, my own included, was ruined. This, however, was a secondary consideration, and not thought of until all danger was over. The storm lasted for nearly two days, and did our vessel such damage that we were obliged to seek safety in the harbor of Leghorn.

CHAPTER II.

DURING THE DELAY.

IT was about half-past eight o'clock in the morning when we anchored in the outer mole of Leghorn. As the vessel would be there for several hours—in point of fact, it was detained for nearly thirty-three, or until five o'clock the next day—a boat was lowered to convey such passengers ashore as desired to visit the city. Of course I was one, and I supposed Bachelor would be another; but he excused himself on the ground of indisposition. It is true, he had been very sick during the last storm; but so had I, and of the two, I was suffering more from its effects. Yet I was resolved to go, as I might not have another opportunity. But he was inflexible in his decision; to keep nothing back—he has no wife to grow jealous at his gallantries—he preferred the society of the handsome Italian woman, whom he had not seen until a few moments before the boat was lowered, since the evening preceding the storm.

To my surprise, however, among the first to enter

the boat was Count di Lavarello. He was going on shore to notify his brother at Genoa, by telegraph, of his arrival at Leghorn. He expressed gratification at having my society, and I was truly delighted with his, as he knew every noteworthy object in the city, and what was equally to the purpose, proposed to accompany me in my ramble.

In one respect, Leghorn is ancient; in another, modern: it is an old port, but a new city. At one time it was a Roman port, but I do not know of what importance. When it ceased to be that, it dwindled down into a mere fishing village. About the middle of the sixteenth century, Cosimo I., discovering its great capabilities for commerce, exchanged for it the episcopal city of Sarzana. Once in possession of the village, he made it a free port, the first established in the Mediterranean; and by cutting canals through the marshy soil, and encouraging cultivation, he in a measure destroyed the noxious vapors of the locality, so that in a little while it became, and has ever since continued to be, a place of commercial consequence.

Though a walled city, and otherwise fortified, Leghorn is not regarded, by persons skilled in the art of war, as a place of great security—certainly not of invincibility. Within a few years past it has been greatly enlarged by leveling the old fortifications.

It is now nearly in the form of a square, surrounded by modern walls, with five gates, and is over two miles in circumference. It is neat, clean and well-built, and the streets are spacious, regular and well-paved. The number of inhabitants exceed eighty thousand.

Though once a Roman port, it contains not a vestige of antiquity; the oldest fabric is a castle built by Ferdinando I. All the public and other noticeable edifices, are of modern construction, though some of them are superior structures. Among these are the lazarettos of San Rocco, San Jacopo, and San Leopoldo, all well-managed institutions, the last, as the count informed me, one of the most magnificent works of the kind in Europe. The principal places of worship are the Duomo, originally a parish church, but now a cathedral, a noble edifice designed by Vasari; the Church of the Madonna, in which are fine pictures by Roselli and Volleranno; a synagogue, richly ornamented with marbles, one of the finest in Europe, and next in size to that of Amsterdam; two Greek churches, and a mosque. It contains, also, a bank, a theatre, a printing house, a coral manufacture, a charity-school, and other institutions for the purpose of instruction.

The chief work of art is a fine marble statue of Ferdinando I., supported by four kneeling slaves, in

bronze, the work of Pietro Tacca. There are a few good specimens of sculpture in the cemeteries. In the monastery of Monte Nero, near the city, is a celebrated picture of the Virgin, which the count assured me had been idolized by the people of the city for five hundred years.

Among the inhabitants of Leghorn may be found representatives of nearly every civilized nation of the earth. In the High street, celebrated for its breadth and straightness, and the richness of its shops, may be heard spoken nearly every language. At the Hotel de Nord, the principal place of public entertainment, where the count and I dined that day, English, French and German are spoken as readily and fluently as Italian. In one of the burying grounds, called the Campo Inglese, are buried several distinguished Englishmen, the most noted being Thomas Smollet, the novelist and historian.

It was nearly three o'clock when we returned to the ship, yet Bachelor and the Italian woman were still together, engaged in conversation. Had they been at it all the time we were gone, he in English, and she in Italian, scarcely understanding a word each other said, or had they been making love by signs? A nod, a smile, a frown, a grimace, a wink, a kiss, a pressure of the hand—they have the same meaning in every language.

Remembering their intimacy, Count di Lavarello said,—I give his meaning in language that will be intelligent to the reader: “I fear your friend will get himself into difficulty,”

“No danger,” I replied. “With him it is only pass-time.”

“Notwithstanding,” he returned, “it may be dangerous.”

“Surely a young man may converse with a young woman, without falling into danger?” I enquired.

“But she is not young,” he answered. “She is a wife and a mother, and she has a husband, a man as jealous as she is beautiful, and of the most vindictive disposition.”

Availing myself of the first opportunity, I informed Bachelor of her true character, hoping thereby to end his dangerous flirtation. But I only added fuel to the fire; though surprised, and perhaps a little disappointed, he paid no heed to my warning. That evening, and all the next day, and the next down to the moment our ship cast anchor in the harbor of Genoa, he bestowed upon her the most constant attention. It seemed to me that he was infatuated.



CHAPTER III.

LAI D UP.

ALIFE on the ocean wave, is not the song I should sing to express my sentiments of the sea. A short sail, in a smooth water, with the land in view, and “a club of good fellows,” is well enough once in a while, and may be enjoyed to a limited extent if the wine is old and the jokes new. But a voyage requiring the time of many days, upon a boundless ocean, driven by the wind, drenched by the waves, tossed to and fro like a shuttlecock, a victim to nausea, though once among my “pleasures of hope,” is not now even among my “pleasures of memory.”

The truth is, I suffered immensely on the voyage from Glasgow to Genoa, more than in crossing the Atlantic. The storm in St. George’s Channel deprived me of the little strength I had gained in Ireland and Scotland, and the greater gale in the Gulf of Lyons so prostrated me that I was wholly unfit to leave the ship at Leghorn. But in the be-

lief that I should not have another opportunity to see the city, I exerted myself entirely beyond my strength, and returned from my rambles completely exhausted. The next day I was unable to leave my berth until we reached Genoa, where I took apartments in the Hotel de la Ville.

The telegram of Count di Lavarello had been received, and his brother—sometimes called “Professor,” having held that position in the Royal University of Genoa, and in other educational institutions, and sometimes “Doctor,” as he was an excellent physician—was at the pier, on the arrival of the ship, with a carriage for his conveyance. The count pre-



PROFESSOR DI LAVARELLO.

sented me to the professor, who invited me to a seat in his carriage, and set me down at the door of the hotel, with a promise to call and prescribe for me in the evening.

Bachelor helped me to the carriage, and then under pretence of looking after my baggage, went back to the vessel to bestow such courtesies as were in his power upon the fair Italian woman. Suspecting his purpose, I warned

him again of his danger, by repeating the lines of the poet, already quoted—

“Italia ! Oh Italia ! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.”

He smiled and went his way, but I think was not unmindful of my warning. Having taken her address, for which he asked, and the name of the church she attended, which she gave him voluntarily, he bade her a very fervent farewell, and left her in the care of her friends.

The husband of this woman was a petty officer of the city—I forget in what capacity ; but he had his sycophants, as most officers have, however humble their position. It was not long before he knew all that had transpired on board the *Sidonia*, between his wife and Bachelor. What happened to her in consequence, I never knew, but in the evening, shortly after the arrival of the *Lavarellos*, for the count accompanied the doctor, an inquiry was made at the door of my apartment for Bachelor.

During the forenoon my illness had increased, and about two o'clock I had gone to bed, nearly distracted with a neuralgic pain in my head. But “a hot drink of something,” which Bachelor proposed with all the gravity of a physician, and a couple of hours' sleep, benefited me in some measure, and I was considerably better, though still in bed, when the doctor arrived.

The inquiry for Bachelor was made by a young man attached to the hotel as an interpreter. He was accompanied by a man in uniform, which I afterwards learned was the official garb of a policeman. To a second inquiry which I did not hear, Bachelor replied, "He is sick in bed." The answer was repeated in Italian to the officer, who, in the same language, inquired, "Can I see for myself?" Bachelor turned quickly upon him, and with a savage scowl said, "Do you doubt?" The officer apologized, saying that his instructions were positive not to return until he had seen him. Thereupon he was allowed to enter my apartment.

The presence of the count and professor disconcerted the officer a little, but Bachelor helped him out by remarking, "There is the doctor; ask him." The officer did as directed: "Is he ill?" "Quite so," replied the professor. "For how long?" continued the officer. "It may be a week, it may be a month," replied the professor. "Shall I find him here at the end of a week?" inquired the officer. "Not if he is able to be moved," replied the professor. "In that case, I shall take him to my hotel in the Piazza Ponte. You will find him there." Thereupon the officer bowed and retired.

The count and professor exchanged glances—that of the latter expressing inquiry, that of the former

surprise. During the voyage the count and I had spent a great deal of time in each other's society, especially after Bachelor became enamored of the beautiful Italian woman. The count aided me in my study of the Italian language, and I endeavored to improve him in his English. The day before our arrival, he said to me that, if I desired to acquire a knowledge of their language, I would find his brother a most excellent instructor. He even commended me to the professor, who received me with the cordiality of an old acquaintance, and offered to take me under his care, personal, professional, and linguistical. And now, though not twelve hours in the city, I was an object of special surveillance. Is it a marvel that they exchanged glances of inquiry and surprise!

I was indignant; not at them, of course; but at the impertinent policeman, and a little at Bachelor for allowing him to set foot in my private apartment. "What did he want?" I inquired. "You, I presume," replied Bachelor. "He inquired for the man that was intriguing with the Italian woman on board the ship." For a moment I was too angry to speak; it was not the first, or even the second time that he had made me the scape-goat for his sins. But while considering what it was proper for me to do under the circumstances, the count interposed.

Comprehending the ruse, he remarked, "It will

involve your friend in trouble." "O no," replied Bachelor. "At the end of a week, if I am not here, it will go for a mistake." The count shook his head; but whether to signify that such a subterfuge would not suffice, or that he regarded it as a cowardly means of escaping the inevitable consequences of his gallantry toward another man's wife, I was unable to determine. Bachelor drew the latter inference, but being in an amiable mood, replied, "If he is not satisfied, I shall come back, though it be from the Baltic, and—what do you use here—swords or pistols?" "Ah! that depends," answered the count. "Men fight with either; but the assassin uses the stiletto." "Well," said Bachelor, "protect my friend, and promise on my behalf anything that may be demanded."

"That you will not make love again to the beautiful Lauretta?" I interposed. "That, first of all," he replied, "I never did." "You never did anything else during the entire voyage," I returned. "On my honor," he replied, "had I known she was a wife and mother, I should not have—yes, I should have saved her from falling, but nothing more." "You took her address after you knew she was married?" I rejoined. "To punish her for her deception," he answered. "Bah!" I exclaimed. "You took the name of the church she attended? She dare not see you at her

husband's house." "She will certainly never see me any place else. So Capitano Leonaldi—I think that is what the officer called him—can rest easy on that score ; but I shall come back and shoot him rather than that he should be disappointed."



CHAPTER IV.

IMPROVEMENTS.

UNDER the guidance of Professor di Lavarello, I made fair progress, not toward health only, but in the use of the Italian tongue. The next day after our arrival, being able to leave my bed for an hour or so, I wrote to my friends at home and abroad, and to the American Consul at Naples, requesting him to forward my letters to the care of Professor di Lavarello. That day Bachelor went the round of the city, and came back with glowing descriptions of its remarkable beauty. The following morning he sailed for Naples and Palermo, promising to join me as soon as I was able to travel, and at such place as I should designate.

But the time was not so soon as we had hoped. My health continued to improve, so my physician assured me, but it was so slowly that I almost despaired of recovery. That I might be more immediately under his supervision, he had me removed to apartments in his own house in the Piazza Ponte, and

placed under the care of a nurse of his own selection. Here he bestowed upon me the greatest possible attention and kindness, and I continued to improve—he said rapidly, as I had barely escaped from an attack of typhoid fever; I thought tardily, for I was anxious to

* * * “be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,”—

but of all things it is the most difficult for me—and never more difficult than during my illness at Genoa—to

“Learn to labor, and to wait.”

Of course, if it be necessary, I can do both; and I can labor more easily than I can wait; and I did in this instance, for though I chafed under my confinement, I pursued the study of Italian with zeal and industry. I do not know that I learn a language more readily than some others; I presume I do not, though my progress was marvelous. But I doubt if any one ever learned more in the same time, unless he had a better instructor, which I think impossible. Professor di Lavarello had performed his life-labor; he had achieved his ambition—the highest reputation in his profession and in the University; and now he lived at his ease, in the enjoyment of social and literary pleasures. The interest he manifested in me was wholly that of friendship, induced in the first

instance by the unexpected commendation of the count, and afterwards by a congeniality of certain prominent traits of character.

After the lapse of many days spent in this wise—I was still too weak to leave my apartments—I began to grow restless, and I fear, a little peevish. For a time, day by day, after growing weary of study, I had amused myself at the window, noticing the various persons who dwelt in the hotel, as they went and came, and such as paid them visits of pastime or pleasure.

Not in any city I visited on the continent do families live as we do in America—in separate houses ; but in flats, or apartments, so that many people, and sometimes many families, are inmates of the same edifice. Nor is this the only peculiarity ; in some of these houses—indeed, in most of them—the floors are classified. The hotel in the Piazza Ponte was of this character. It contained eight stories—the first, or ground floor, occupied for shops ; the second, which is the grand floor, by noblemen and others of high social rank ; the third, by professors, bankers, brokers, and merchants ; the fourth by doctors, lawyers, notaries, and other professionals ; the fifth by authors, editors, and other men of letters ; the sixth by artists—painters, sculptors, photographers, and the like ; the seventh by artisans of many pursuits ; and the

uppermost by other handicraftsmen, and by women and girls in very poor circumstances, dependent upon their own exertions. Of course I do not mean to have it understood that this arrangement is arbitrary, or that it is not departed from in some instances, even in the Hotel Ponte; but merely that, upon certain floors, certain classes of citizens "most do congregate."

For a time, as I have said, such a variety of characters afforded me sufficient amusement; that was while I was yet too feeble to leave my apartments. But as I began to get stronger, it was difficult to restrain me within the limits suited to my convalescent condition. At length, as a means of appeasing my desire, and making my confinement less irksome, the professor brought me a little book, a historical romance of the seventeenth century, which he said was written in the purest Italian. It contained less than a hundred pages, and was divided into four parts, and each part into four chapters.

"I propose a compromise," said the professor. "You will translate this little book into English. You will work no more than four hours each day, three in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon. When you have completed the first part—four chapters, I shall take you to San Pallena, one of my country seats, where you will enjoy the fresh air and become invigorated."

By this proposition, to which I readily assented, the professor gained his purpose—he diverted my thoughts into a new channel. Of course I was no less anxious to escape from my prison-house; but mental labor, however arduous, is not as deleterious in its effects, even to an invalid, as ordinary fretfulness. The labor thus commenced as a task, was afterwards pursued as a pleasure, and eventuated in a complete translation of “The Castle of the Three Mysteries.”



CHAPEER V.

INDULGENCES.

AT the end of a week I had made such progress in my translation, and, what was even more to the purpose, in my way to restored health, that the professor allowed me the privilege of a drive about the city, and honored me with his company. The day was pleasant—the sun as brilliant and the air as balmy as any I ever experienced, even in Italy. It was at an early hour—not at what we should call an early hour in the United States—but in Genoa, except those who labor for a livelihood, the people are accustomed to give the sun a little the start of them in the morning, though, to make up for their tardiness, they usually amuse themselves for hours after he has retired behind the western horizon.

It is at about the distance of a mile from the shore that the city appears to the best advantage. It stands upon ground some five hundred feet above the sea, on a declivity of the Appenines. It is in the form of a crescent, and its numerous stately edifices rising one

above another as the distance increases, resemble the seats of a vast amphitheatre. Viewed from almost any direction, it is one of the most beautiful cities in Italy; and from the sea, with the mountains in the background, it is scarcely surpassed by Naples.

“Genoa is a city of great antiquity?” I remarked.

“So great,” replied the professor, “that there is doubt as to its origin. It is generally believed to be more remote than that of Rome. It has been a city of importance for many centuries. It is mentioned by Livy as having been destroyed by the Carthagenians, and by Strabo as being a place of considerable trade in timber, obtained from the mountains.”

We passed through the principal streets, the Strada Balbi, the Strada Nuova, and the Strada Nuovissima, in all of which are palaces of the most superb architecture; and through the gate leading from the city to Turin, called the New Gate, which is simple and majestic in its construction.

The fortifications of Genoa are extensive and formidable. Those toward the sea are cut out of the rocks, and have the appearance of great strength. There are two walls, each a vast semicircle, extending from the sea on one side to the sea on the other, one of which immediately encompasses the city, while the other takes the rising grounds that commands it and the harbor. In addition to which there are numerous

detached forts, redoubts, and outworks, crowning hill after hill, back almost to the mountain.

Pointing to a fragment of the old Roman walls, some traces of which are yet visible, Professor di Lavarello remarked: "The city has been frequently increased in size, and the walls very much enlarged. Formerly the streets, a very few excepted, were not wide enough to admit the use of carriages. Within a few years many of them have been widened in the newer portions, by the removal of old buildings, and, where it was possible, piazzas have been made, whereby the city has been very greatly improved."

Elegant edifices, ecclesiastical, eleemosynary, and palatial, are numerous, and may be found in nearly all parts of the city. Some of the churches, and, indeed, some of the hospitals, rival the palaces in splendor.

More than half of the churches were destroyed during the bombardment of the city by the French under Louis XIV., near the close of the seventeenth century. Of those that remain, the largest is the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, a Gothic structure of the eleventh century, paved and incrusted with marble. Some portions of the interior have been modernized, and ornamented with carving and gilding, paintings and statuary. The most noticeable of the paintings is a picture of the Crucifixion, by Baroccio; and of

the statues, those of San Stephano, San Ambrogio, and the four Evangelists, by Francavilla. The high altar is decorated by a statue of the Madonna and Child, in bronze, a work of the seventeenth century, by Bianchi.

In the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, the most beautiful portion of this cathedral—from which females are excluded by a law of Pope Innocent VIII., except on a certain day of the year, the death of the saint having been compassed by a woman—are the mortal remains of “the prophet of the Highest,” kept in an iron urn, under a canopy supported by four columns of porphyry, with pedestals exhibiting prophets in bass-relief, by Giacomo della Porta. The Sacristy contains an emerald vase, found at Cæsarea in 1101, said to be the dish from which Christ ate the Last Supper, and supposed to have been presented by the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, and by him deposited in the Temple at Jerusalem.

Besides the cathedral, I visited ten other churches, the largest of which was the Anunciata, a magnificent structure, rich in decorations and frescoes, containing two celebrated pictures, the Last Supper, by Procaccino, and the Crucifixion, by Scotto. San Ambrogio, also richly decorated, contains several fine pictures, the most celebrated being the Assumption, by Guido, and the Circumcision, and St. Ignatius exorcising a Demoniac, by Reubens.

The most conspicuous church in the general view of the city is Santa Maria di Carignano, which is finely situated on a hill. It is an elegant piece of architecture, in its general plan resembling St. Peter's. It contains a statue of San Sebastiano, and another of the beatified Alessandro Sauli, by Puget; and the following, among other excellent pictures, St. Peter and St. John curing a Paralytic, by Piola; the Martyrdom of a Saint, by Maratta; and San Francesco, by Guercino. From the cupola of this edifice—but on a subsequent occasion (I was not able on that day to make the ascent)—I obtained a fine view of the city.

The oldest church in Genoa is that of San Ciro, which was erected in the year 250, and until the year 985, was the cathedral. It is a spacious edifice, peculiarly enriched with marbles—the high altar adorned with sculpture, by Puget. In one of its chapels is the Assumption, an excellent picture by Sarzana, and in another, the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Pomarancio.

Over the high altar of San Stefano alle Porte, one of the smaller churches, is a celebrated picture, which was taken to Paris during the time of Napoleon, but brought back and replaced in its original situation—the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, the upper part by Raphael, the lower part by Romano, and when at Paris, the whole retouched by David.

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The other churches I visited on that day were San Matteo, containing statues of the Evangelists, by



ANCIENT GENOA.

Montorsoli ; Santa^a Maria del Castello, in which is a picture of San Sebastiano, by Titian ; San Francesco di Paolo, having pictures by Castello, Paggi, and

Cambiaso ; San Filippo Neri, a handsome structure, containing a statue of the Madonna, by Puget ; and the Madonnetta, a very small edifice, but rich in elegant paintings, the most noticeable of which is the Assumption of the Virgin, attributed to Raphael.

In returning, the professor took me through some of the older parts of the city, that I might the better appreciate the modern improvements. The contrast was very manifest, particularly in the streets, which are dark, steep, narrow and crooked, and almost wholly inaccessible to carriages.

It was in Genoa that Christopher Columbus was born in the year 1442. Fifty years afterwards, through the aid of Isabella of Spain, he discovered America. He first applied to his native city, and on being refused, to Portugal and England. But though the Genoese failed to appreciate his genius four centuries ago, they have since made amends by erecting a magnificent monument to his memory.



CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDS, OLD, AND NEW.

ERY much exhausted by the drive, I lay down on my return to rest, and was gradually passing into a light sleep, when a messenger from the professor entered my apartment with a package of letters from the American Consul at Naples. Immediately I arose, with the language of the Psalmist in my thoughts, "I will not give sleep to mine eyes, or slumber to mine eye-lids," until I have perused every epistle. There were twenty in all, and of nearly every description, from the billet-doux to the official document. Beginning with my wife's, my invariable custom, I went through the package without stopping to make either note or comment.

I know of no greater pleasure for a member of the Benedict family, when thousands of miles intervene between him and his "better half," than to receive from her an epistle full of life and love and longing for his return. And when to these are added assurances of the health and happiness of herself and the

"little ones," the cup of his joy is as nearly full as it can well be under the circumstances.

Several of the letters were from friends at home—good and true friends, and their letters were full of good news and good wishes ; and some were on business, which I had endeavored to put from me as far as possible during my convalescent condition. Indeed, it was to avoid the toil and turmoil of business—as the only means of regaining my health—that I was induced to leave my family and friends for an indefinite period. The latter I threw aside, with scarce a glance at their contents.

These disposed of, I came to four or five letters in the contents of which the reader will feel interested. One was from Mrs. Maxwell, "the winsome widow," in answer to the letter I had addressed to her brother, which she rightly judged was meant for herself. Indeed, she understood its tenor and effect as clearly as if I had written her that, with proper management, she might captivate the Bachelor. She thanked me for my "attentions," and praised me for my "candor," when I might so easily have "imposed upon her credulity." In declining my proposition to join us in Italy, she said her brother's business would not permit of his absence at that season of the year. But she made no allusion whatever to Bachelor.

The next letter was from O'Neil, that "fine ould

Irish gentleman" of Downpatrick, with whom I still kept up an occasional correspondence. He wrote to inform me that O'Keeffe would spend the winter in the city of Catania. He thought that, if I were in Sicily, it might afford me pleasure to meet "the colleen bawn," "and even," to use his own language, "her old uncle, who, whatever his faults, and doubtless he is not without some, is truly an expert in astronomical observations."

I could not blame O'Neil for wishing to keep the place of concealment from Musgrave, for O'Keeffe had exacted of him a promise to that effect. But I had much rather he had not informed me of the fact, for I could scarcely resist the temptation to impart it, especially as Musgrave had been baffled in his efforts to make the discovery.

I learned this fact from his letter—the next perused. It was written from Naples. In the Museo Internazionale, he had met Terrence O'Reilly, who informed him that on the next day he was going to Rome. No allusion was made to O'Keeffe and the "colleen bawn," but he felt sure that O'Reilly was going to meet them, and resolved to keep him under watch. But that night, though at what hour he was unable to ascertain, O'Reilly had left the hotel secretly, and he was more than ever at a loss what to do, believing that he had been intentionally deceived.

Of course, I could not betray the confidence of O'Neil, but I resolved in my own mind that, if there was any other way, Harry Musgrave should be informed. But this was a passing thought, as I put down his letter and took up another—one that I should have opened sooner had it not escaped my observation.

It was a dainty little missive, like the one I had received at Glasgow from "the ship's beauty," inviting me to Inverness. I looked at the superscription—it was different; then at the seal—it was a monogram—NMK. "The colleen bawn!" I exclaimed. But was the note like the one from Mary MacGill, an invitation to her wedding?

I opened it quickly, but not without misgivings—indeed, my heart trembled for poor Harry; but, happily, without occasion, for it was the harbinger of hope. The contents of the note were brief, but contained the important fact which O'Neil had communicated, that O'Keefe would spend the winter at Catania.

As I perused my letters, one after another, I threw them aside without stopping to refold them; and when I had finished, my table, and, indeed, the floor all around me, were literally covered with open letters, in the utmost confusion. At that moment, Professor di Lavarello entered my apartment, accom-

panied by a young man, and seeing me in the midst of so many epistles, remarked, facetiously, that he now saw undoubted evidence of what he had all the while surmised, that I was really a man of letters.

The young man he introduced as Carlo Peccaco, an artist, with whom he wished me to become acquainted. "To-morrow," he remarked, "I shall be obliged to visit Nice on business, and may be detained for two or three days. I have asked Carlo to show you through the principal palaces of the city, and point out the objects most deserving of observation. He will perform the latter duty much better than I, being an adept in criticism, as I hope ere long he will be in execution."

Though anxious to visit some of the grand palaces I had observed during our drive, I was more desirous of bearing the professor company to the city of Nice. The palaces might be seen on another day, but his society, a rare enjoyment at any time, could not be had at pleasure. It was too good an opportunity to be lost, and though he objected at first on the score of my health, he afterwards consented upon condition that I was strong enough on the following morning.

That evening was spent with the professor in his gorgeous apartments, where I again met Carlo Peccaco, and, for the first time, his sisters. Of these there were four—Lotta, Assunta, Annetta and Ame-

lia, all younger than their brother, who was but three-and-twenty. They resided with their widowed mother in the uppermost story of the hotel, and with their own hands earned their livelihood.

In the life time of their father, Professor di Lavarello had been his friend, and after his death was the best friend of his widow and children. The young man he aided in the acquirement of his profession, and to the sisters he gave gratuitous instruction in music, and doubtless other assistance, for he was liberal though he made no display of his charity.



CHAPTER VII.

ESPIONAGE.

LATE as it was that night before the professor would allow Carlo and myself to retire,—the girls had withdrawn about nine o'clock, after having entertained us with some very excellent music, —I sat up to write a letter to my wife, and another to Harry Musgrave. From the former I concealed nothing, save the unpromising condition of my health; and from the latter nothing, except the facts I had learned through O'Neil. Nora's letter I enclosed, marked "private and confidential." These letters I posted the next morning before the arrival of the diligence.

Just as we were about to start, a servant brought the professor his mail bag, which contained half a dozen letters, among which was one for me from Bachelor. He had written to inquire "the condition of my health," and when I should "be ready to join him for an excursion into Germany"; also, to inquire if I "had been assassinated by Capitano

Leonaldi for making love to his wife on board the Sidonia ? ”

I had entirely forgotten the latter circumstance, at least I had not thought of it since the evening of our arrival in Genoa. More than a week had elapsed, and I had not again seen the police officer who that evening intruded himself into my apartments. But on reading that portion of the letter to the professor, he looked a little grave at first, and then said : “ The matter has not been forgotten by the husband. He believes you are the offender, and is waiting your recovery.”

I can not describe my emotions, in which anger, surprise and vexation were mingled. But I demanded, on the instant—“ Am I under espionage ? ”

“ O ! that is nothing,” replied the professor, with an air of indifference. “ It often happens to strangers. Leonaldi is jealous of his wife, and thinks it necessary to make an example of you, to deter others.”

“ Of me ! ” I exclaimed. “ Why, I never spoke to the woman ! ”

“ Nevertheless,” replied the professor, “ he thinks it was you, and unless your friend comes back, will make you answerable for his conduct.”

The affair was beginning to assume a serious aspect, such as I had really never contemplated ; and I questioned in my own mind what, under all the

circumstances, was my proper—my paramount duty? Ought I to recall Bachelor, or take up his quarrel? Ought I to play Damon to his Pythias—I a Benedict, and he a Bachelor? I can do a great deal for my friend, but is it my duty to defend his gallantries, real or suspected? Finally, hoping there might be an easier solution of the difficulty, I inquired: “Is the matter susceptible of an explanation?”

“I fear not,” replied the professor. “Several of Leonaldi’s friends were on board the vessel, and although my brother assures me it was one of the most innocent of flirtations, it has assumed the form of scandal. In our country there is but one thing that will remove a stain from the character—blood! But we shall have time enough to think over the matter on our way to Nice. For the present Leonaldi is satisfied—I have made myself personally responsible for your return.”

Blood! Well, to say truth, I never thought the sound of that word would send a shiver through my veins. Among Americans, courage is a common quality, and I presume I have my full share; but I had never contemplated a duel and its fearful consequences. It is easy to condemn a practice of this character, and stigmatize it as a crime; but it is not so easy to refuse a challenge, in a country where a refusal is regarded as cowardice.

True, it was Bachelor's affair, but if I refused to sustain his honor, how could I escape the charge of connivance at his escape? Assuredly the officer left the hotel the night of our arrival in Genoa, under the implied impression that the sick man was the offender.

In view of sudden death, or even of its probabilities, a true Benedict thinks first of his wife and children. I thought of mine when the wave was carrying me over the stern of the *Sidonia*. I thought of them again when the professor said a stain upon character could only be removed by blood.

Gradually, I grew meditative, and even melancholy. But the professor, soon as we were under way, put to flight my gloomy thoughts, by repeating, gaily, lines he had heard me quote on a former occasion:

“As we journey through life,
Let us live by the way ;
The cares of to-morrow,
Let us bury to-day !”



CHAPTER VIII.

NICE DAYS.

THE road to Nice goes out of Genoa by the Finale, or light-house, which stands on an isolated rock at the west side of the harbor. This beacon is three hundred and eighty-four feet high, and contains a flashing light, which revolves, and may be seen on a clear night thirty miles at sea. On another occasion, I obtained from the top of this tower a magnificent view of the city and harbor.

For the distance of several miles, to where the road divides, one branch leading to Turin, the country is delightful almost beyond description. On both sides of the way are villas, equal in size and splendor to the palaces in the city. The surroundings are tasteful and beautiful, as well the farms as the parks. Withal, from every house-top and hill-side may be obtained a magnificent view of the Mediterranean.

We traveled over what is known as the Corniche road; said to be one of the finest coach-ways in Europe. It resembles, in some respects—though it

is neither so good nor so safe—the great obsolescent highway, in the United States, indifferently called the Cumberland Road, and National Pike.

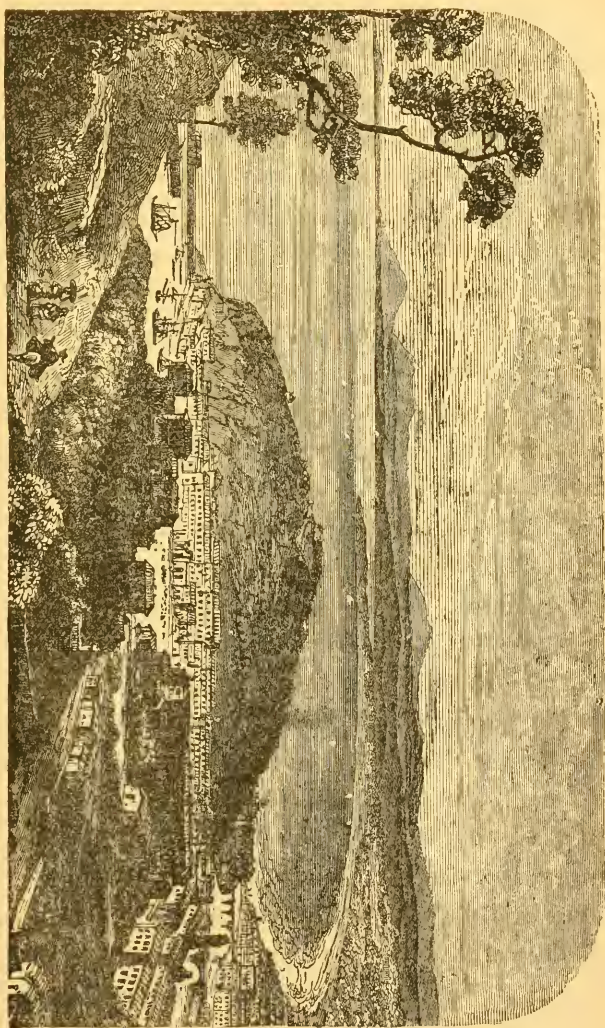
At that time the journey could be accomplished in twenty-four hours' continuous travel, or it could be extended over the time of two days, if preferred by the traveler. Out of regard for my health, the professor made the latter arrangement, and we spent the first night in Oneglia, a town of the Sardinian States, and the capital of a province on the Gulf of Genoa.

Oneglia is not a town of much importance; the port is small, and the population less than six thousand. It is celebrated as the birth-place of Andrea Doria, the distinguished Genoese admiral. It contains churches, convents and a college, all in a decaying condition. In several places may be seen the remains of the fortifications destroyed by the French in 1792.

The only other place on our way worthy of particular mention was Mentone, the largest town in the principality of Monaco, beautifully situated on the Mediterranean. It is noted for the purity of its atmosphere, and is of late years attracting attention as a winter residence.

Monaco, though under the protection of Sardinia, is an independent principality, and the smallest in the world. It was founded in the tenth century, in favor

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of a member of the house of Grimaldi who drove the Saracens from the king's dominions, and contains an area of fifty-three square miles, and a population of less than seven thousand inhabitants.

We arrived in Nice just in time to obtain a view of the Mediterranean at sunset—one of the most charming prospects I ever enjoyed. The city is beautifully situated in a small plain, which it nearly covers, at the foot of the Maritime Alps, of which department it is the capital. On the south its walls are washed by the sea, and on the north and east it is enclosed by the mountains, in the form of an amphitheatre. The Paglion, a mountain torrent, traverses the city, and separates it into two parts, one ancient and the other modern. Overhanging the town is the citadel of Mont Albano, an old castle enclosed by bastioned walls.

All these things were plainly visible as we entered the city, though it was too late to note objects of less prominence. The following day, however, while the professor was attending to business, I wandered about the city, from place to place, wherever I could hear of any thing worthy of my observation.

Properly the city is divided into three parts—the Old Town, the Harbor, and the Quartier de la Croix ; the last being the usual residence of foreigners. The old town was settled by the inhabitants

of Marseilles, in commemoration of a victory. The streets are narrow and mean-looking, compared with those of the Quartier de la Croix, where the houses are built in modern styles, and painted externally in frescoes.

The Quartier de la Croix—sometimes called the English Quarter, owing to the preponderance of the English, who usually number five or six thousand—derived its name from a marble cross, raised in 1538, to commemorate the visit of Paul III., Pope of Rome, who came to reconcile Francis I. of France with Charles V. of Germany. Directly opposite the cross is a monument erected to commemorate the visits of another pope, Pius VII., in 1809 and 1814. The Public Garden is also in this part of the city; and the Promenade Anglaise, a very beautiful walk, on a raised terrace that serves as a defence for the town against the sea. Usually of an afternoon, this promenade is thronged with the fashionable people of the city.

Nice was the birth-place of several celebrated men—among others, Vanloo, the painter; Cassini, the astronomer; Marshal Massena, in 1758; and Garibaldi, on the fourth of July, 1807.

There are several houses which the people point out with pride to strangers: one in the Rue Droite, a palace in which the Emperor Lascaris, after being

dethroned at Constantinople in 1261, resided with his daughter, who married one of the Grimaldi ; another in the Rue de Villefranca, where Napoleon Bonaparte lodged in 1794 ; and another in the Quay Cassini, in which the Italian patriot was born—Garibaldi.

The principal edifices are not distinguished for any peculiar architectural merit. The Cathedral is in the ordinary Italian style, and the other churches have nothing unusual in their appearance. There is a theatre, a hospital, a public library, mills and manufactories—all ordinary structures.

Having completed his business by evening, the professor devoted the next day for my pleasure, in riding with me about the country. A short distance from the city are many places of interest, including some ancient ruins. In fact, the environs are very beautiful, east, west, and north. Altogether, it was one of the pleasantest days of my life.

The next day we took the steamer for Genoa, and in a little more than eight hours afterwards, were safe at our hotel, in the Piazza Ponte.



CHAPTER IX.

THE CORSO.

I WAS not benefitted by my excursion to Nice ; on the contrary, I was fatigued and debilitated. For three days after my return I was unable to leave my apartments. Of course I became restless ; I always do when confined to the house. But I employed the time in writing letters to my friends, and in linguistic study and translation ; except the evenings, which were spent in the apartments of Professor di Lavarello, in the society of himself and the brother and sisters Peccaco.

Aside from the confinement, these were very pleasant days ; but the days that immediately followed were still more pleasant, for a considerable portion of them were spent in the Corso—the fashionable promenade of the city, where the old and young, the grave and gay, and “the stranger within the gates,” not “plain in dress,” but arrayed

“As you were going to a feast,”
meet in the afternoons and evenings, and, to the

extent of their acquaintance, enjoy each other's society. There is almost no other place for sociability, for visiting is by no means customary ; in fact, it is almost wholly confined to very intimate friends, and even by them but little practiced.

For more than a week I spent nearly all my days, and, indeed, many of my evenings, in the Corso ; sometimes alone, but more frequently with my acquaintances. I was usually alone in the mornings, though occasionally I had for my companion the professor, or a friend of his, Emilius Cerreni, a ship-broker, and a very agreeable gentleman. In the afternoons I was usually accompanied by Carlo and his sisters ; and our party was sometimes augmented by the presence of two young men, Imperiale Gio Bolle and G. Seriartto, who, it was intimated, were paying their addresses to two of the sisters. Later still, I strolled sometimes with Carlo, and at others with a sub-lieutenant of infantry, Buju Guiseppe, a young man of remarkable intelligence.

Returning toward our hotel one afternoon, our party had become a little separated. I was walking by the side of Assunta, who was engaged in lively conversation. Suddenly she stopped, and abruptly inquired : " Do you know that woman ? " I looked first at her, and then in the direction indicated by her eyes. At a short distance, walking alone in the opposite direction,

but gazing directly at me, was the beautiful Lauretta Leonaldi. I had not seen her since we separated at the pier, on my arrival in Genoa, yet I knew her instantly. She was not a woman to be easily forgotten; besides, had she not already involved me in difficulty? But immediately, on observing that she was recognized, she withdrew her gaze, and pursued her course without again looking in our direction. I explained to Assunta that she was a fellow-voyager from Glasgow, with whom Bachelor had been infatuated until he ascertained that she was a married woman.

The next evening, and the next, we met her near the same place, and each time she looked at me intently for a moment, and then passed on without any recognition. It was possible that she wished to speak to me—perhaps to inquire something concerning my traveling companion, with whom she had openly coquetted on board the *Sidonia*—and was deterred by the presence of persons with whom she was not acquainted. Perhaps—but where was the use of conjecture, when the fact could be so easily ascertained?

It had been my custom either to return to the hotel in time for Carlo and his sisters, or to join them at a particular place on the promenade. The next day I did neither, but purposely remained away from the hotel, and avoided them at the place of rendezvous. But when they had gone on, after waiting for me a

reasonable time, I strolled down the promenade in the hope of again meeting the lovely Lauretta. In this I was not disappointed—near the place where we had met for three days, we met again; but I was greatly disappointed in another respect—she passed me in the same manner as on the other occasions.

Somewhat chagrined, I walked on and joined my customary companions. Yet, on the next afternoon, I pursued precisely the same course; this time with better success. Though she did not give me any formal recognition, she dropped a bit of paper, in such way as attracted my attention. Immediately I let fall my handkerchief, and in stooping to pick it up secured the paper. It contained only these words, in a neat and pretty penmanship—"I am watched. Be at the Madonetta to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Have something of vital importance to communicate."

For several days I had been contemplating a more extended excursion, one that should embrace Milan at one extreme, and at the other Venice. But the professor had insisted that I was not yet strong enough to undertake so long a journey.

In the morning I had said: "I wish I could set out to-morrow." In the evening he had replied: "I think you can do so with safety."

"But with greater safety the day following," I suggested, "as it will give me one more day for recuperation."

"At the crisis of a fever, a day is of importance," he replied, "but of very little account in convalescence. But why not to-morrow?"

I should have been surprised at an interrogatory so pointed, if I had not suspected that it was equally significant—that it implied some knowledge of the scene in the Corso.

"On to-morrow," I replied, as carelessly as I could under the suspicion I entertained, "a letter from Bachelor may change all my plans."

"The cars will not leave until after the morning mail is distributed," he replied, "and I can arrange to have any letters for you, delivered during our absence, forwarded to Venice or Florence."

I made no immediate reply; indeed, I did not know what to answer. I was uncertain whether he had a suspicion of what had transpired; he had said nothing that would fully warrant the conclusion. I considered—hesitated—but finally resolved to take him into my confidence.

He manifested some surprise at what I told him, and much more that I contemplated a visit to the Madonnetta. I was of the opinion, however, that he was not at all surprised; that he knew the one fact,

and strongly suspected the other, so easily is a man's curiosity excited by a woman. I was also of the opinion, that it was for these very reasons he suggested my departure the next morning, instead of the morning following as I preferred ; though he put it on the ground of a personal appointment, made for himself in Milan, by a literary friend whom he held in the highest estimation.

Though the matter was left in this unsettled condition, the professor took it for granted that I would follow his suggestion, for shortly after we separated for the night, he despatched a runner to engage seats for us in the morning train of cars. In my own mind, however, the point was still undetermined ; and it was a long time after I retired to rest, before I had decided between duty and inclination—between Milan and the Madonnetta.



CHAPTER X.

AWAY FROM DANGER.

AT ten o'clock the next morning, the hour named by the lovely Lauretta for me to "be at the Madonetta," the professor and I were crossing the plain of Marengo, memorable for the battle fought in the summer of 1800, between Napoleon and the Austrians, in which the latter were completely defeated. No better field for the strife of armies could be found anywhere ; it is flat, extensive, and without either trees or fences. The professor pointed out to me the hamlet of Marengo, from which the battle derived its name, and the trenches in which the dead were buried ; but no trace was visible of the column, surmounted by an eagle, erected on the spot where Desaix fell in the moment of victory.

At the distance of two miles farther, we entered Alessandria, a fortified city of Piedmont, in a sterile plain on the Tanaro, founded in the twelfth century. It is a very well-built city, and including the suburbs and garrison, contains over fifty thousand inhabitants.

It is the see of a bishop, and has a cathedral ; also, a royal college, a theological seminary, a gymnasium, several hospitals and orphan asylums, and very extensive barracks. Before the destruction of the formidable fortifications constructed by the French during their domination, it was one of the strongest places in Europe. Only the citadel is left; a fortress built in 1728, of such immense proportions as to contain a parish church and extensive barracks and armories. The principal work of art is the statue of St. Joseph of Parodi, in the cathedral. The finest palace is that of the king, the Palazza Ghilino, built by Count Alfieri, the greatest, and almost the only distinguished tragic poet modern Italy ever produced.

Between Alessandria and Novara, the only place of any importance through which we passed was Valenza, a town of nearly eight thousand inhabitants, enclosed by walls, and entered by four gates; but containing no specimen of art or architecture particularly worthy of observation.

Novara is a larger and better town, having nearly twice as many inhabitants, and some excellent edifices, the best of which are the Cathedral, the Basilica of San Gaudenzia, and the Dominican Church. Altogether, there are over a dozen churches, the most noted being San Pietro al Rosario, where sentence was passed upon Frati Dolcino, who, with Margaret, the

beautiful nun whom he abducted from her convent, was burned alive in March, 1307. There are fourteen convents, a hospital, a hall of commerce, a government bank, a theatre and two colleges. Formerly, the town was surrounded by fortifications, but when I was there they were in a dilapidated condition, and many of them had entirely disappeared. Novara is celebrated as the scene of the sanguinary action between the Austrians and the Piedmontese, fought in 1849, resulting in the defeat of the latter, and the abdication of their leader, Carlo Alberto.

A short distance from Novara we passed through Magenta, a town of nearly six thousand inhabitants, near which a battle was fought in 1859, between the Austrian army and the allied forces of France and Sardinia, in which the latter were victorious.

During the day very many objects passed under my observation, all of which, one after another, were carefully commented upon by the professor, who seemed to know everything about everything. Indeed, he scarcely allowed me a moment to think of the lovely Lauretta, whom I had so ungallantly disappointed. Yet he never made the slightest allusion to her or to her appointment; but, on the other hand, spoke several times of his own engagement in Milan, as if it was of much importance. Nevertheless, there were times, in spite of the attention I endeavored to

bestow upon his interesting conversation, when the question would intrude itself on my mind—What can that “something of vital importance” be, which Lauretta Leonaldi wished “to communicate” to me “at the Madonetta?”

At one time I became quite abstracted, and the professor, observing my inattention, ceased for a moment. His sudden silence put an end to my reverie, and, thinking it a favorable opportunity, I alluded to the wrath of Leonaldi. The professor replied: “It is better not to mar the pleasure of our trip by any reference to that subject. I am of the opinion that, if nothing happens hereafter to excite his jealousy, the matter will occasion you no further trouble. “But,” he added, as a caution against the wiles of the lovely Lauretta,” should he become enraged a second time, I would not be answerable for the consequences.”

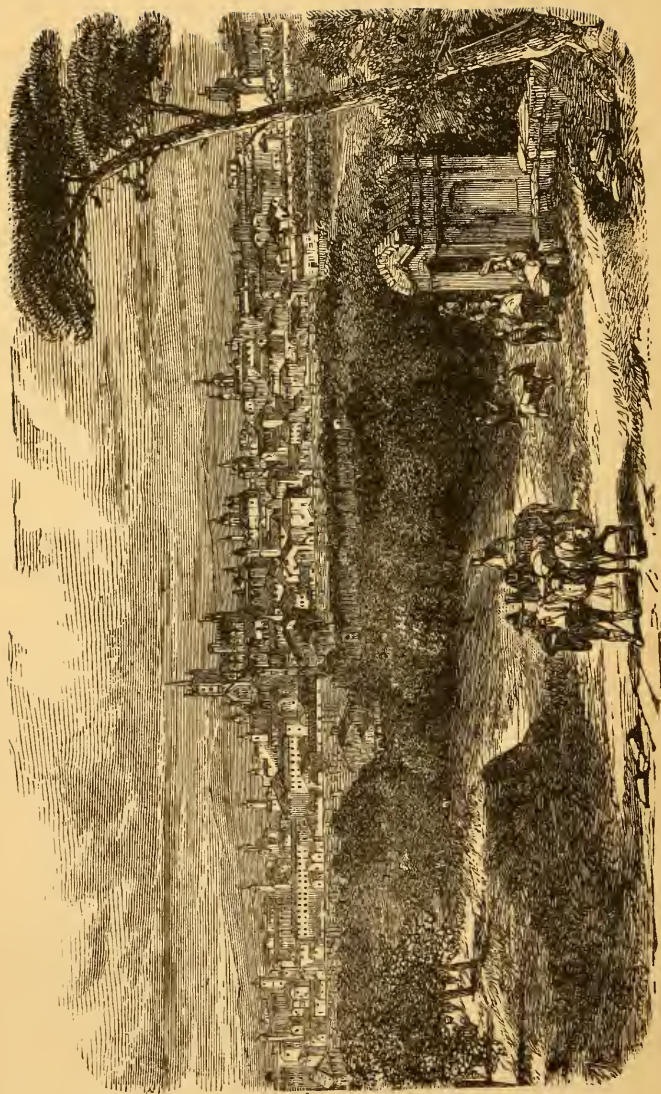


CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD CAPITAL.

AS we approached the ancient city of Milan, the professor made it the subject of remark. “It was founded nearly six hundred years before the Christian era, and has passed through many vicissitudes. It was subjugated by Marcellus and Scipio, and annexed to the Roman dominions. It is mentioned in Strabo as a flourishing city, and in the reign of Gratian ranked the sixth in the empire. In 1056 it was the capital of a republic, and near the close of the fourteenth century became the capital of the duchy of Milan. After the battle of Pavia, it was held by Spain, and in 1714 was ceded to Austria. It was captured by the French in 1796, and again, after the battle of Marengo. For nine years from 1805, it was the capital of Italy, and then was restored to Austria. It is now what you behold, a grand city, the largest of Lombardy, and in population only exceeded by Naples and Rome.”

Milan is situated in a beautiful plain, fertile and



CITY OF MILAN.

richly cultivated, at an elevation of four hundred and fifty feet above the sea, between the Adda and Ticino. In shape, it is an irregular polygon, approaching to a circle. It is eight miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall, the greater portion of which was built by the Spaniards in 1555. It is entered by eleven gates, including the Arco della Pace, a modern, sculptured, marble arch, richly adorned with statues, designed by the Marquis Cagnola. This gate, which is seventy-three feet long, and ninety-eight in height to the top of the principal statue, is situated at the commencement of the Simplon road, in the rear of a large open space called the Piazza d'Armi, used for the exercise of troops, part of which has been converted into an amphitheatre capable of containing thirty thousand spectators.

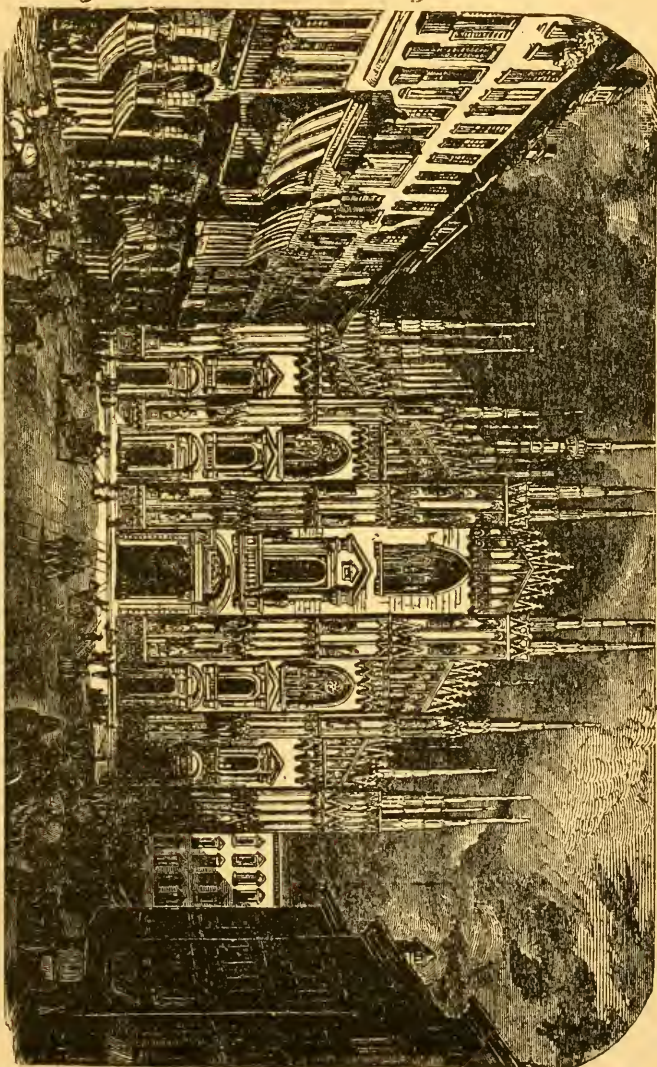
Like most ancient cities, Milan is irregularly laid out, and the styles of architecture are various, extending over a period of several centuries. For the most part, the houses are built of brick, and covered with tiles, but many of them have a showy exterior. There are a few noble thoroughfares, as the Corso di Porta Nuova, the Corso di Porta Romana, and the Corso di Porta Renza, all of which have ranges of very fine mansions. Some of the private palaces are very beautiful, particularly the Palazzo Belgioso,

formerly the villa of Napoleon, afterward of Eugène Beauharnais.

The principal buildings are the government and judicial palaces, the theatres, and the churches. Of the palaces, those that particularly attracted my attention were the Palazza Reale, occupied by the viceroy ; the Palazza del Marnio, used as a custom-house and treasury ; the Palazza di Giustizia, for a criminal court ; and the Palazza de' Tribunali, for the ordinary courts of justice. The Della Scala, capable of accommodating four thousand spectators, is not only the largest theatre in the city, but is said to be the largest in the world, not excepting the San Carlo of Naples. I visited a few of the churches—San Ambrogio, founded by St. Ambrose in 387, in which the emperors of Germany were formerly crowned ; Santa Maria delle Grazie, in which is the celebrated Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci ; Santa Maria della Passione, which contains a magnificent mausoleum, by Andrea Fusini ; and the Cathedral.

As a church, the Cathedral is second only to St. Peter's at Rome ; as a specimen of Gothic architecture, it is superior to anything in Italy. Its construction was commenced in 1387, and though it has been progressing ever since, it is not yet completed. It is built of white marble, in the form of a Latin cross ; is four hundred and ninety feet long, two hun-

THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN.



dred and ninety-eight feet wide, and three hundred and fifty-five feet to the top of the dome, which is surmounted by an elegant spire in the form of an obelisk. More than a hundred other spires adorn the edifice, every one of which is crowned with a statue larger than life.

In the interior, every thing is of the most imposing and gorgeous description. It is divided into five parts, by a hundred and sixty marble columns. The arches of the naves are supported by fifty pillars, eight feet in diameter and ninety feet in height. The floor is composed of red, blue, and white mosaics, tastefully disposed in figures. Groups of figures are sketched on the windows, and on the walls are paintings by the most celebrated masters. It contains four thousand six hundred niches for statues, of which nearly four thousand are already occupied.

The sculpture, carvings and spiry fret-work are seen to best advantage from the roof; indeed, it is impossible, from any other point, to form a just idea of the exterior decorations. But to reach this vast elevation, it is necessary to mount a series of stairs, in all, four hundred and sixty-eight steps. I was loth to undertake the task, but was amply rewarded for its accomplishment, besides enjoying from the dome the widest and loveliest prospect in Italy.

At one time the city of Milan was the residence of

Virgil. It is the birth-place of many eminent persons, including five popes, Alexander II., Urban III., Celestine IV., Pius IV., and Gregory XIV. Of the other eminent persons born here, the best known are Alciato, the jurist; Cardan, the astronomer; Becario, the author; Agnesi, a lady, distinguished for her scientific attainments; and Manzoni, the first Italian novelist of the present century.

Whatever was the business of Professor di Lavarello in Milan, it did not interfere with my pleasure in any wise, or even deprive me of his company. On our arrival, I had procured a carriage, and he went with me to all the places I have mentioned, and to many others entitled to observation, though less celebrated. It is true, in the evening, after our drive was concluded, he received many visitors, all persons of distinction, and some of them among the most eminent men of Italy; but, so far as I could discover, they merely came to pay their respects to a man as famous as themselves. I was now fully convinced of what I suspected before we left Genoa, that the business engagement of the professor was merely a pretence to draw me away from danger.

CHAPTER XII.

HALF THE KINGDOM.

FROM the capital of Lombardy to the capital of Venice—the two capitals of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom—we passed through several provinces and chief towns of the two governments. Next to Milan is the province of Bergamo, a fertile, highly cultivated and populous district, the capital of which is a fortified city of the same name, containing about twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

Bergamo is one of the most picturesque places in Northern Italy, and is embellished with many noble edifices. Among these is a handsome cathedral, which contains a beautiful tomb in memory of Bartolommeo Coleone, and some fine paintings of the Venitian School. There are numerous other churches and chapels, a dozen monasteries, nearly as many convents, a college, athenæum, academy of fine arts, public library, military asylum, several theatres, and many charitable institutions.

Annually, in the latter part of August and begin-

ning of September, the city is enlivened by a celebrated fair, in honor of Harlequin, who, it is claimed, was born in Bergamo. The distinguishing characteristic of this fair is the harlequinade, which embraces every species of drollery and mimicry. It is the largest fair held in the north of Italy, and the proceeds sometimes amount to six million dollars.

In the great square of the city is a colossal statue to Torquato Tasso, the poet, whose father, Bernardo Tasso, was born in Bergamo. This city was also the birth-place of Tiraboschi, a learned Jesuit, author of *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*; of Antonio Sevassi, the biographer of Dante, Petrarch and Tasso; and of the distinguished composers, Rubini and Donizetti.

Leaving Bergamo, we passed through a rich plain at the foot of the Alps, to the city of Brescia, which contains now over forty thousand inhabitants. Anciently, this city was the capital of the Cenomani, a people of Cisalpine Gaul, afterwards subjected to the Romans. In the year 412, it was conquered and partially burned by the Goths, and soon after completely destroyed by Atilla. At the end of forty years it was rebuilt, and nearly five centuries later, was declared a free city by Otho I. of Saxony. After three hundred years of prosperity, it fell a prey to the contending factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and

ultimately passed under the protection of Venice. In 1796, it was taken by the French, and in 1815, was ceded to Austria. In 1849, being in revolt and barricaded, it was carried at the point of the bayonet, by the Austrians under General Haynau, in this country known as the woman-whipper.

In 1820, excavations were commenced in Brescia, and continued for six years. Many Roman antiquities were brought to light, the most important being the remains of the Forum of Arrius, part of an edifice supposed to have been the Curia, and a magnificent temple of white marble, with Corinthian columns, supposed to have been dedicated to Hercules in the year 72. After the excavations were discontinued, a beautiful bronze statue was discovered—the Goddess of Victory, regarded by connoisseurs as one of the most sublime specimens of Grecian art. The Forum of Arrius is now the Piazza del Novarino, and the Temple of Hercules is a public museum, in which is preserved a valuable collection of antiquities.

The principal edifices are the Duomo Vecchio, constructed in the seventh century during the Lombard dynasty ; the Duomo Nuovo, entirely of marble, commenced in 1604, the dome of which is next in size to that of the Cathedral at Florence ; the church of San Afra, supposed to stand on the foundations of an ancient edifice consecrated to Saturn ; and the

Palazza di Giustizia, built on the site of an ancient temple dedicated to Vulcan, and displaying a compound of Grecian and Gothic architecture. There are numerous other churches and palaces, adorned with famous masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, Moretto, and Paul Veronese. The squares, which are many, are beautified with more than seventy fountains.

My visit to Brescia was very pleasant, for the professor was informed with reference to every object of importance, particularly the antiquities, which are of chief interest to a stranger.

Leaving the city, we passed through a portion of the old ramparts, now in a crumbling condition. The professor pointed out to me, with the skill of an engineer, wherein lay their great strength and security as a fortification. But they are now entirely dismantled.

He was still discoursing on the subject of fortifications, when we reached Lonato, a town of nearly six thousand inhabitants, enclosed by a wall, and defended by a citadel. It is celebrated for the victory of Napoleon over the Austrians in 1796.

As we crossed the Mincio, the professor remarked, "This little stream,"—it is small at that point, though navigable for barges below Mantua—"is the line of separation between the governments of Lombardy and Venice. Behind us is half the kingdom, before us the other half."

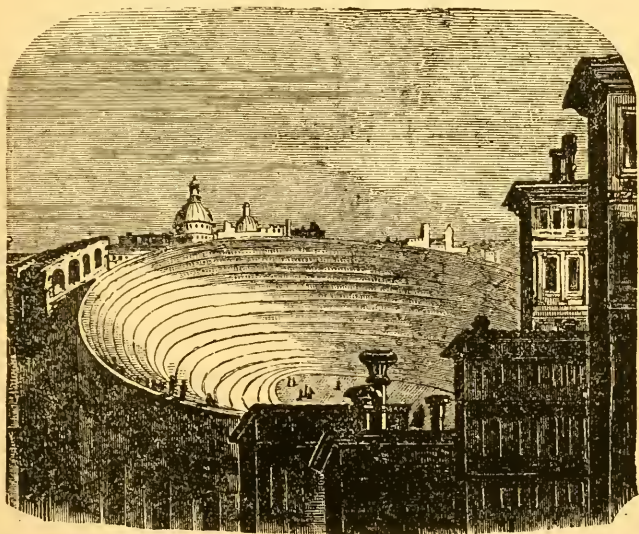
CHAPTER XIII.

THE OTHER HALF.

I WAS particularly struck with the magnificence of Verona, as we approached. The street through which we entered the city, is one of the widest in Europe. The city is beautifully situated on the Adige, enclosed by a series of terraced walls, and entered by five gates. The ancient fortifications are attributed to Charlemagne and the Scaligers, and the double gateway, called Porta dei Borsari, to Gallienus. It is composed of marble, and each gateway is ornamented by Corinthian pilasters. It has been standing sixteen centuries.

The origin of Verona is unsettled, though it is supposed to have been founded in the fourth century before the Christian era. Under the Romans, by whom it was subjected, it rose to great importance. It was adorned with numerous magnificent structures, of which there are still some remains, the most perfect of which is the amphitheatre, which is supposed

to have been built in the reign of Trojan. This magnificent building, the largest of its kind except the Colosseum at Rome, is in better preservation than any other, and the only one now used for public spectacles. The interior is in good condition, but the outer circuit—originally containing seventy-two arches,



AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA.

only four of which now remain—was very badly damaged by an earthquake in 1184. The building is oval in form, 510 feet in length, 412 in width, and, when perfect, 120 in height ; the arena 250 by 147. Forty-five rows of seats encircle the arena, capable of accommodating twenty-five thousand spectators. The

most noticeable of the other Roman remains, are traces of a theatre and two grand arches.

A curious monument of the Middle Ages, are the tombs of the Scaligeri, the Lords of Verona—a series of Gothic pyramids, surmounted by an equestrian statue of each prince. Another tomb worthy of mention is that of Juliet (immortalized by Shakespeare), which stands in the garden of Orfanotrofio—as a work of art, however, of inferior merit.

There are over forty churches, some of which are distinguished. San Zeno is a curious structure, of the seventh and twelfth centuries, and contains a statue to St. Zeno, Bishop of Verona in 362. San Fermo, founded in 750, contains some remarkable monuments and two urns belonging to the Dante family. Santa Maria Matricolare, the cathedral, erected in the time of Charlemagne, is the burial place of Pope Lucius III., and of the poet De Cesuris. San Anastasia, a Gothic structure, and one of the most beautiful in Italy, is of great size, and contains many magnificent monuments. San Giorgio has a high altar of exquisite workmanship, and contains two very celebrated paintings, the Martyrdom of St. George, by Paul Veronese, and the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, by Farinati.

Verona is the birth-place of many distinguished men; among others, of Catullus, a Roman poet

before Christ : Aurelius Macer, a poet of the Augustine era ; Cornelius Nepos, a Latin historian ; the elder Pliny, a distinguished Roman writer, who perished in an eruption of Vesuvius ; and the celebrated artists, Bianchini and Paul Cagliari, surnamed the Veronese.

Though beautifully situated on the Bacchiglione, my first impression of Vicenza was not favorable ; it is enclosed by dry moats and broken walls, and exhibits many other marks of decay. This is particularly noticeable in the palaces, some of which are superior in design, but much neglected and only half inhabited. It is a very ancient city, however, and has passed through many vicissitudes, some of a very destructive character. About the year 400 it was sacked by Alaric, subsequently pillaged by Atilla, the Lombards, and Frederick II., and in 1848, bombarded and greatly damaged by the Austrians. Withal, it is one of the best built cities in Italy, the architecture, chiefly that of Palladio, being distinguished for its accuracy of proportion.

The principal structure is the Teatro Olympico, the masterpiece of Palladio, built in imitation of the ancient theatres. The church San Lorenzo is a very handsome edifice in the Gothic style. The Rotonda Capra, known as Palladio's villa, once an elegant edifice, presents now a dreary appearance, having

been almost entirely ruined by the Austrians in 1848. The structures which attract most attention are the palaces of Palladio and Pigafetta, and the Ponte de San Michele, scarcely inferior to the Rialto of Venice.

In the public cemetery is a fine monument to Palladio, and in the church of San Lorenzo is another to Ferreti, the historian. This church also contains the tomb of Vincent Scamozzi, the most celebrated architect of his age, and the slab-tomb that formerly covered the remains of Giovanni Giorgio, the poet.

Like most travelers, I was greatly disappointed in the appearance of Padua. Being the oldest city in the north of Italy, with over fifty thousand inhabitants, much is expected. But it is damp and gloomy; the situation is low and marshy, and the streets narrow and unclean. Its foundation is ascribed to Antenor, soon after the fall of Troy. Like most of the cities of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, it was sacked by Alaric, Atilla, and the Lombards. It was restored to its former grandeur by Charlemagne, under whose successors it grew to opulence and power. Eventually, as did the cities of Verona and Vicenza, it was united to the Venetian territory.

This city is of a triangular form, surrounded by walls and fosses, and has seven gates. It is not adorned with many handsome edifices, though there are a few fine specimens of architecture, chief among

which is the University, built after designs by Palladio. This institution was founded by Emperor Frederick II., in opposition to that of Bologna, and during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries contained students from all parts of Europe, at times to the number of eighteen thousand. Many distinguished men received their education here ; Columbus, Dante, Tasso, Petrarch and Evelyn among the number; and it was here Harvey received his degree of medicine.

There are about one hundred churches, of which a few are entitled to special notice. The Duomo, now a hundred years completed, was two hundred years in progress of construction : it contains a Madonna by Giotto, and a monument to the memory of Petrarch. San Giustina, destroyed by an earthquake in 1117, was rebuilt in the thirteenth century, and again in the sixteenth ; it is said to contain the bones of three thousand saints. San Antonio, in the Oriental style, with eight cupolas, was built in the thirteenth century ; the exterior is not attractive, but the interior is elaborately decorated.

The Arena, now a castle, is supposed to have been originally a Roman amphitheatre, as portions of the Roman masonry are still visible ; it was designed and decorated by Giotto. The Palazza della Municipalita is remarkable for its very high roof, which is said to be the largest in the world unsupported by columns.

I was particularly pleased with the Prato-della-Valle, in which the fair is held. The interior is surrounded by a circular stream of water, the banks of which are decorated with numerous statues of celebrated men, native and of other countries. It is the fashionable, indeed, the only promenade, and is much frequented by the citizens.

As in the other cities through which we passed, Professor di Lavarello accompanied me to all the places worthy of notice, and in the evening strolled with me in the public promenade. Though he had once been a professor in the University of Milan, he seemed to be equally well known among men of education in Padua, several of whom we encountered in our walk. To all of these gentlemen, and to others who called upon him at the hotel after our return, he introduced me as his friend from America.



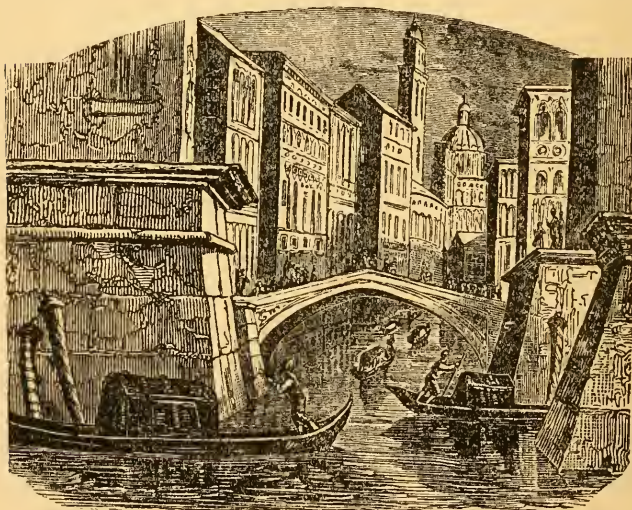
CHAPTER XIV.

QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

THERE was no place in Italy I so much desired to behold as Venice, the city of the sea, or, as it was called during the centuries when it was the first maritime and commercial city of the world, the Queen of the Adriatic. It was founded in the year 452, after the invasion of Italy by Atilla, when a number of refugees sought an asylum in the islands of the Adriatic, and formed a confederation to oppose the northern barbarians. During its independence, the government underwent several important changes, or revolutions. In 1797, it was conquered by the French, and is now the capital of the delegation of its own name, and one of the capitals of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom.

The city is unique, both as regards situation and construction ; it is built on eighty-two small islands, the houses having piles for a foundation. The channels which separate these islands are called canals, and are 150 in number ; and the islands are

connected by as many as 350 bridges. The highways or public passages are of two kinds, land and water. The former are called streets, or, more properly, lanes, as they are very narrow; the latter are the canals—the avenues. The lanes and bridges are used by the



A CANAL AT VENICE.

great mass of the people, who go about their business as in other cities; the canals are used for gondolas, which take the place of omnibuses and similar conveyances.

The Canalazo, or Grand Canal, passes through the heart of the city, and divides it into two distinct and nearly equal parts. It is a series of serpentine wind-

ings, varying in width from 100 to 180 feet. Along its whole course, on both sides, and so near the water that they may be entered from the gondolas, are buildings of various kinds, some of which are palaces of great magnificence. It is crossed by only one bridge, the Rialto, which spans it by a single arch of eighty-nine feet, and is celebrated as being the handsomest bridge in the world. From this bridge the view is truly magnificent.

In this connection, I may mention another famous structure of the same character, the Ponte de'Sospiri, or "Bridge of Sighs," which derives its melancholy but appropriate name from the circumstance that criminals were conveyed across it to hear their sentence, and were thence led to execution. It has been immortalized by Lord Byron in his description of Venice, fourth canto of *Childe Harold*:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs."

The streets are generally but four feet in width, though a few of them are as much as six, and two of them are perhaps three times the width of the latter, the Merceria and the Piazzetta. The former of these is situated near the center of the city, and is the principal shopping street. The latter, leading to the Piazza of St. Mark, crosses the Merceria at right angles, and extends to the sea; and in front of it stands two granite obelisks, each formed out of a

single block, one crowned with a bronze statue of the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other with a like statue of St. Theodore.

The squares are many in number, but of very limited extent, owing to the smallness of the islands. The principal one—in size, regularity and beauty of situation—is the Piazza di San Marco, at the entrance of the Canalazo. It is a parallelogram, being 600 feet in length and 300 in width. It contains some of the principal edifices—the old palace of the doges, the Cathedral of St. Mark, the Orologio, the Campanile, the Mint and the libraries among the number—and numerous shops and arcades. It is the great center of concourse, the scene of masquerades and festivals, and with the Piazzetta, constitutes the fashionable promenade of the city, and the state entrance from the sea.

There are a great many churches, some of which are truly magnificent, the Basalica of St. Mark, formerly the ducal chapel, being one of the grandest in Christendom. It was designed by architects from Constantinople, and is in the Byzantine style, but finished in the Italian Gothic of the fifteenth century. It is in the form of a Grecian cross, 245 feet in length, 200 in width, and 92 in height to the top of the principal dome. The decorations, external and internal, are supported by hundreds of marble pillars,

brought from Greece, chiefly Saracenic, and many of them covered with deeply cut Syrian inscriptions. The principal front is ornamented with five hundred columns, some of white, black and veined marble, and others of verd-antique, alabaster and bronze; eight of which, of a serpentine form, very remarkable, were brought by the Venitians from Constantinople, and are supposed to have belonged to the Temple at Jerusalem. It terminates in pointed arches, surmounted by numerous spires, pinacles, crosses and statues; and over the portal are the four celebrated bronze horses, believed to be the work of Lysippus, which originally adorned Corinth, and subsequently Athens, Rome, Constantinople, Venice and Paris.

The interior is beautiful almost beyond description; the roofs being covered with rich mosaics, and the walls with precious marbles, while the columns are of verd-antique and porphyry, and the floors of white and colored marble, agate, jasper and porphyry, all beautifully arranged. The Pala d'Oro, a mosaic in gold, silver and enamel, made at Constantinople, is the finest specimen of Byzantine art in existence. The altar table in the Baptistry is formed of the granite slab upon which the Saviour is supposed to have stood when he preached to the inhabitants of Tyre. The Sacristy is entered by a magnificent door upon which Sansovino was employed for twenty years.

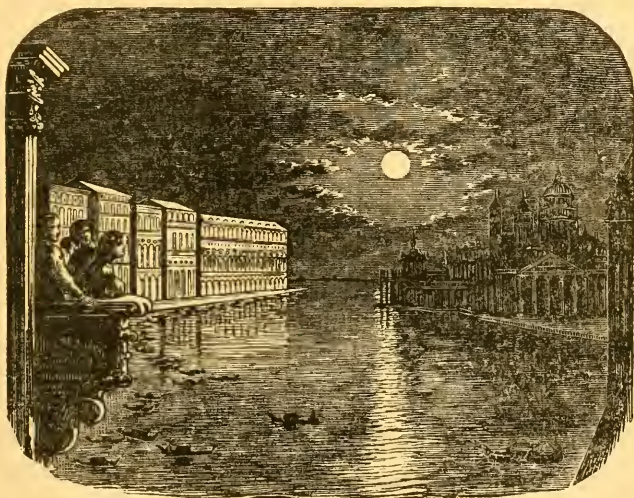
In the Treasury are many precious relics, among which is a piece of the dress of our Saviour. The edifice is further adorned with celebrated works of art, by Vecchio, Pisano, Jacobello, Massenge, Sansovino, and the brothers Zuccati.

Of the palaces, which are also numerous, the Palazza Ducale is the most distinguished. It was built in the fourteenth century, by Doge Marino Faliero. It is entered by eight gates, the principal leading to the Cortile, around which are two stories of arcades. A noble flight of steps, called the Giant's Staircase, leads up from the Cortile to the Arcade. The arches and steps are exquisitely inlaid with marble, and busts of Tintoretto, Lazzaro Moro, Enrico Dandolo, Marco Polo, and other celebrated Venitians, are placed around the upper colonade. At the top of these stairs the doges were crowned.

Beneath the Orologio, or clock tower, is the entrance to the Merceria. The Campanile, or bell-tower, is 320 feet high. The Library of St. Mark and the Mint are handsome edifices of Ionic and Doric architecture. But it would be idle for me to attempt a description, or even a mention of all the beautiful structures that came under my observation.

Altogether, Venice is a city of wondrous beauty, but is seen by moonlight to best advantage. To enjoy this exquisite pleasure I remained over an addi-

tional night, and the professor, with a resident friend of his, accompanied me to various points, from some of which the views were truly magnificent.



VENICE BY MOONLIGHT.

While enjoying one of these views—that from the Rialto, perhaps the finest in the city—I observed, among the people passing to and fro, the police officer who came into my room the night of my arrival in Genoa. Suspicious of his presence, I turned quickly to the professor, but when I looked again he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM THE SEA.

AVING reached the limit of my excursion, and beheld the beauties of the most remarkable city in the world, I resumed my wanderings, turning my face again in the direction of Genoa, where I hoped to see, or at least hear from, my absent friend, the Bachelor.

Across the peninsula, from Venice to Leghorn, is one of the pleasantest trips in Italy ; the country being fertile and highly cultivated, and the cities large and exceedingly interesting, especially Florence, in which I spent three as delightful days as any I enjoyed in Italy.

The first place in which I stopped was Ferrara, a celebrated city, capital of the province of the same name, situated in a fertile plain, not far from the north branch of the Po. It is encircled by a wall seven miles in length, and is defended by a citadel regularly fortified, while in the centre of the city is a

castle, flanked with towers, and surrounded with wet ditches, formerly the residence of the doges.

No place that I visited in Italy, presents so many signs of decay as Ferrara. I passed through streets almost wholly unused, and over pavements grown up with grass and weeds. Many houses were deserted and dilapidated, and some of the noblest palaces were destitute of doors and windows. The population is scarcely a fourth of what it was under the line of Este.

Nevertheless, there are numerous traces of its former grandeur ; a vast cathedral and many other churches, in most of which are valuable works of art ; a theatre, one of the finest in the Papal States ; a public gallery of paintings ; and a public library, containing 80,000 volumes and 900 manuscripts.

In the library is the tomb of Ariosto ; also, his chair, inkstand, and some of his hand-writing. The library also contains the original manuscript of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*.

Next to these objects, those in which I felt the deepest interest were the Casa degli Ariosto, in which the poet was educated ; the Casa d' Ariosto, in which he lived during his later years ; the Casa Guarini, in which the author of the *Pastor Fido* resided ; and the cell in the hospital of Sant' Anna, in which Tasso was imprisoned.

A much larger city, and in a much higher state of preservation, though one of the oldest in Italy, is Bologna, in the state of *Æmilia*. It was founded by the Etruscans, conquered by the Romans before Christ, declared a free city by Charlemagne, incorporated into the Cisalpine government by France, and attached finally to the Kingdom of Italy.

It is celebrated as a center of instruction. Its university, founded in 1119, is the oldest on the peninsula, and perhaps the oldest in the world. In 1216, the number of students amounted to ten thousand, but of late years to less than six hundred. It contains two libraries, one of 150,000 volumes, and the other of 80,000 volumes and 4000 manuscripts.

The convents and churches are very numerous ; there being of the former thirty-five for monks and thirty-eight for nuns, and of the latter about seventy-five, or, including the chapels of the convents, a hundred and fifty. The Cathedral, a fine edifice of the seventeenth century, contains a fresco, representing the Anunciation, the last work of Lodovico Caracci. San Petronio, the largest and finest in the city, is remarkable as containing the miridian line of Cassini traced on the floor, and also as being the place where the Pope crowned Charles V. in Italy.

The other principal edifices are the public and private palaces, register, chamber of commerce, hospitals,

academies, and theatres ; all of which are enriched with paintings and sculpture by the leading artists. There are two leaning towers, Asinelli, which is the loftiest in Italy, from the top of which (the finest view I ever enjoyed) may be seen, it is said, one hundred and three cities ; and Garisenda—both erected in the early part of the twelfth century.

Bologna is celebrated as the birth place of eight popes, one hundred cardinals, naturalists, anatomists, astronomers, mathematicians, and the artists Guido, Domenichino, Albano, Barbieri, and the three Caracci. It is also celebrated for its sausages.

Between Bologna and Florence we passed through two fortified towns, each of about twelve thousand inhabitants—Pistoja and Prato. The former is famous as being the place where pistols were invented, and gives name to the weapon ; and it contains a monument to the poet Cini, a cathedral and other churches, a theatre, museum, academy, public libraries, convents, and a fine old town hall. The latter is celebrated as the seat of Cicognini College ; and contains a noble square, a marble cathedral, a tower of six stories, hospitals, asylums, and other edifices.

CHAPTER XVI.

TO THE SEA.

F all the cities I have seen, the most beautiful is Florence. It is of Roman origin, though not as ancient as some of the others I have mentioned. It is surrounded by an old wall, nearly five miles in circuit, in which there are nine gates. It is divided into two unequal parts, by the Arno, which, at that point, is one hundred and fifty yards wide, and crossed by two suspension and four arched bridges.

With few exceptions, the streets are narrow and well paved with flagging, but without sidewalks. The dwellings are handsome, and the palaces are noble structures ; many of the latter containing valuable collections of books, paintings and statuary. The Pitti Palace, formerly the residence of Luca Pitti, at present occupied by the grand duke, is one of the most magnificent in Italy. It contains a gallery of over five hundred paintings.

There are a large number of squares and piazzas, which add greatly to the beauty of the city. Of

these, the most celebrated is the Piazza del Granduca, which is the center of public life and business. It is adorned with a marble fountain, and a bronze statue of Cosmo I., by Giovanni di Bologna.

The most celebrated building in the city, is the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, remarkable for its dome, which is the largest in the world. This edifice is of stupendous proportions ; entire length, 501 feet—of transept, 305 ; width of nave, 129 ; height, 338 ; and cupolo, 138 in diameter. It is grand in its conception and construction, and served as a model to Michael Angelo for St. Peter's at Rome. It was designed by Arnolfo, and completed by Brunelleschi.

The Church of Santa Croce, also a very large edifice, is celebrated as containing monuments to the memory of many of the most celebrated men in Italy ; among whom are Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Dante, Machiavelli, and Galileo.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the Campanile, designed by Giotto, a quadrangular tower, 275 feet in height, with six bells, reached by a staircase of 413 steps. It is of black, white and red polished marble, and the most beautiful structure of its kind in Italy.

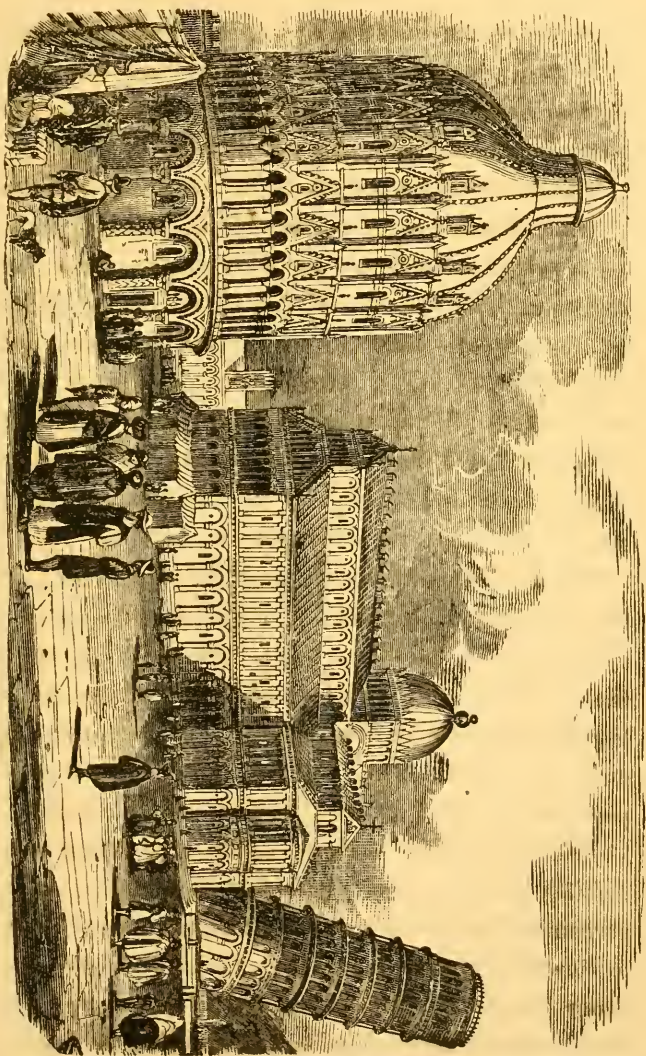
But the pride of Florence is the Galleria Imperiale e Reale, in the upper story of the Uffizi, a magnificent building, erected by command of Cosmo I., after a design by Vasari. In extent and variety, this gal-

lery is one of the finest collections of sculpture and paintings in the world. Among the numerous antiques in statuary, are the celebrated Venus de Medici, and the group of Niobe and her children ; and among the paintings, there are works of Raphael, Titian, Guido, Correggio, Guercino, and Michael Angelo.

In one of the museums, is a white marble statue to Galileo, his instruments, and one of his fingers, preserved in a glass case ; his manuscripts are preserved in the private library of the grand duke. In the Palazzo Buonaratti, the dwelling of Michael Angelo, are his manuscripts, sword, canes, and a portrait of himself.

Of the illustrious men born in this city, the best known are Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Guicciardini, Benvenuto Celini, Leonardo da Vinci, Amerigo Vespucci, Andrea del Sarto, and Lorenzo d' Medici. Some include Michael Angelo and Galileo, while others credit the birth of the former to Chiusi, and of the latter to Pisa.

The last mentioned place, capital of the province of Pisa, is situated in a fertile plain, on the banks of the Arno, six miles from the sea. It is about five miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall, now broken and of little use as a fortification. It is irregularly laid out, but has the advantage of wide, straight streets, excellently paved. The river trav-



THE GREAT SQUARE IN PISA.

erses the city in the form of a crescent, and divides it into two nearly equal parts, which are connected by four beautiful bridges, while on each side is a fine quay, used as a promenade.

The principal attractions of this city, are the Cathedral, Baptistery, Campanil^e, and Campo Santo, all of which are within view at the same time. The Cathedral is in the style of architecture that prevailed in the eleventh century. It is 300 feet long, 107 wide, and 120 high. It contains three magnificent bronze doors, by Giovanni di Bologna, one of which represents the Virgin from her birth. It also contains statues by Giovanni di Pisi, and paintings by Andrea del Sarto and other eminent masters.

The Baptistery is an octagon of white marble, 150 feet in diameter, and 160 feet in height. It was finished about the middle of the twelfth century, when the city was so populous, that a voluntary contribution of one florin from each family sufficed to pay the expense of its erection. At that time it is said the population was 150,000 ; it is now less than 20,000.

Having seen the leaning towers of Bologna—the Asinelli four, and the Garisenda eight feet from a perpendicular line—I was less surprised when I came to view the Campanile of Pisa, though the top overhangs the base thirteen feet. It is built of white marble, and is adorned with 207 columns of marble

and granite. It is 190 feet high, and is ascended by 295 steps. Writers differ in opinion as to whether this tower was originally perpendicular. However the fact may be, it has been in this leaning position for over six centuries.

The Campo Santo is an ancient burial ground, and the most beautiful edifice in the city. It is a vast rectangle, surrounded by sixty-two light and elegant arcades, composed of white marble. These arcades are built about a mound of earth, brought by Archbishop Lanfranchi from Mount Calvary in the twelfth century, and formerly used as a mansoleum. It contains many remarkable monuments and celebrated paintings. Six hundred ancient families of Pisa and many illustrious characters of different countries, are said to be interred in this cemetery.



CHAPTER XVII.

LEGHORN LADIES.

THERE were a thousand things of interest in the cities through which I passed, worthy of mention in a volume of this character, which I am obliged to omit for want of space. I state the fact that it may not be supposed they have escaped my notice, or have been regarded as too insignificant for a place in these pages.

Arrived in Leghorn, the professor and I went first to the Hotel de Nord, where we dined. In this hotel is a *table d' hôte*, which I usually prefer. On this occasion it enabled me to hear my mother tongue spoken on both sides of me ; and though the people were all strangers, I felt less like one myself than at any time since the desertion of Bachelor.

One voice particularly attracted my attention. It sounded familiar, and yet I was unable to call it distinctly to recollection. It was that of a woman, who sat on the same side of the table, a short distance above me, and kept up a lively conversation with her

companion, who was also a lady. I managed to catch a glimpse of her countenance, and though it resembled some one I had seen, I was more completely puzzled.

Each time she spoke, her voice grew more and more familiar ; but still I was unable to associate it with any person, until the plates were removed and desert served. Taking a bunch of grapes in her hand, she addressed her companion the following connundrum—
“ What sort of monkeys grow on vines ? ”

I knew her then ; it was the blind lady, who had introduced the connundrums on board the Columbia. The operation of the English oculist had been successful, for she had recovered her sight, which was the reason I had failed to recognize her.

Her companion—not the one whom she had on the Columbia, but a young and pretty girl—laughed gaily at the connundrum, but gave it up. Said the blind lady, or she who had been blind—“ Gra-apes (grapes). ”

I sent her my card, and she made room for me by her side, and introduced me to her companion, who was her neice. But that she might be certain of the acquaintance of one she had never seen, she closed her eyes while I spoke, and then said : “ Yes, I remember. You excelled in connundrums. The one you got off at the expense of your friend was capital.

I have repeated it many times. By the way, where is your friend ?”

Such was the beginning of a very pleasant conversation, in which our acquaintances of the Columbia were the principal theme. Since our separation she had met Mrs. Marshall at one time and Mrs. Barrington at another, and both had kept me in kind remembrance. On her voyage to Italy, she had been accompanied by—“ Who do you suppose ?” said she. I had not the least idea, but guessed—“ The winsome widow.” “ No,” said she ; “ the ship’s beauty.”

I was pleased to learn that William Stewart had extended his bridal tour to Italy ; it would afford me another opportunity to meet his beautiful bride. They were in Leghorn the day before, and were then in Naples, where they purposed to spend two or three weeks, and as many more in Sicily.

In turn, I told Mrs. Murray—such was the name of the lady—all I knew concerning “ the colleen bawn” and her rival lovers. She seemed very much interested, and expressed the hope that my countryman might carry off the prize.

After the lapse of half an hour, Mrs. Murray was obliged to join some friends, with whom she and her niece were to spend the evening ; but she expressed the hope, as they would proceed to Genoa, that I should remain over a day and bear them company.

The professor consented, on condition that I would spend a portion of the time with him, at the house of his friend, Signor Vincent Liotto. I accepted the terms, and should had the gentleman mentioned been a stranger ; but, fortunately for me, he was an acquaintance.

Signor Liotto, his wife and son, were among my fellow passengers from Glasgow to Leghorn ; and being acquaintances of Count di Lavarello, I had been introduced to them on board the *Sidonia*. But as I was then ignorant of the Italian language, our social intercourse was constrained and limited.

At the house of Signor Liotto, I met the sister of his wife, Signora Cesina Sanzitoto, whose husband had fallen in the service of Garibaldi. She was young to be a widow—not more than one-and-twenty ; but time had softened her sorrow, and her spirits had recovered their buoyancy. In the accomplishments of mind and manners, she resembled her sister, Signora Liotto, but was younger in appearance, and perhaps gayer in disposition. Withal, she was exceedingly pretty and attractive.

The evening spent at the house of Signor Liotto, a very pleasant one, was chiefly devoted to conversation and music, in both of which the sisters excelled. Before the professor and I took our leave, an excursion to the monastery of Monte Nero was arranged

for the next day. It was proposed by Signor Liotto, but I suspect that it was prompted by his pretty sister-in-law.

The excursion was not only a success, but a more considerable affair than I anticipated. It was enjoyed by about twenty people, all friends of Signora Sanzitoto. One of these was an officer of the Austrian army, Captain Burnside, a cousin of our General Burnside. He was a native of Italy, but proud of his distinguished relation. Perhaps it was on that account, but he manifested a considerable liking for my society, and not only wrote his address in my pocket-book thus: "Alessander de Burnside, Esq., Cavalier Capitan in Ussar Regiment, Ungar, Leghorn," but at parting, gave me a beautiful pencil as a memento.

Returning from the excursion, we all went to the house of Signora Sanzitoto, where we spent the evening, much as the previous one had been spent, but with a greater degree of freedom, having become better acquainted. As the stranger of the occasion, I was especially favored with the attentions of Signora Sanzitota, who did every thing in her power to make it pleasant for me; and for her kindness I shall ever hold her in grateful remembrance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ADVENTURE.

THOUGH very sorry to leave my pleasant acquaintances, I was glad to get away from Leghorn. Except Messina, and I am not quite certain that I should make the exception, Leghorn is more thoroughly infested with beggars than any city I visited in Italy. For the opposite reason, Genoa is the pleasantest place for the sojourn of a traveller. In the streets of this city, there are no beggars ; they are supported by a tax upon the citizens, in an asylum capable of receiving 22,000 inmates.

The professor was glad to get back to his house in the Piazza Ponte, for he preferred quietude. I, too, was glad, for I needed rest, not yet having recovered sufficient strength for an excursion of such extent. As to resuming my wanderings, the professor peremptorily forbid it for a fortnight, though he allowed me the honor that is sometimes accorded to distinguished strangers—the freedom of the city.

On the table of my apartment, I found a pyramid

of letters, which were entitled to my first attention. In the contents of two or three of them, the reader will be interested. The first I read was from my wife—hers always was the first ; but it contained information that distressed me—my business was all going wrong in my absence. I had entrusted it to what I supposed a safe and skillful management ; but it seldom happens that a lawyer's business, however well conducted by another, gives entire satisfaction to his clients.

There was a letter from Bachelor, nearly a month old, appointing to meet me at Trieste, whence he proposed to visit Vienna, Berlin, Hamburg, and other northern cities ; and another, of more recent date, informing me that he was on his return, and should endeavor to be in Genoa in a fortnight from that time, when, if I had not despatched him before, he should take pleasure in shooting Capitano Leonaldi.

There was also a letter from Musgrave, who wrote to thank me for the information which had enabled him to find the "colleen bawn." But though it had assured his happiness in a measure, it had also involved him in difficulty. "I wish you were here to help me," he wrote. "As it is, I am one against three ; for I have to inform you that Father McQuinlan joined our party a few days ago, and is exerting himself for the honor of Londonderry. Thus far,

however, I have held my own, thanks to 'the fine ould Irish gintleman' of Downpatrick, by whose advice I made sure to kiss the true Blarney Stone."

Among a number of other letters, of no consequence to the reader, was one in a perfumed envelope, without postmark, addressed "To the American Gentleman, care of Professor di Lavarello, No. 14 Piazza Ponte." Before I broke the seal, I felt certain that it was from Lauretta Leonaldi; perhaps I discerned a resemblance in the handwriting. There was no signature, but the contents rendered any unnecessary: "On your return to Genoa, of which I shall be advised, go to the Madonnetta, in the morning at ten, and be circumspect."

"Men at some time are masters of their fates;" but they are not at some other time, which is when they are under the spell of the enchantress—"woman, lovely woman!" With this letter in my hand, I was no longer master of my fate; come what would, I resolved to visit the Madonnetta. To avoid any suspicion of my purpose, however, I spent the afternoon in the Corso, with Carlo and his sisters, and the evening with Professor di Lavarello, in his apartments.

The next morning, a little before ten o'clock, I stood in front of the Madonnetta, a small church, but celebrated as containing some excellent paintings. I looked about me, but saw no one, except a letter-

writer, a very important person in all parts of Italy, who was inditing an epistle for a young girl, to her absent lover. I crossed the street and walked close



THE LETTER WRITER.

to them, but there was nothing suspicious in their appearance. It was an incident of very frequent occurrence, which, at any other time, I should not have noticed.

Entering the church, empty at the time, I embraced the opportunity to enjoy the pictures, one of which, the Assumption of the Virgin, is attributed to Raphael. It hangs in the sacristy, which, finding the door open, I entered without ceremony, and was soon lost in admiration. How long I remained in this condition I know not, but I was recalled to consciousness by the entrance of a monk, who passed through the room, and disappeared through a small door on the opposite side.

Returning to the nave, I glanced around, but saw no one. I waited a few minutes, but no one came. Then I walked up and down the aisle, leisurely at first, but after a time anxiously, for on looking at my watch, I found it was nearly noon. "Perhaps the

lovely Lauretta is not yet aware of my return?" Consoling myself with this thought, I left the church, resolved to come again on the morrow. The rest of the day was spent as the day before had been, with Carlo and his pretty sisters and the professor.

The next morning I repaired again to the church of the Madonnetta, leaving the piazza at an early hour, in an opposite direction. To make certain that I was not followed, I passed out at one of the gates, and entered the suburbs. Keeping the wall in sight, I walked on slowly for nearly an hour, passing two or three entrances. Not far from the one nearest the



MONK AND MAID.

church, in front of a cottage, I saw a monk holding a girl by the hand, and apparently engaged in giving her advice. My course led me near to where they were standing, and as I passed I glanced at them. Something in the look of the priest arrested my attention. I looked again, but

he was intent upon his duty, with nothing unusual in his appearance.

Passing through the gate, I took the shortest course to the Madonnetta, which I entered without pausing

to look behind me, for as I turned into the street, I saw a woman ascending the steps of the church. When I reached the main aisle, she was kneeling in front of the altar ; observing which I paused, that I might not disturb her devotions. But my footstep attracting her attention, she immediately arose and walked toward me. She was veiled, and I was uncertain whether it was Signora Leonaldi, until she whispered in my ear, as she glided swiftly by me—"We are watched !"

I turned about suddenly, and looked after her retreating form. She passed quickly to the door, and at the same time a monk walked slowly down a side aisle. In a moment, she had disappeared, and then I looked at the priest, whose head was bent toward the ground. Though his face was partially concealed, I recognized him at once as the one I had seen near the gate in conversation with the girl ; and before he had passed from view, as the one who had, the day before, passed through the sacristy, while I was contemplating the Assumption of the Virgin.



CHAPTER XIX.

A DINNER PARTY.

DURING the remainder of my stay in Genoa, Professor di Lavarello did everything in his power to make it pleasant for me. Walks and drives, calls and visits, composed an interesting portion of the enjoyment. Among the pleasures of that time was a visit to the magnificent villa of the Marquis Pallavicini, whose fabulous wealth is there displayed in the utmost profusion. A partial description of this place is contained in the introduction to the translation of *The Castle of the Three Mysteries*, from which I extract the following :

“It would be almost impossible to adequately describe the wonders and beauties which every where greet the eye. In the park are immense laurel trees and Indian pines ; and the choicest tropical trees, plants and flowers are seen in all directions. Beautiful summer houses, temples, cascades and obelisks are tastefully arranged throughout the grounds. By an ingenious contrivance of secret springs, jets of water can be thrown upon the head of the unsuspecting visitor, who, in endeavoring to escape from one, is met full in the face by another. If he but touch a flower or shrub, or take a seat in an inviting chair, he is liable to become the victim of a miniature deluge, which, on the whole, tends to create a pleasant excitement and much real jolity.”

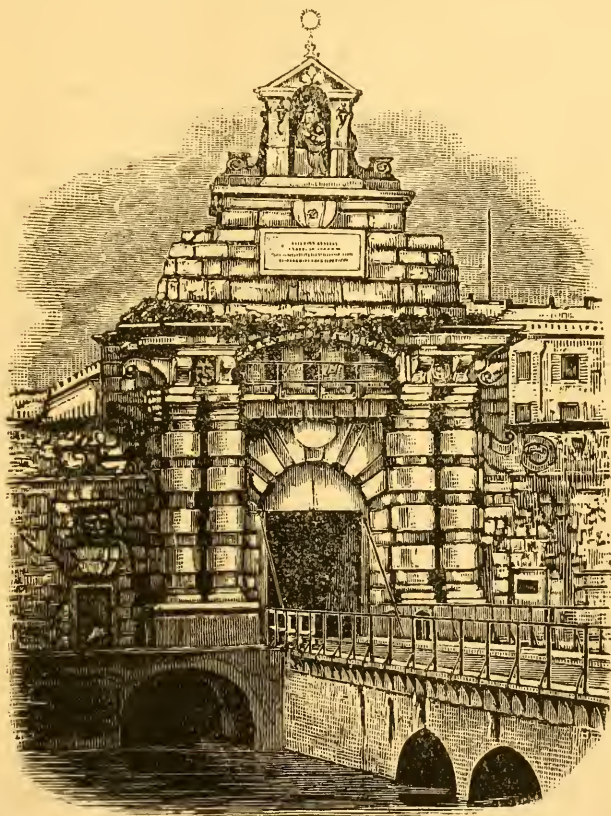
Another of these pleasures was a dinner party, given by Signor Cavalieri, a brother-in-law of the professor, at his palace in the village of Albaro, a short distance from the city. Signor Cavallo was a lawyer, and practiced at the bar in the courts of Genoa, but like many other gentlemen of wealth, lived a short distance in the country. His palace stood near the house occupied by Dickens, during his stay in Italy.

Most of the guests went out in the afternoon, in carriages ; the count having one to himself and family, and the professor and I one to ourselves. We reached the country through the oldest gate in the city ; “supposed to have been erected,” said the professor, “in the latter part of the tenth century.” The road to the village was excellent, and the country beautiful ; the farms neat and well-cultivated, and the houses both showy and substantial ; and the palaces, here and there in the most eligible situations, spacious and superb.

The dinner was a grand affair—a most ceremonious entertainment. The number and variety of the dishes were marvelous, and every flavor delicious. The guests were numerous—all people of education ; the gentlemen agreeable and entertaining, and the ladies beautiful and fascinating.

There were several lawyers present, from whom, as

a member of the fraternity, I received some special attention. Being an American, I was not neglected



OLD GATE OF GENOA.

by the ladies, who—in every country I have visited, as well as my own—if not partial, are at least not indifferent, to foreigners.

The lady from whom I received most attention, was Signora Angelina Rossetti, wife of a Genoese gentleman much respected for his wealth and position. She was greatly admired for her excellencies of mind and manner, and particularly for her conversational acquirements. Though perhaps thirty years of age, she was very young compared with her husband, who was almost an octogenarian. The discrepancy was too great, and was the cause of some unhappiness, to which I unconsciously contributed.

It happened that Senora Rossetti and myself, when introduced, were favorably situated for conversation, in which, as I have already said, she excelled. At first I was charmed with her grace of manner and elegance of expression ; but having succeeded in making herself agreeable, she asked me about my own country, in which she professed to be greatly interested. She listened as well as she talked, which is great praise to any one ; and led on by her inquiries, I let my tongue run for her gratification, without observing that her antique spouse was becoming furiously angry.

When I did observe it, however, I regret to say that I deliberately continued. I should have refrained had there been any thing in our behavior to justify his anger in the first instance ; but I was provoked that he should allow his jealousy to be observed.

But I soon discovered that it was not safe to coquette with even an old man's wife. Signor Rossetti sent a friend to me, to inquire what weapons I preferred, and at what time and place it would suit my convenience to leave this world.

I went immediately in quest of Professor di Lavarello, through whom I offered what I conceived to be a suitable apology—"my attentions were wholly the result of my admiration of his wife's superior acquirements; and though I should deprive myself of a very great pleasure, if it would gratify Signor Rossetti, I should never again notice his wife by look or action." The effect was much better than I anticipated; the incensed husband not only withdrew his challenge, but apologized for his anger. I was careful however, during the rest of the evening, not to excite his jealousy again, by any marked attention to his wife. I met her on the Corso many times afterwards, and our casual acquaintance of that evening, ripened into a close and pleasant friendship.

It was late when we left the village, and after midnight when we reached the city. Being moonlight and delightful weather, the count and professor, Signor Pilliona and son, and myself, returned on foot, for amusement. Signor Pilliona was a Nicean merchant, who accompanied the professor and myself on our re-

turn from Nice. He and his son were both excellent gentlemen, in whose society I spent many agreeable hours during my stay in Genoa.

On the way back, many things excited our attention, but in particular the collection of cigar stumps at and after midnight. As we entered the city, stump hunters might be seen in nearly every thoroughfare,



CIGAR-STUMP HUNTER.

each with a lantern, which he held close to the ground, to avoid unnecessary stooping. The quantity of stumps gathered in this manner, during the course of a sennight, is enormous. I believe they are used as filling for other cigars.

Nearer the Piazza Ponte, we met a monk—we had met a number before, and passed them without notice—but this was the one I had seen at the Madonnetta. I was a little in the rear of the company, and moved by a sudden impulse, or it may have been a suspicion, I stopped directly in front of him, and looked him full in the face. He stopped as suddenly, and placed himself in a posture of defence, drawing from underneath his gown a glittering stiletto ; not, I think, with a view of inflict-

ing injury upon me, but, if it became necessary, for his own personal protection.

“Villain !” I exclaimed, snatching a pistol from my breast-pocket, and raising it in a menacing manner.

The exclamation arrested my companions, who turned about just as the monk darted aside into the shadow of the houses.

“Good God !” exclaimed the merchant, seeing me with a pistol, and the monk running as if for his life.

To the professor I remarked quietly, as I replaced the weapon, “I was merely recognizing a police officer in disguise.”

Perceiving that my explanation was understood by the professor, the merchant made no further observation. He comprehended that it was a mystery, and was satisfied that it had not resulted in a tragedy.



CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE.

BEFORE our excursion through the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, Professor di Lavarello had promised me some fine shooting on his farm near Recco, about thirty miles south of Genoa. As we were about to separate that night, he proposed that we should begin our sport the following day, as my sojourn in that part of Italy was then limited. Though his object was to draw me away from danger, I was glad of the proposition for another reason—I desired a change of scenery and situation, in the hope that it might benefit my health. From Sorri, where we left the rail way, to San Pallena, the professor's country seat, was about one mile by the carriage way, and perhaps a furlong less by the foot-path. As notice of our coming had not been received, there was no carriage for us on our arrival, so we proceeded on foot by the path, reaching the house just in time for lunch.

San Pallena is beautifully situated on the mountain

side, and commands a magnificent view of the sea and intermediate country. The house is a palace, containing every desirable luxury. The library was large, and composed of choice collections. The paintings and statuary were gems of art. The farm was productive, and on it grew nearly every kind of fruit and nut, fit for food.

The professor hunted with me the first day, and after that employed his time in looking to the interests of the farm. I am not an expert in sportsmanship, but the game was abundant, and I had the good fortune to bring in each day, birds enough to save my reputation. So a week passed.

The day before we returned—it was Sunday—I walked out to a prominent rock, a short distance from the house, to enjoy a last look at the lovely landscape. It was a pleasant morning, and for an hour or more I mused, with my face toward the sea, which separated me from my family and friends. The spirit of sadness settled upon me, and turning from the prospect, I walked listlessly forward, scarcely conscious of the direction. In this manner, I descended the rock, and entered a ravine through which the path led to the house. I had proceeded but a short distance, when I was entirely concealed from observation.

At that moment, a man leaped from behind a crag, and seized me by the throat. He was a large man,

of great muscular power, and his face had a demoniacal expression. In his hand was a long poniard, with which he struck a deathful blow at my breast. But the likeness of my wife and children, enclosed in a metal case, which I carried all the while in my breast pocket, broke the blow and the dagger at the same time.

The disappointment of the assassin was evinced by a most diabolical exclamation, and in his anger he hurled the broken weapon against the crag behind which he had been concealed. Then he drew from the leg of his boot, a long knife, not unlike the sword of a sergeant, and aimed a blow at my head.

Meanwhile, I tried to get my pistol, but could not, so powerful was the pressure of his arm upon my breast. I endeavored to free myself from his grasp, which tightened as my efforts increased, until I was almost unconscious. I saw the glittering blade raised above my head ; but before the blow could fall, there was the sharp report of a pistol, and the ruffian fell senseless at my feet, desperately wounded. I turned to see who was my deliverer. To my infinite surprise, there stood Tom Tackle, on the edge of the ravine, with a broad smile on his countenance. As he informed me afterwards, on being released from Glasgow, he had gone to the Broomielaw, but instead of returning to America as he had promised, shipped as

a sailor to the Mediterranean. At Recco he had deserted the ship, and was skulking in the neighborhood for a day or two, until its disappearance.

I sent Tom to the house for assistance, and in a few minutes the professor came, with several men and a stretcher. The wounded man was carried to the house, where his wounds were dressed. The bullet had passed through his right arm, shattering the bone above the elbow, and lodged in his left breast.

I supposed the man a common robber, or a hired assassin, but he was neither. After the wounds were dressed, and the pain had somewhat subsided, the professor said to him—"You had better followed my advice." The wounded man made no reply, but after a few moments said—"Doctor, may I send for my wife?" "I have already sent for her," replied the professor. Silence ensued.

The noon train brought to Sorri, the wife of the wounded man, Signora Laretta Leonaldi, and the professor's carriage conveyed her to San Pallena. As she entered the room where her husband lay on a sofa, he extended his left hand, which she seized and pressed to her lips; then dropping on her knees, she passed her arm around his neck, and buried her beautiful face in his bushy whiskers. In this condition they were left to themselves.

An hour afterwards the professor proposed our re-

turn to the city. "Now that they are reconciled," he said, "it is better that we should be away. Not," he added, "that Lauretta would take any notice of us," (meaning me) "but a jealous man is never quite at his ease while there is another man in the same neighborhood."

In view of all the circumstances, I was at a loss to understand the conduct of Signora Leonaldi, particularly the anxiety she manifested to obtain a secret interview at the Madonnetta.

"It is a plain case," replied the professor, "Leonaldi is jealous, his wife fond of admiration. A jealous man is vindictive, a vain woman is indiscreet. Lauretta flirted with your friend, the Bachelor, and Leonaldi resolved to have revenge. Under the impression that you were the offender, he has kept you under constant espionage. His wife sought a private interview, that she might put you on your guard. Where there is suspicion, nothing escapes the attention. She dropped a note in the Corso, and you picked it up. She sent you a letter through a messenger, and the next morning you went to the Madonnetta. She passed you in the grand aisle, and whispered something in your ear. As for the rest, had it not been for your wayward countryman, San Pallena would contain a corpse instead of an invalid."

Tom Tackle accompanied us to the city, and took

charge of a large basket of choice figs, which the professor had put up for me. In Genoa, as in some other cities of Italy, many things brought within the walls are subject to a municipal tax ; among these are chickens, but not figs. Thinking to have a little sport, I leaned over my basket, which was closely covered, and chirped like a chicken. Instantly a customs' officer "went" for the basket, cut off the cover, and exposed the contents—figs. There was a burst of laughter from the bystanders, and many jeering remarks, which so enraged the officer, that he was about to "go" for me, when the professor interposed. The next morning I was in the newspaper ; but there was no allusion in print to the shooting of Leonaldi.



CHAPTER XXI.

NEAPOLIS.

BACHELOR arrived at Genoa, very unexpectedly to me, the day before our departure ; with the intention, he said, of shooting Leonaldi ; but, I think, he was quite satisfied that Tom Tackle had saved him the trouble. As for Tom, he accompanied us to Naples, where he placed himself—having no passport—under the care of the American Consul, to be shipped to New York, where he resided.

My stay in Genoa had been so long and so pleasant, that I left my friends there with much regret ; particularly Professor di Lavarello, one of the most estimable gentlemen I ever met, and one to whom I am indebted for a thousand acts of kindness. He accompanied me to the ship, and had me promise to write him on my return to America ; and the correspondence so commenced, has continued to this day.

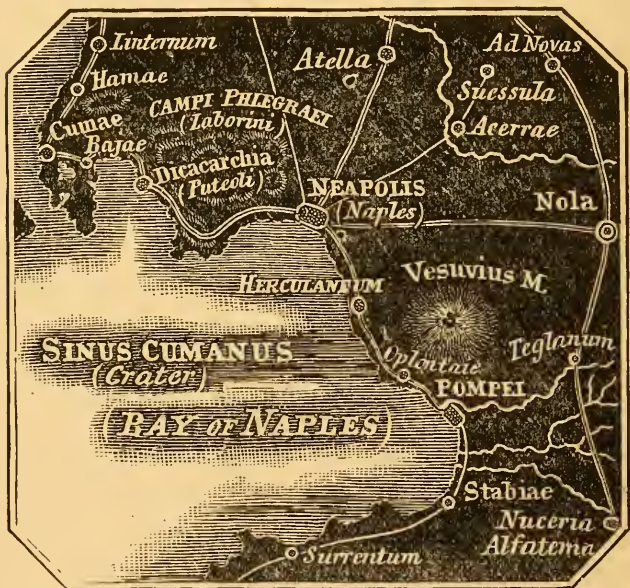
Our voyage from Genoa to Naples, was exceedingly pleasant, there being on board the vessel, beside Bachelor, the prince of traveling companions, the

wife of the New Zealand governor, Mrs. Murray, and her beautiful niece. To the latter Bachelor turned as naturally as the needle to the pole, and fairly frightened her with his blandishments. But her aunt, who had seen his devotion to Miss Small and “the ship’s beauty” on board the *Columbia*—mentally, of course, for she was otherwise blind at the time—took good care that she should not become enamored.

Some delay before starting, occasioned me a very great disappointment. Our vessel was to have stopped at Civita Vecchia, long enough to afford such as wished, a flying excursion to Rome ; but for want of time, no stop was made, though the captain, by way of compromise, pointed out to us in the distance, what he called the dome of St. Peter’s. I regretted it more afterwards, when my then unexpected return home deprived me of the pleasure of visiting the papal city.

The Bay of Naples, said to be the finest in the world, all things considered, is truly magnificent. It is of grand dimensions, being two-and-twenty miles in length, and ten in width. It is described by ancient writers as being much larger ; and larger it must have been, if we may judge of its extent by the situation of Pompeii, as represented on a map said to be nineteen hundred years old ; and by the situation of two lighthouses, both of which are now in the heart

of Naples. In this map, Pompeii is represented as being on the shore, whereas in fact it is now a long distance from the sea. The lighthouses stood, one on the site of the Gesu Nuovo, and the other



BAY OF NAPLES, B. C.

behind the church of San Onofrio de' Vecchi, where its ruins are still visible.

The view of Naples, as it is approached from the sea—the best distant prospect of the city—is really beautiful beyond description ; all the houses being visible, rising in the form of an amphitheatre, crowned by the sombre castle of St. Elmo, one of the defences

of the city. It extends along the shore of the bay, and up the acclivities of the adjacent mountains, three miles one way and half as much the other, being about nine miles in circumference. It is the most populous city in Italy, containing half a million inhabitants.

The friends of Mrs. Murray were at the Louvre, whither Bachelor and I went also, the more willingly as it contained an excellent table d' hôte, and fronted on the public promenade.

In the evening, we drove from the Castello del Oro, another fortification for the defence of the city, to the Grotto of Pausolipo, at the entrance of which is the tomb of Virgil. The Spiaggia, as is customary at that time of day, was full of equipages. As nobody walks in Naples who is able to ride, the variety of vehicles, from the elegant to the grotesque, was as great as we are accustomed to see in the annual parade of the Governor of Connecticut, on the day of inauguration.

The fashionable ladies promenade on the house-tops, which are flat, and ornamented with trees and flowers. Great pains are bestowed on their personal charms, before they appear in public, that they may attract the attention of the opposite sex. In this respect, how unlike the ladies of America!

It must not be supposed, however, that nobody walks because so many ride; there are enough who

can not afford any means of locomotion, except such as nature supplied. These, mostly the poorer classes, walk on the quays, a number of which are beautiful promenades. But among them are many good musicians, some of whom carry their instruments with them, for the gratification of their associates. In particular, I noticed one, who was playing for his sweetheart, who sat at his feet, apparently entranced.



LOVE MAKING.

They were bare-footed, and otherwise poorly clad, but evidently they understood and appreciated music.

During our drive, we had a fine opportunity to notice the people and their manners, particularly the ludicrous side of their characters. To

avoid it was impossible in the society of Mrs. Murray, who saw something comical in every trifling incident. First she called our attention to the operations of a brace of juvenile pickpockets, nearly in front of our hotel. To a gentleman who was reading a paper, one applied for alms, thereby securing his attention, while the other divested him of his pocket-handkerchiefs.

Of course there is not in all Europe a pleasanter

drive than that along the Spiaggia, on an autumnal afternoon. On one hand is the bay, of which various prospects are obtained in passing ; and on the other, the city, which presents a great variety of architectural achievements ; while between the Castle and the Mole, the strand is adorned with numerous marble statues, some of exquisite workmanship.



THE PICKPOCKETS.

Near one of these statues, which we had stopped to admire, Mrs. Murray pointed us to what she termed a specimen of Italian industry—a couple of young fellows, who had suspended their labors for a time, to win or lose the earnings of the day. They were sitting on a bench, of which there are many for the accommodation of the weary, playing cards for stakes, as is the custom of the country.



CARD PLAYERS.

Returning, we passed through the Strada Toledo,

a grand thoroughfare, extending the whole length of the city, from the Palazza Reale to the northern boundary. This is the only street that is not inconveniently narrow, though most of the others are tolerably regular, and very neatly paved with blocks of lava.

There are several squares, irregular and of small dimensions, the principal of which are the Piazza Reale and the Piazza di Mercata. The latter, as the name indicates, is the market place, in which we stopped for a few minutes, to enjoy a look at another phase of Italian life.



CAKE PEDLAR.

Near us was a vender of cakes, of which he had several kinds, displayed in an open basket, suspended by a cord about his neck. There was a dozen other venders in view, for it is a common employment, largely carried on in the streets, like many other sorts of business. But this one in particular attracted the attention of Mrs.

Murray, who saw something ludicrous in his appearance. He was clad after the manner of his business competitors, but presented a most lugubrious countenance, at which it was impossible to look without laughing outright.

In contrast with the cake pedlar, was one of the class sometimes called the benefactors of Italy, the wine merchants, who also do their business in the market place and streets. He was a young fellow, with naked feet, sleeves rolled above his elbows, and



WINE MERCHANT.

shirt open at the collar, who walked forward with a light step, a cheerful countenance, and an eye quick to discern a customer.

“Before we leave the market,” said Mrs. Murray, “there is one thing more I wish to see—the blessed food of Italy.”

“There it is before you,”

replied Bachelor, pointing to a stand upon which was displayed great quantities of macaroni.

“It is not so much the food,” said Mrs. Murray, “as the process of eating it, which I desire to see. I am told that it is very laughable.”

“There it is, then,” said I, pointing to a vender of macaroni near the corner of the square, who was serving his customers. He was standing behind a small table, lifting from a deep dish into a plate, the long, limber tubes ; some of which, though he evinced considera-

ble dexterity, continually slipped through his fingers. There were two customers, one of whom stood at the vender's elbow, while the other was seated on the ground. They conveyed the food from the plate to their mouths, with their fingers, as the vender lifted



MACARONI.

it from the dish. The process is one in which much skill may be exercised. Sometimes the smooth, slippery, pipe-stem tube slips back into the plate, but it is seldom lost on the ground. The plate is held close under the mouth, until one end of the tube is inserted between the lips,

when it is taken in by suction ; the highest skill consisting in having it disappear at a single suck, without allowing the outer end to hit the "innocent nose."

There are people—I meet such every day, at nearly every corner of the street—who

"Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing ;"

but, few, who, like Mrs. Murray, can find in every thing a source of amusement. Until our drive that evening, in the Spiaggia and Piazza di Mercata, I never realized how great must have been the privation of sight to that worthy woman.

CHAPTER XXII.

THINGS SEEN AND UNSEEN.

NAPLES is called a fortified city, having walls and other defences. There are three castles, two of which I have mentioned, the third being Castello Nuovo. Perhaps these are well enough for the purposes intended, but the walls are not of much use, the city having grown beyond them to such an extent, that some of the gates are now almost in the center.

Though the architecture is not equal to that of some other cities I visited, there are a few excellent edifices. Among the churches, of which there are three hundred, the most worthy of mention is the Cathedral, commonly called San Gennaro, from the patron saint of Naples. It is a Tuscan Gothic structure, erected on the site of the Temple of Apollo. The outside is encrusted with white marble, and ornamented with two columns of porphyry. The inside is supported by upwards of a hundred columns of Egyptian granite and African marble, taken from

the temples of Neptune and Apollo. It contains the relics of San Gennaro, (among others, the phials of his blood, which, credulous people believe, melts annually on a certain day in September), and on this account is held in high veneration.

Some of the other churches merit a brief mention. The most singular of these, is that of Santa Maria della Pietra, the Mansoleum of the Sangro family, which is decorated with rare marbles, and surrounded with arches. In every arch is a sarcophagus and statue of a prince of Sangro, and attached is the tomb of his wife, with a statue representing her most conspicuous virtue. The most remarkable of these statues is that of Modesty, a figure underneath a veil, through which the features are clearly discernable. This church contains two other veiled figures, the Dead Christ and Vice Convinced, the latter representing a man struggling to free himself from a net in which he is caught.

Santi Apostoli, originally founded by Constantine the Great, on the site of the Temple of Mercury, and rebuilt during the seventeenth century, is rich in frescoes and decorations, and contains the tomb of the poet Marini. San Domenico Maggiore contains the Annunciation and the Flagellation, the former attributed to Titian, and the latter to Caravaggio. San Martini, after designs by Fansaga, is the most splendid

and beautiful sacred edifice in the city, and in the excellence of its paintings, and the value of its marbles and precious stones, may vie, it is said, with any church in existence. San Fillippo Neri, one of the handsomest, is incrusted, lined, and paved with marble, and the high altar is composed of agate, sardonax, jasper, lapis-lazuli, and mother of pearl. Santa Maria della Sanita, which contains some excellent paintings, leads to the Catacombs, said to be larger than those of Rome ; but as the persons who perished during the last plague were thrown in here, I sacrificed curiosity to discretion, and left them unexplored.

Of the edifices devoted to secular pursuits, there are a few fine structures. The Palazza Reale is an immense building of three stories, each differing from the others in architecture. It contains magnificent apartments, handsomely furnished, and enriched with choice paintings ; among which are the Madonna of Monte Cassino, by Raphael, and Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Caravaggio.

There are seven theatres, of which San Carlo is said to be the largest in the world. This distinction is also claimed for the theatre of Milan. Both are immense structures, but that of Naples excels in magnificence.

Most of these places, and many others not men-

tioned, I visited alone, as Bachelor had seen them before his excursion into Germany ; or, to give a still better reason—for some of these objects might be seen a second time with pleasure—he was just then particularly devoted to Miss Murray.

It was different when I came to visit the Museo Internazionale. Then I was accompanied, not only by him, but by Mrs. Murray and niece, and her friends—her brother, wife and daughter, and another gentleman and wife, more distant relations—together, a very pleasant party.

Originally the building, called the Palazzo degli Studii Publici, was occupied as a university ; but this institution being removed to the Convent of Gesu Vecchio, it was converted into a national museum, and enriched with antiquities found at Capua, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and the smaller cities buried beneath the eruptions of Vesuvius.

It would be impossible, in less space than a volume, to describe the objects in this museum ; their names alone would constitute a catalogue of many pages, for in number they are thousands. The ancient frescoes found at Pompeii and Herculaneum exceed sixteen hundred, and of ancient glass there are four thousand specimens. There is a collection of Mosaics and Mural inscriptions, another of Egyptian antiquities, and another of ancient Greek sculp-

tures ; the last occupying three large galleries, and several cabinets.

In these galleries may be seen busts and statues of some of the most illustrious men of antiquity, of whom I may mention Herodotus, Homer, Demosthenes, Cicero, Aristides, Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great. There is a Cabinet of Venuses, in which the naked figures are disposed, and a secret cabinet to which ladies are not admitted.

We had reached the Gallery of Bronze Statues, and were examining its greatest curiosity, the bronze water-cock, which contains water that has been hermetically sealed for eighteen hundred years, when I was startled by the presence of William Stewart and his wife—Adonis and Venus in flesh and blood.

Mrs. Stewart extended her hand, and with the sweetest of smiles said, "I am very glad to meet you ;" then turning to Bachelor, she added, "As glad to see you." But neither she nor Mrs. Murray recognized, though the latter said, "Your voice is familiar, but not your face." Mrs. Stewart regarded her for a moment, and then replied, "Both your face and voice are familiar, and yet I can not place you in my memory." I introduced them as "the blind lady" and "the ship's beauty," whereupon they embraced. Said Mrs. Stewart, "I am so glad you can see ;" and Mrs. Murray replied, "That I may admire your rare beauty."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CURIOUS CAVES.

IN all my subsequent excursions from Naples, I was accompanied by Mrs. Murray and her friends, and William Stewart and his beautiful bride ; the last of whom was the life of our company. Hitherto, Bachelor and I had regarded this lovely woman as simply one to be admired because of her comeliness ; but we soon discovered, when among the ruins of ancient Italy, that no one in our party was better versed in Roman history. It was no longer a marvel that William Stewart had sent his brother across the ocean to bring her back to “ Old Colia.”

Four days were spent in our excursion to Pæstum, the ruins of which, next to those of Pompeii, are the most interesting in Italy. On our way, we stopped at Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, and visited his house on the shore of the sea, the caves of Ulysses, and other curiosities. We also visited the island of Capri, celebrated in history as the retreat of Tiberias,

and the scene of his orgies. Here, the object of principal interest is the Grotto of Nymphs—two caverns, distinguished as the Green and Blue, and entered from the sea under an arch about three feet above the water. Owing to the swell of the sea, our first attempt to gain admittance was a failure, and the remainder of the day was spent in wandering about the island, among the Roman ruins, and in watching a small gathering of idle Italians playing *mora* in front of the hotel. This is a game very common among the people of the peninsula, and consists—if I have a correct impression of its character—in one of the players opening quickly a certain number of his fingers, which his competitor, simultaneously, endeavors to match by opening a corresponding number of fingers and calling out the number in a loud voice. If the same number of fingers is opened and named by the matching party, he wins ; otherwise he loses. Like all the games in that country, it is played for gain, with an interest that extends even to the bystanders.

The next day we were more fortunate ; our entrance was easily effected. By itself, the Green Grotto would be a great curiosity ; by comparison, it is barely worth a visit. It is otherwise with the Blue Grotto, which is immense, being 150 feet long and 100 wide, and of surpassing beauty. As in the



ITALIANS PLAYING MORRA.

other everything is green, so in this everything is—

“Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.”

It requires some time to accustom the eye to the gorgeous glory of the grotto, and meanwhile we sat in silent wonder,

“With the blue above and the blue below.”

But when our admiration of the stalaetitic beauties of the grotto was satisfied, I was glad to be again on

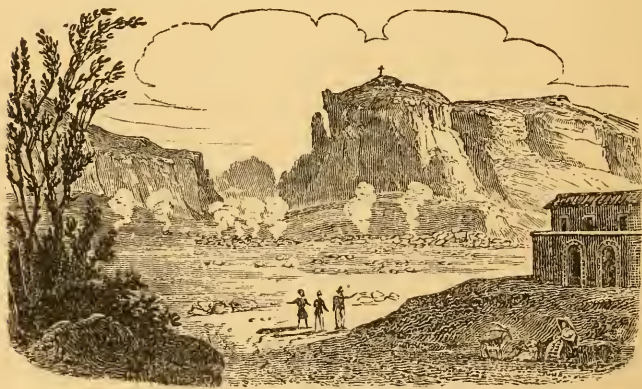
“The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !

The blue, the fresh, the ever free !”

The grandeur and gloom of the ruins of Pæstum, surpass anything of the kind I have ever seen. Like the ruins of Baalbec, they are in the midst of a wilderness, far removed from the presence of any power by which they might have been erected. The principal ruins are the Basilica, the Forum, the Amphitheatre, the Temple of Vesta, and the Temple of Neptune ; the four sides of the last having a range of thirty-six pillars, surmounted by an architrave and frieze of the Doric order of architecture.

Our next excursion was in the opposite direction as far as the ruins of old Cumæ, chiefly celebrated for its vast number of tombs, in which are found the remains of three distinct races ; uppermost, the graves of Romans, underneath these, the tombs of Greeks, and at the depth of fifty feet from the surface, sepulchres of an unknown people.

The objects of interest seen on this excursion were very numerous, though I have space for the mention of but a few. The Grotto of Pausilipo, elsewhere mentioned, is merely a tunnel, through which we passed on our way to Pozzuoli. Anciently, this was an important city, and its environs were crowded with the villas of wealthy Romans. The principal ruins are the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, the Temple of the Nymphs, the Temple of Neptune, the Villa of Cicero, and the Amphitheatre in which Nero fought, and under which St. Gennaro was imprisoned. We



SOLFATERRA.

visited the monastery of Cappucini, in which the latter suffered martyrdom, and saw the stone upon which he was beheaded.

Among the objects that most attracted our notice upon this excursion, was the half-extinct volcano of

Solfaterra. We passed it on our way to Lake Avernus, which occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. This lake is half a mile in diameter, of great depth, and without an outlet. Anciently, it was believed that no bird could fly over it without being destroyed, but its banks are now occupied by gardens and vineyards.

The Sybil's Cave, immortalized by Virgil as the avenue to the infernal regions, was so dark and dirty that none of our party could be induced to enter it. I can no more than mention the Baths of Nero, over which it was supposed his villa was situated ; and the ruins of Baïæ, a town notorious for its profligacy during the Roman and Middle Ages. Lake Agnano, the waters of which are noted for the cure of gout and rheumatism, like Avernus, occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, and is half a mile in diameter. Near it are the Grotto del Cane and the Sulphur baths of San Germano.



CHAPTER XXIV.

AMONG THE RUINS.

THE last of our excursions was to Vesuvius, and the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, destroyed, A. D. 79. At some time, Vesuvius was a much larger volcano, of which Monte Somma is a remnant. At present, the height of the eruptive cone is about 3500 feet. Since the destruction of the cities mentioned, there have been forty-five known eruptions. In action, Vesuvius presents a magnificent spectacle. During the present century there have been several eruptions, that of 1862 causing immense loss of life and property.

Herculaneum was destroyed by torrents of volcanic mud. In subsequent eruptions, it was covered with ashes and lava, in some places to the depth of one hundred and ten feet. In the suburbs of this city, some distinguished Romans resided. The principal object of interest, are the remains of an ancient theatre, supposed to have accommodated ten thousand persons.

Pompeii, in A. D. 63, was visited by an earthquake, which occasioned great destruction. Sixteen years after, it was overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius, from the crater of which it is about five miles distant. For the period of nearly sixteen centuries, its locality was unknown, and its existence almost forgotten. In 1748, some peasants employed in cutting a ditch, discovered the ruins, which soon became an object of interest and attention. Seven years afterwards excavations were commenced, and have been continued to the present time. Over two-fifths of the city have been uncovered, and thus far every thing seems to be in a state of extraordinary preservation.

The city was enclosed by walls, twenty feet high, of the same thickness, faced on both sides with lava, and surmounted with towers. The entrance was by gates, six of which have been exposed. The streets are numerous, and all through which I passed, were neatly paved with blocks of lava. Many of them contained shops, as appears by the signs, still plainly visible, and in some instances, by the utensils of trade. More than a hundred private houses have been exposed, embracing every variety, from the cottage of the plebeian to the mansion of the patrician. Many of these houses are low—but one story; yet all of them, so far as I observed, are terraced. A market-

place and many public edifices have also been discovered. Medals, statues, jewels, and nearly every description of household furniture have been found



A STREET IN POMPEII.

almost unaltered, and even books and paintings in a state of partial preservation.

The more important houses, both public and private, have received names, some of them from pictures they contained, and some from other circumstances. The Villa of Diomedes, one of the most

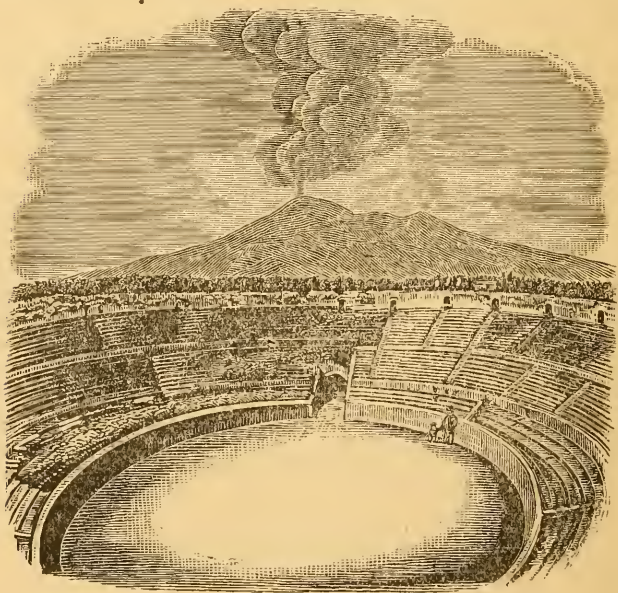
extensive private residences discovered, received its name from the tomb of M. Arrius Diomedes, on the opposite side of the way. The House of Adonis is named from a large painting illustrating Adonis wounded by a wild boar, and consoled by Venus. The House of Sallust has an inscription painted on the outer wall, C. Sallust, M. F. The House of the Faun, supposed to be the largest and most elegant of the private houses, contains a statuette of the Dancing Faun.

It was less difficult to find names for the public edifices, some of which contained intrinsic evidence of their character. The Amphitheatre is a building of immense proportions, estimated to accommodate ten thousand persons. The Barracks, a very large enclosure, when first excavated, contained many marks of military life, and a number of skeletons, possibly of prisoners. The Tragic Theatre, capable of containing five thousand spectators, is a good specimen of the ancient theatre. The Basilica, 221 feet long and 80 broad, was the judgment hall.

Around the Forum, which occupies an elevated position, and is a place of spacious and imposing character, are some of the principal edifices exposed : at the north end, the finest location in the city, the Temple of Jupiter, commanding a magnificent view of Vesuvius and the Appenines ; on the west side,

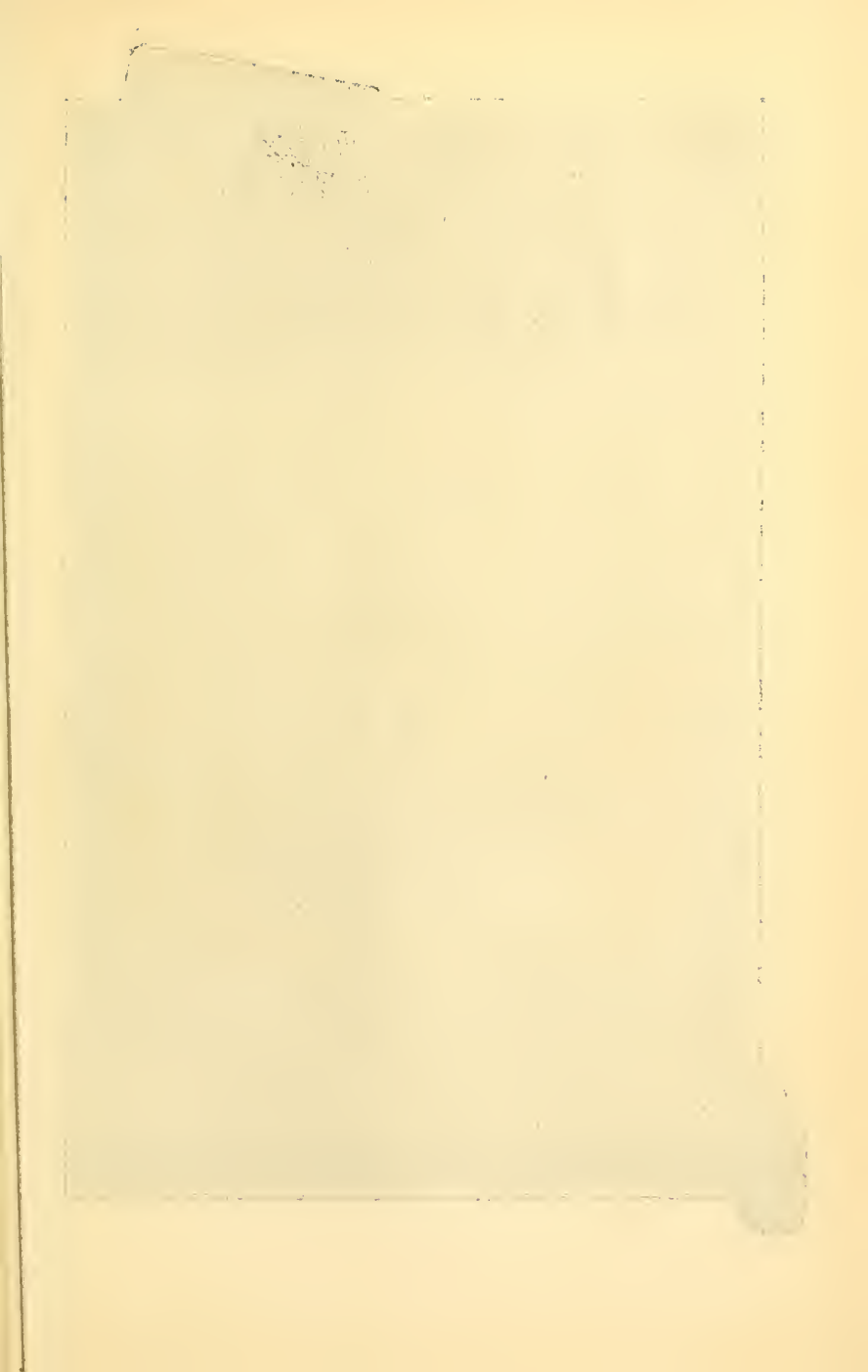
the Temple of Venus, the most superb structure of the sort in the city; and on the east side, the Pantheon and Senate Chamber.

Some places have a variety of names, as the House of Homer, also called the House of the Tragic Poet;



AMPHITHEATRE AT POMPEII

the House of the Faun, also called the House of the Great Mosaic; and the Greek Temple, which is likewise called the Temple of Neptune, and the Temple of Hercules. A better idea of the extent of the city, and of the relative location of the places mentioned,



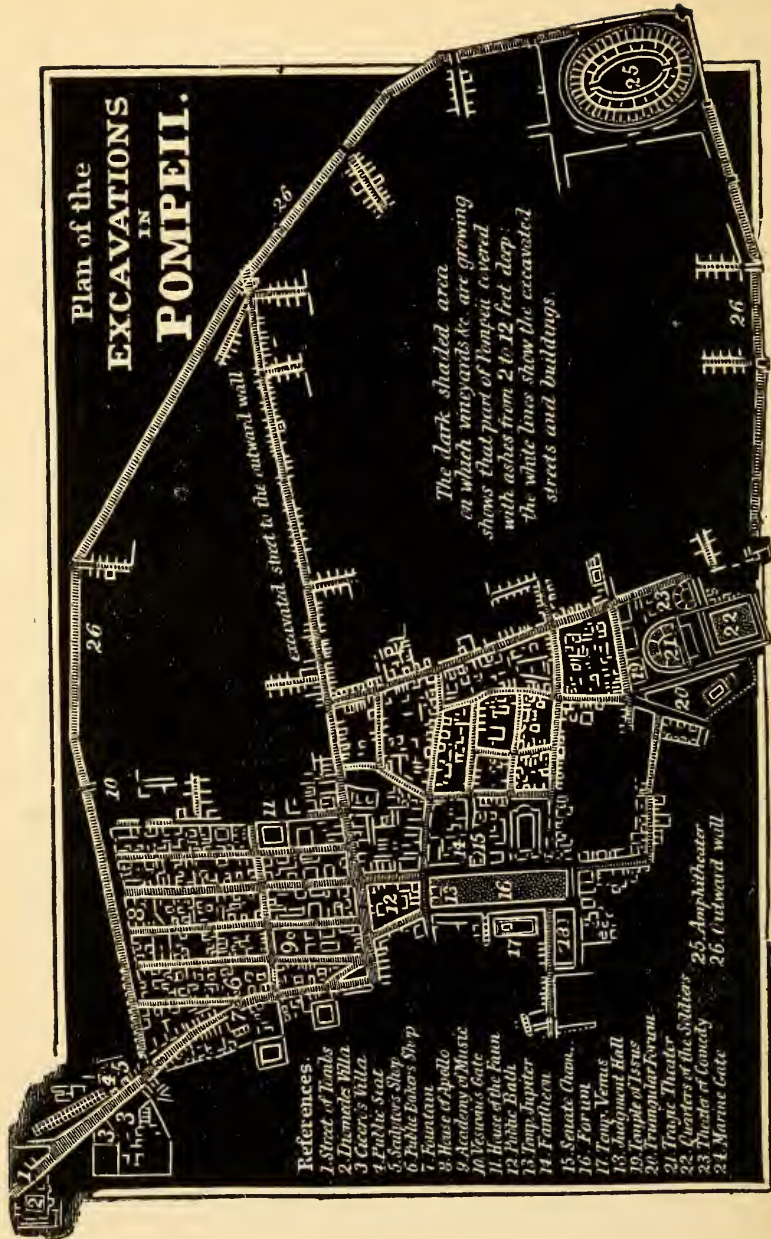
Plan of the EXCAVATIONS IN POMPEII.

References.

1. Street of Tombs
2. Diomedes Villa
3. Cicero's Villa
4. Public Seat
5. Sculptures Shop
6. Public Baker's Shop
7. Fountain
8. House of Apollo
9. Academy of Music
10. Victricius Gate
11. House of the Fawn
12. Public Bath
13. Temp. Jupiter
14. Frontium
15. Senate Cham.
16. Forum
17. Temp. Venus
18. Judgment Hall
19. Temple of Isis
20. Triangular Forum
21. Trajane Theater
22. Quarters of the Soldiers
23. Theater of Comedy
24. Marine Gate
25. Amphitheater
26. Outward wall

*The dark shaded area
in which vineyards &c. are growing
shows that part of Pompeii covered
with ashes from 2 to 12 feet deep;
the white lines show the excavated
streets and buildings.*

excavated street to the outward wall



and others of scarcely less importance, may be obtained from a map of the excavations.

Many amusing incidents occurred during this excursion, but I have space for the mention of only one. Our guide having his part well committed, was inclined to electrify us now and then with his superior knowledge. Having reached a subterranean apartment in one of the elegant private houses, he informed us that it was the cellar in which a bottle of wine had been found during the removal of the ashes and tufa from the building. Bachelor listened attentively to his account of the discovery, and immediately began to search the place for another. The guide chuckled, but Bachelor persisted, with his cane poking about among the rubbish, in the dark and distant corners of the cellar. Presently he fished out something, which, upon examination, proved to be another bottle.

It was a long, narrow vessel, flat on the sides, round on the edges, and square on the bottom, with sloping shoulders and a slender neck. The mouth was covered with a glass cap, which went on with a screw, and was hermetically sealed. On each side, slightly raised, was a distinct Roman P. The bottle contained a liquid, which, held between the eye and the light, was of a purple hue, but when poured into an ordinary glass was red, while the bottle was blue.

The guide wished to take charge of the bottle, and

in the name of the government protested against its being opened ; but Bachelor, not heeding his remonstrances, picked at the seal with his knife. It was a hard substance, but soon began to yield to his efforts, and by the time we had reached the street, was dropping off in pieces. When it was all chipped away, he removed the cover, and poured out a glass of the contents for Mrs. Murray ; but she declined it, saying, " It may be poison." Bachelor held it under his nose, then tasted it, and with a burst of exultation, exclaimed, " As I live, it is *Lacryma Christi*." This is a luscious wine, made from grapes that grow near Vesuvius ; a small production, reserved for the royal cellars.

After all the company had partaken of the contents, a small quantity was given to the guide, who, smacking his lips, exclaimed, " How age improves wine !" Afterwards, Bachelor presented the bottle to him, as the foundation of a fortune, upon condition that he would not report the discovery to his government.

What success the fellow met with I never heard, as on the next day Bachelor and I bade adieu to our friends in Naples, and sailed for Sicily.

PART V.

Sicily.

CHAPTER I.

ST. ROSALIE'S CITY.

AT the very last, I think I should not have had the pleasure of Bachelor's company, but for the assistance of Mrs. Murray. Perceiving the cause of his hesitation, she remarked to me casually, but in his hearing, that she was very sorry to part with us, and especially before the arrival of Mr. Henderson, to whom her neice was engaged. This was sufficient—Bachelor went with Benedict.

We sailed direct to Palermo, the chief city of Sicily, of which it is the capital ; at present containing nearly 200,000 inhabitants. It is a handsome city, built in the form of an amphitheatre, facing the sea, and is enclosed by a wall. It is divided into four parts, by two large streets, each more than a mile in length, leading to the four principal gates. The streets are well paved with flat blocks of lava, and are adorned with statues and fountains.

Between the city and the sea, is a raised terrace, a mile in length, and two hundred and fifty feet in

breadth, the finest promenade in the city, called the Marina. Below this walk is a beautiful drive, and at the east end of it is a public garden, the Villa Giulia, beautifully laid out, and ornamented with statues, fountains, and summer-houses.

Palermo contains many handsome buildings, private as well as public, built in the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders of architecture. Nearly all the dwelling houses have balconies, where the ladies usually spend their evenings.

There are said to be over seventy convents, two-thirds of which are for males. The churches are also numerous, and most of them truly magnificent. In marbles, mosaics, and alabasters, they are unequalled. The floors are of inlaid marble, and the altars and tabernacles of precious stones, jasper, lapis-lazuli, verd-antique, malachite, and porphyry.

The Cathedral is a large edifice of the twelfth century, surmounted with a modern cupola. It was erected by the Norman Prince Ruggero—anglicized, Roger—by whom the island was delivered from the Saracens, and dedicated to Santa Rosalia, (St. Rosalie) a niece of William the Good. It contains a statue of this saint, and the tombs of its founder and Ferdinand II. The other churches that particularly attracted our attention, were St. Peter, St. Guiseppe and Martorana.

Of the palaces, the most important is the Palazza Regale, in the twelfth century a fortress, and the residence of Roger. It is now the residence of the viceroy, and contains a gallery of pictures, a good armory, and an observatory, from which Piozza discovered the planet Ceres. The Palazza della Ziza is a real Saracen structure which was erected near the close of the ninth century. The Palazza Vercelle, commanding a fine view of the harbor, is built to represent a Pompeian villa.

Near the Palazza della Ziza is the Capuchin convent, containing the celebrated Catacombs. In this receptacle, are an immense number of bodies, the males standing on their feet, the females lying in boxes with glass lids, and all clad as in life. Some of the bodies have been here for several centuries.

From Palermo, we made two interesting excursions, one to Monte Peregrino, and the other to Monreale. On the former, is the Shrine of St. Rosalie, the patroness of Palerino, concerning whom there is an interesting legend, believed by the natives.

At the age of fourteen years, St. Rosalie was affianced to Roger, then King of Sicily. Two days before the time appointed for the celebration of the nuptials, she disappeared, and her body lay for some centuries, in a grotto on the top of this mountain. It was mysteriously discovered during the prevalence of

a plague in Palermo, in a perfect state of preservation ; and by the municipal authorities and dignitaries of the Church, brought in state to the Cathedral of Palermo, when the plague departed.

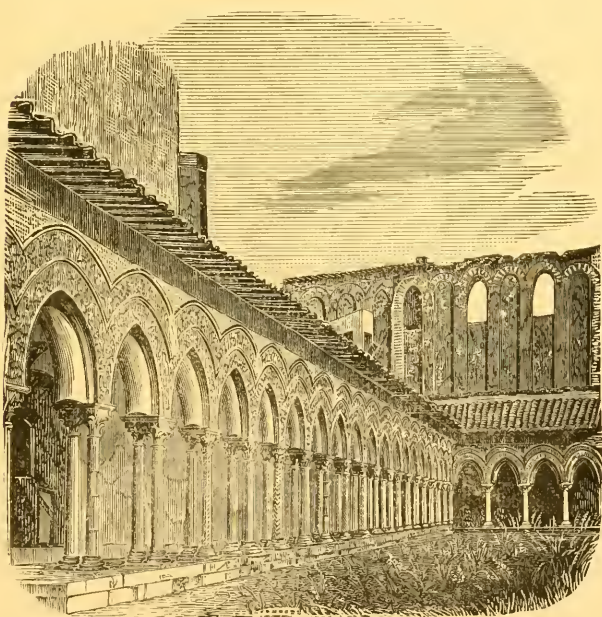
To commemorate this event, a church was erected near the summit of the mountain, with an altar over the cave where her remains were discovered. Near the altar is a fine marble statue of this sainted virgin dying. The view from the summit of this mountain, in beauty of outline, is said to excel any prospect in Europe.

In a lovely situation, four miles from Palermo, is the town of Monreale, originally a Saracenic hamlet, but enlarged by William the Good, who built in it a stately Cathedral, the finest sacred edifice in Sicily. Four styles of architecture are combined in its construction, and like the churches of Palermo, the walls are covered with mosaics, the floor inlaid with choice marbles, and the altars and tabernacles adorned with precious stones.

On the staircase of the annexed monastery is a celebrated painting, by Monrealese, which represents William the Good blessed by St. Benedict, (one of my ancestral relations, I presume) ; but, for some reason, females are not allowed to look upon this great masterpiece.

On an elevated spot to the right of Monreale, is the

Monastero di San Martino, supposed to have been founded by Gregory the Great. It is appropriated to noblemen only, and in the beauty of its situation, the splendor of its appearance, and the richness of its embellishments, resembles a royal residence more than a religious retirement. The cloister is said to surpass any thing of the kind in Christendom.



CLOISTER AT MONREALE.

Among other places of note, we visited the villa and gardens of Prince Butera, which, in 1845-6, were occupied by the imperial family of Russia ; and

La Favorita, in which the Bourbons resided while Murat sat on the throne of Naples.

In Palermo, there are several educational institutions, the principal being a college of nobles, a high female seminary, and an episcopal seminary. There are also libraries and scientific associations, public baths and charitable institutions, a royal hospital and a foundling hospital, an arsenal and ship-yards.

Our stay in Palermo was short—only four days, but exceedingly pleasant. In midsummer, the climate of Sicily is too hot, and at some other seasons, there is danger from malaria ; but in October, no inconvenience from either is experienced. I mention this fact for the benefit of the other members of the great Benedict family, who may wish to visit this ancient city and regale their eyes with its beauty, and splendor, and lavish luxuriance.



CHAPTER II.

OLD ZANCLE.

FROM Palermo, we proceeded by steamer to Messina, passing the Lipari Islands about day-break. This group is entirely of volcanic origin, and three of the islands are volcanoes. Lipari (which gives name to the group, being the largest) and Vulcano are occasionally in action, while Stromboli is constantly emitting smoke and flames. It is a conical bifurcated rock, 2500 feet in height, and about twelve miles in circumference. It contains a population of 12,000 inhabitants.

Messina was originally called Zancle, from a Greek term signifying a sickle, the harbor, one of the best in the Mediterranean, being formed by a semi-circular strip of land, resembling that utensil. It is walled, flanked with bastions, and defended by a citadel and several forts. In size, it is the second city in Sicily, extending two miles along the bay and half a mile up the acclivity, in the form of an amphitheatre. The population is about two-thirds that of Palermo.

For the most part, the city is handsomely laid out, with wide streets, well-paved with blocks of lava. The principal promenade is the quay, which is adorned with statues and fountains, and, as in Palermo, called



STROMBOLI.

the Marina. Beyond this is a magnificent terrace, which, before the earthquake of 1783, was lined with stately edifices, only a few of which survived that great convulsion. The houses constructed since that event, seldom exceed two stories.

As in all Italian cities, the Cathedral is a principal edifice. It was erected in the twelfth century, and is

of Saracenic and Gothic architecture. The inside, shaped like a Latin cross, is embellished with columns of Egyptian granite, taken from ancient temples. It contains a marble pulpit, beautifully carved, and a high altar, superbly decorated. Internally, throughout, it is richly ornamented.

We visited several other churches, the best worthy of notice being the Annunciation, Monte Virgine, and San Gregoris ; the last annexed to a Ladies' convent, and built on the foundations of an ancient temple, consecrated to Jove. It is beautifully situated on a lofty eminence, which commands a magnificent view, and is the most elegantly decorated church in the city.



PRIEST AND HOUSE-WIFE.

Near this edifice, in front of an ordinary dwelling, a priest was addressing a house-wife. This is no uncommon occurrence, but something in his manner arrested my attention. "Is he lecturing her upon her temporal, or spiritual duties ?" I inquired of Bachelor. "I think he is chiding her for her shortcomings, or rebuking her for her sins," he replied. Perhaps it was so, for the priest was very earnest, and the house-wife obviously displeased.

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The principal of the public buildings devoted to secular purposes, is the Viceroy's Palace, at the south end of the city, a fine building, in a beautiful park. There is an archiepiscopal palace, senate chamber, custom house, exchange, bank, arsenal, lazzeretto, two theatres, and an opera house, one of the best in Europe.

The Piazza del Duomo contains a fine fountain, and a colossal equestrian statue, in bronze, of Carlo II. ; and in another square, is a demi-colossal statue, in bronze, of Ferdinando I., a similar statue of Carlo III., and a celebrated fountain, representing Neptune, drawn by four horses, in the act of calming a tempest excited by Scylla and Charybdis.

In this city, the streets and public places are full of filthy beggars ; and we were rejoiced, after one day's sojourn, to depart for Catania, where our friends, informed of our coming, were prepared to receive us with welcomes.



CHAPTER III.

THE CITY OF LAVA.

O Catania we proceeded by railroad, the ascent of Mount Ætna being something I very much desired to make, if my health would admit, on reaching Nicolosi. Arrived at that point, I felt myself strong enough to attempt the undertaking, but had very little conception of the suffering I had to undergo before my return. I persevered, however, as others had done before, and though I nearly perished with the intense cold, had the rare pleasure of beholding—possibly from the very spot where Adrian stood—the sun rise from behind the mountains of Calabria, and spread his unclouded effulgence over Sicily and the sea.

Sixty eruptions of Ætna are recorded in history. By some this mountain is estimated to be thirty, and by others forty leagues, in circumference. The lowest measurement allows the cone a height of 10,000 feet, the crater a depth of 600, and a width of two and a half miles.

At the foot of this mountain, Catania is situated. The origin of this city is lost in antiquity, but there are evidences of Greek and Roman occupancy. Most of the ancient edifices, however, are entombed beneath the eruptions of *Ætna*. By the eruption of 1669,

CRATER OF *ÆTNA*

the city was severely injured, and by the earthquake of 1693, it was almost entirely destroyed.

The first person to welcome us on our arrival, was Musgrave. He had been at the station every day after the receipt of my letter. He was so improved

in health and appearance, that I was at first in doubt as to his identity. He was most cordial in his welcome, but had the frankness to admit that it was not entirely devoid of selfishness.

“It is a fearful odds—three against one!” he remarked. “It is a powerful combination—a determined guardian, a subtle priest, and a fervent lover! Against each I used his own weapons, and for a time maintained my vantage ground. Finding it impossible to dislodge me from Nora’s affections, they resolved to deprive us of each other’s society; and had it not been for your letters, announcing your coming, I know not what would have been the result. I think they would have forced her to choose between O’Reilly and a convent.”

He paused to afford me an opportunity to answer, and I observed that he was in nervous expectation. “Allow me to survey the battle-field before venturing an opinion,” I replied. “I shall then have more confidence in what I recommend.”

At the hotel, our friends—“the fine ould Irish gentleman,” “the lover all as frantic,” and “the priest all shaven and shorn”—received us with expressions of welcome; but if there was not a lack of cordiality, there certainly was some embarrassment.

I was not prepared for the change I saw in the “colleen bawn.” She looked thin and dejected,

though I think she still possessed firmness enough to have resisted any attempt at coercion.

Her joy at meeting us was too intense for words of welcome; it found vent in tears. Father McQuinlan, who was present, shrugged his shoulders—a mark of disapprobation.

In Catania we spent several days, devoting an hour or two of each to short excursions, Musgrave acting as our guide. It would be impossible to mention every thing we saw worthy of notice, and useless to distinguish the doings of each day.

On the first excursion, I invited the other gentlemen, separately, to bear us company, but for different reasons they all declined. Last of all, I invited Nora, and she accepted. The arrangement was precisely such as I desired.

Catania was once a city of great magnificence; it is even now, next to Palermo, the handsomest town in Sicily. The streets are wide, straight and extensive, and lined with elegant houses, churches, convents and palaces.

In several of the Italian cities, lava is used to some extent for purposes of utility. But Catania is a city of lava: the walls and houses are built of lava, the streets are paved with lava, the mole is formed of lava, the furniture is made of lava, the monuments, statues and toys are of lava, and even the soil (which

is most productive) is lava in a state of decomposition.

One of our excursions was to the Greek theatres, over which modern edifices are now erected. Through excavations made some years ago, by Prince Biscari, a patriotic nobleman, these ancient structures were partially exposed. They are constructed of lava, and one of them is supposed to have contained 33,000 spectators.

On another occasion, we visited the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, larger than any structure of the kind now known to exist ; also, the ruins of an odeon, a hippodrome, a theatre, and two or three temples, of which there are many, consecrated to heathen idolatry.

One of the curiosities of Catania is the Spring, restored to the inhabitants by Prince Biscari. It was buried by the stream of lava in 1669, which overtopped the ramparts, sixty feet high, and fell in a fiery cascade into the city. In time the molten matter cooled, and the solid lava, still curling over the walls, resembles a cataract. The Spring is reached by a flight of sixty-three steps, in the midst of solid lava.

Having viewed the principal ruins, including aqueducts, baths and fountains, we visited a few of the modern edifices—the Cathedral, the Senate-chamber, the Government Pawn-bank, the University, the Benedictine monastery, and the Museum

founded by Prince Biscari, which contains many valuable antiques in bronze and marble.

In point of architecture, the Cathedral is said to be the most chaste and elegant church in Sicily. It is constructed of lava, except the columns in the façade, which are of granite. It is surmounted by a handsome cupola. The interior is decorated with frescoes, arabesques and basso-relievi.



MARRIAGE IN SICILY.

During our visit to this edifice, an event of the highest interest occurred—a native marriage. The families represented were of wealth and high social position. The bridal pair were young and handsome,

fashionably and elegantly attired, and attended by friends who crowned them with wreaths of leaves and flowers. The bishop, who was assisted by several priests, was gorgeously arrayed. Altogether, it was a most imposing ceremony.

As we left the church, I observed tears coursing down the cheeks of the "colleen bawn." She quickly brushed them aside, and endeavored to suppress her emotion, but without success, for presently they burst forth anew, accompanied by a great sob, which, more even than the tears, evinced the depth of her distress. "O!" she exclaimed, in a low tone, lifting her melting eyes to mine, "I am so miserable!"

"There is no reason why you should be," I replied. "You are loved by two young gentlemen, each of whom is anxiously seeking an opportunity to offer himself in marriage."

"That," said she, "is part of my misery. I dare not afford either of them an opportunity."

"Nevertheless," said I, "it is something you ought to accord to both, in justice to them as well as yourself. One you love, the other you do not love: to the former, you should say, yes; to the latter, no; and the result will be a scene such as you have just witnessed."

CHAPTER IV.

FALLEN GREATNESS.

THE day after the marriage in Catania, Bachelor and I visited Syracuse. I had no opportunity before our departure to add a word to what I had said to Nora the evening previous. To Musgrave I repeated the words which Bulwer puts into the mouth of Richlieu :

“In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As—*fail*.”

Of all the cities I have seen, none equals Syracuse in fallen greatness. In its palmyest days, according to modern writers, it contained a population of 250,000 inhabitants. Some ancient writers say it comprised a population of 1,200,000, and maintained an army of 100,000 foot and 10,000 horse, and a navy of 500 armed vessels. It was twenty-two miles in circumference, enclosed by triple walls, and defended by three citadels. Now the population is less than 20,000, and the town is confined to the island Ortygia. The

destruction of this city was caused by the earthquake of 1693.

Little now remains of ancient Syracuse, except a few unintelligible remains, in the orchards and vineyards, widely separated. In one place are fragments of the walls, which are beautiful specimens of masonry. Traces of eighteen gates have been discovered.

The Amphitheatre was of Roman construction. It was partly hewn out of the solid rock, the rest being masonry. It had four entrances and an acqueduct. The diameter was 134 feet, and the podium over eight feet in height.

The Theatre is reputed to be the most ancient of the Grecian structures of this character. It, too, was partly hewn out of the rock, and completed with masonry. It was in the shape of a horse shoe, 116 feet in diameter, and held 80,000 spectators. Two corridors and several seats remain.

But as the seats were damp—in Syracuse every thing is damp, and the climate unhealthy—Bachelor bought a pair of mats for our use, from a couple of pedlars near the ruins. Venders of this comfortable commodity are quite common in the city and suburbs of Syracuse.

The *Latomie*, or prisons, formed in the quarries from which the materials for the construction of the city were obtained, are very gloomy. That in which

the tyrant Dionysius is supposed to have confined suspected persons, is of most singular construction. It was fifty-eight feet high, seventeen wide, and two hundred and ten long, and shaped like a letter S. It



MAT PEDLERS.

sloped upward, carrying all sounds by means of groves, to an aperture that communicated with a private apartment, where the tyrant spent his leisure hours in listening to the discourse of his prisoners. Hence, its name—The Ear of Dionysius.

The Catacombs consist of a principal street, and smaller ones on each side, with oblong cavities as receptacles for the dead—all cut in the solid rock.

The other vestiges of antiquity, are the Fountain of the Nymph Arethusa, now a mere tank, used for washing and bleaching ; the remains of Hexapylon, a strong fortress ; the Palace of Sixty Beds, constructed by Agathocles ; and a tomb, supposed to be that of Archimedes.

Near this tomb we were beset by all sorts of pedlars, those from whom we had purchased the mats having published their good fortune. A more persistent set

of venders I never encountered. The guide, to whom we had already given the mats, said he was unable to afford us protection ; but when I offered to buy him any thing he wanted if he would send them away, he dispersed them in a twinkling, except a basket merchant, from whose wares he selected a big basket, of which he became the owner at my expense.

After that we had no similar difficulty.

The modern town presents a few objects of interest, among which are a citadel of the Middle Ages, a barracks, a college, a royal academy, a museum of antiquities, and a public library.



BASKET MERCHANT.

Two of the churches are particularly worthy of notice : St. Marcian, the first church in Europe devoted to Christian worship ; and the Cathedral, a Grecian Doric structure, which, having formerly been a temple consecrated to the worship of Minerva, has been continuously used for a place of devotion for 2,500 years.

Having spent two days in this remnant of a great city, we returned to Catania, on our way to Messina,

where we were to separate: Bachelor, who had exhausted the time which he had allowed himself for absence, to return home; and I, in conformity with my original plan, to extend my wanderings as far east as Cairo and Jerusalum. But—as I found it on this occasion—it is as well to keep in mind the proverb of Solomon: “Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”



CHAPTER V.

THE RETURN.

IF no man knows what one day may bring forth, how can he be prepared for the changes that may occur during an absence of four, and in a party such as we left behind us at Catania. Though I hoped to hear that Musgrave had offered Nora marriage, I was surprised and delighted to learn that he had surmounted every obstacle, and was master of the situation. The enemy had abandoned the field : the rejected lover escaping to his clients and cases in Londonderry ; the “little, round, fat, oily man of God,” retreating in the direction of Rome; and the “fine ould Irish gintleman” surrendering without conditions.

“Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth,” was verified on that occasion in another particular. A bundle of letters for me, forwarded from Naples to Messina, had been sent on to Catania, being marked “Urgent.” Some of these letters were of little consequence ; but there were others,—one from

my wife, and several from my clients,—urging my immediate return as necessary for the preservation of my business.

Here was a great disappointment, for I had anticipated much pleasure from my contemplated wanderings in Egypt and the Holy Land. Perhaps “business before pleasure,” is a good adage under any circumstances, though I should have put it aside on this occasion, if no injury could have resulted from my absence save pecuniary loss to myself. But the interests of others being involved, through the mismanagement of my agents, I had no alternative but to return with my friend Bachelor.

The next morning, accompanied by O’Keeffe and the lovers, we returned to Messina, where a steamer was expected in the afternoon. Here we separated, they proceeding by way of Naples to Rome, where the affianced pair were to be married, and Bachelor and I by way of Gibraltar to America.

The vessel upon which we took passage, touched at Tunis, a sea-port of Africa, strongly fortified, about three miles from the ruins of ancient Carthage, which I greatly desired to behold ; but the time of our stay, much to my regret, was not even sufficient for a stroll through the city. Approaching from the sea, the appearance of Tunis is picturesque, the houses being of uniform size and dazzling whiteness, and here and

there overtopped by the dome of a mosque, or the spire of a Greek or Roman church. But I was consoled with the assurance that the pleasant impression made by a distant view, would not be confirmed by a nearer inspection, the streets being narrow, unpaved, tortuous, and extremely filthy, while the houses were chiefly one storied and of mean appearance.

We also touched at Algiers, another city of Africa, but now the strongly fortified capital of a French province. Like Tunis, it is visible from a considerable distance at sea, the houses being of dazzling whiteness ; but the aspect is more imposing, as they rise in ranges like the seats of an amphitheatre, terminating in an esplanade on which stands the citadel. But like Tunis in another respect,

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

The streets, are narrow, uneven, crooked, and dirty, the houses of one story, some of brick and some of stone, and all externally whitewashed. The population is about half that of Tunis—100,000.

At Malaga, in Spain, we remained in harbor from early in the afternoon until the following morning. Viewed from the sea, this is also a beautiful city, built in the form of an amphitheatre, at the base of a mountain, and is commanded by an old Moorish castle, situated on an elevated rock. Really, however, it is not a place of much beauty, the streets being nar-



SPANIARDS.

row, ill-paved, and dirty, and the houses built around courts. The public edifices are not deserving of particular mention, except the Cathedral, which is noted for its spire, 302 feet in height. Some of the best houses are situated on the promenade, which, in the evenings, is much frequented by the citizens, who are ostentatious in their attire, and exceedingly fond of display and admiration.

The next day we arrived in Gibraltar, at the entrance of the Mediterranean, an English town and fortification. The town contains about 20,000 inhabitants, and occupies a low level strip of land between the rock and the sea. The fortress is called the key of the Mediterranean. Seen from the sea, the rock presents a most formidable appearance. It projects into the sea about three miles, is nearly three fourths of a mile wide, and 1400 feet high. It is connected with the Continent by a low sandy isthmus, a mile and a half long, and three quarters of a mile wide, having on one side the Bay of Gibraltar, and on the other the Mediterranean. The north face is almost perpendicular, and the east and south are full of precipices. The west side, on which the town is built, is less rugged, but more strongly fortified. It is thought to be impregnable.

In this rock, variously situated, are numerous caves, some of which are beautifully picturesque,

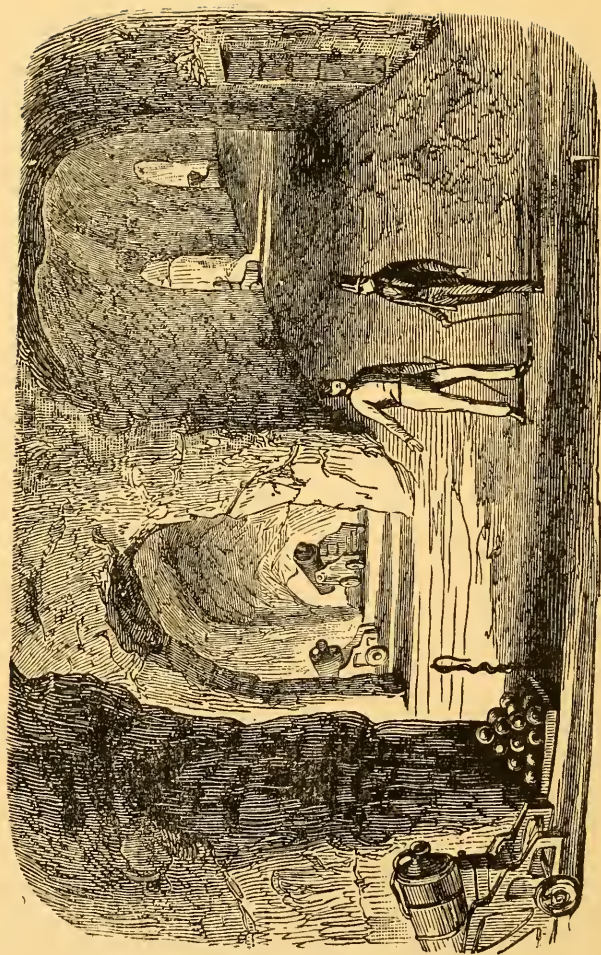


GIBRALTAR.

but so difficult of access, that few have the courage to visit them. The most remarkable of these caves is St. Michael, the entrance to which is said to be 1,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A noticeable feature of this stronghold, are the fortified passages, leading from one part of the garrison to another, without being exposed to the fire of the enemy. The passages are cut through the solid rock, and some of them are three miles in length, and wide enough for carriages. Along these passages, at the distance of twelve yards apart, are port-holes bearing upon the land and bay. On the top of the rock are barracks, towers and fortresses. The number of guns now mounted is nearly a thousand.

During our stay in Gibraltar—three days—we became acquainted with most of the officers of the garrison, and many of the more prominent citizens of the town. Some of the officers—the younger ones, who were still fond of adventure—showed us a great deal of attention. The acquaintanceship was a mutual pleasure; they were glad of any thing to diversify the monotony of life in garrison, and we were delighted to be again among people who spoke our own language. Two days were spent in and about the fortress, and in the town, and in sailing across the bay from Europa Point to Point St. Garcia, the capes by which it is formed. On the third, we made a trip



FORTIFIED PASSAGES OF GIBRALTAR.

to Tangier, in Morocco. Three officers, Bachelor and myself composed the party on this excursion ; and, to use the fashionable phrase of young ladies who delight in evening parties, we had a good time.

Tangier is a seaport town, walled and otherwise fortified, standing on a height at the entrance of the Strait of Gibraltar. Like many other seaports of the Mediterranean, it is semi-circular in form, corresponding to the spacious bay near which it is situated. Approached from the sea, it presents a very striking appearance ; but, in reality, is a very wretched place, having but one decent street, and no respectable dwellings except a few occupied by European consuls and wealthy merchants, the other streets being narrow, dirty lanes, and the houses little better than hovels. The principal buildings are the castle, which is in a state of advanced dilapidation, and the places devoted to religious worship—a Roman Catholic church, several synagogues, and a number of mosques, one of which is a handsome edifice. The trade is small—chiefly confined to Gibraltar ; the population about 10,000 inhabitants.

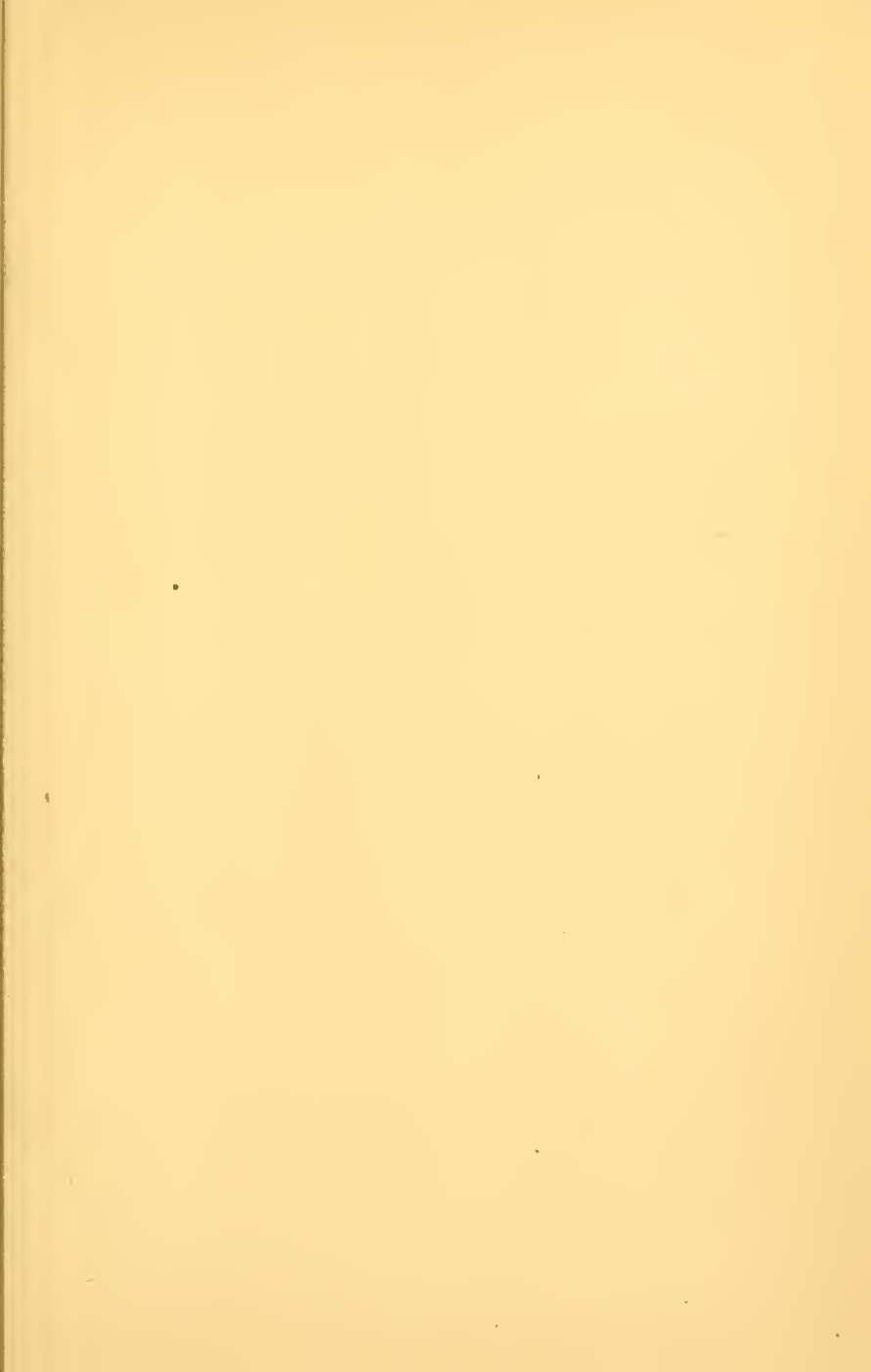
Our return voyage was marked by no unusual incident. A wealthy gentleman from the coal regions of Pennsylvania, who with his wife and daughter were returning from an extended tour in Europe, took passage with us at Gibraltar. The daughter was young

and beautiful, graceful and accomplished, and loveable ; and Bachelor, true to his instincts, made her the object of his special attentions. 'There were not many passengers on the vessel, and the opportunities for courtship were favorable. The first few days the young lady was coy, but time gradually wore away the reserve, and—well, suffice to say that, as we ascended the Bay of New York, the companion of my wanderings whispered in my ear :

“ When I said I would die a bachelor,
I did not think I should live till I were
Married.”







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